BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER 1936

1/-

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F. MATANIA R.I.

COMPLETE HOME
and FASHION SECTIONS

WITH SPECIAL MOTOR
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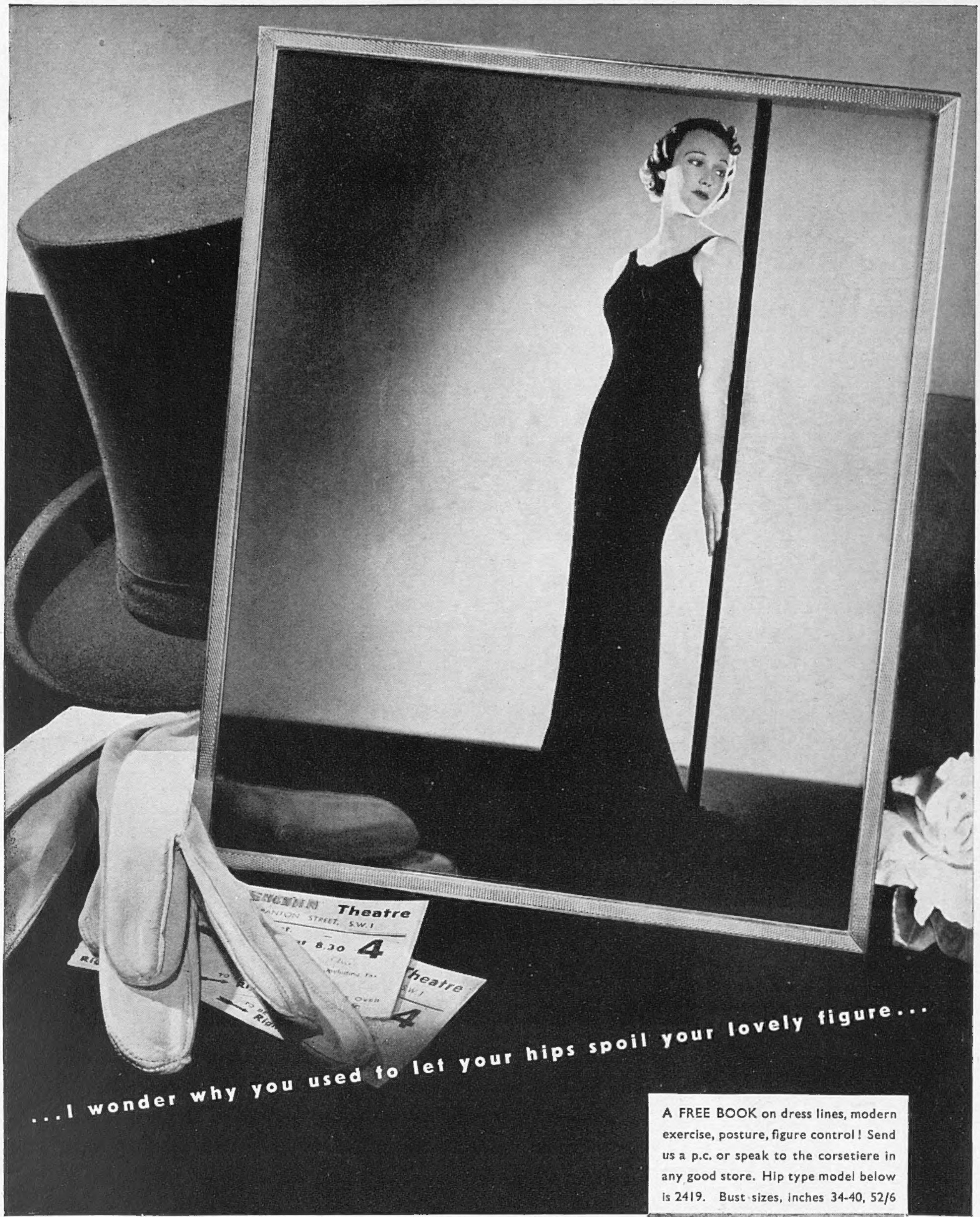
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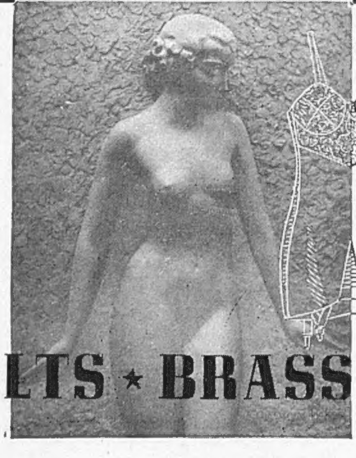

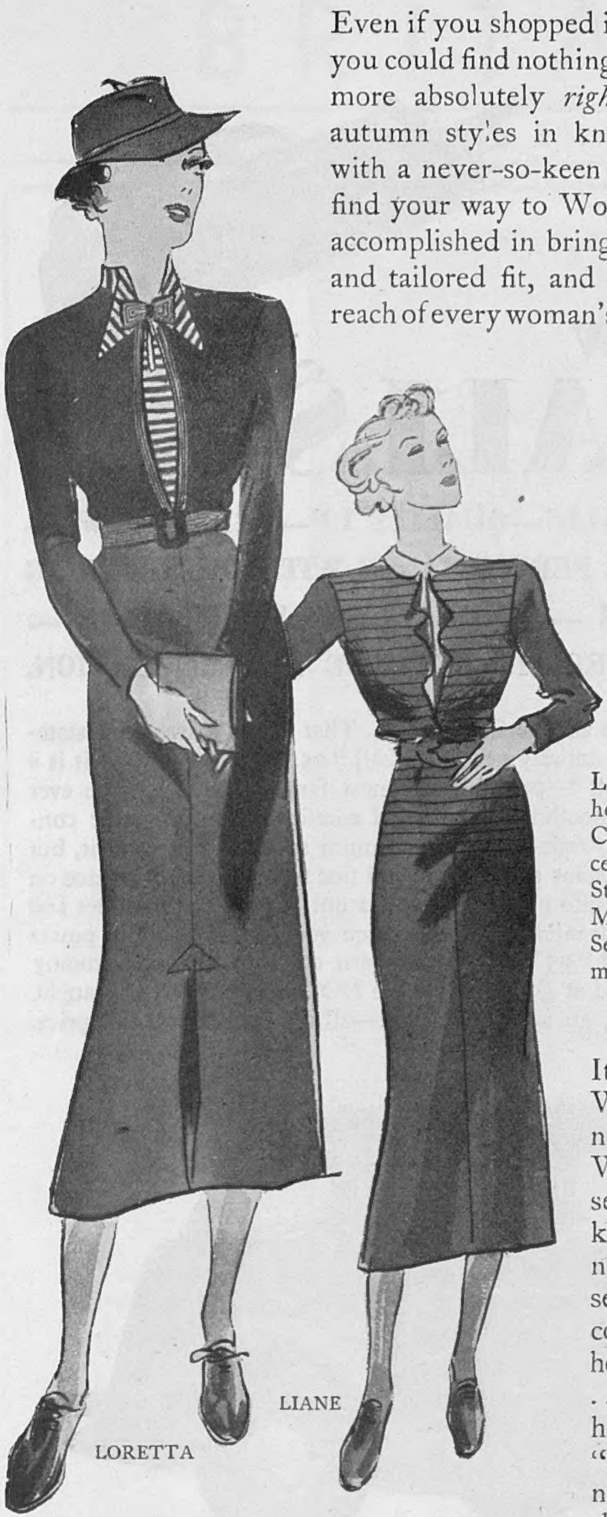

Even if you shopped in a "blow-the-cost" spirit, you could find nothing lovelier, more distinctive, more absolutely *right* than the new Wolsey autumn styles in knitwear. And if you shop with a never-so-keen sense of value, you'll still find your way to Wolsey. Miracles have been accomplished in bringing the last word in style, and tailored fit, and fashionable colour within reach of every woman's purse. Below for instance:

★ *Tailored line* is very important in knitted outerwear this season. New perfections of fit have been achieved!

★ *Fashion says:* look for Cornelly work on smart wool dresses; go for 'raised' pattern fabrics and angoras.

★ *Undies to-day* are as individual as frocks themselves — slendering, smooth-fitting, exquisitely finished.

★ *Lace-patterned undies* are definitely "in", and this season's designs are lovelier and more intricate than ever.

Safe bets

for the style-minded

—both ways!

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LIANE: Dress in wool and angora, with stitched tucking. Stitched white organdie collar, and white organdie vest inset piped with contrast velvet. Leather belt, centre tuck on skirt back and front. In medium woman's size only. Ten colours including 'land and sea' shades **49′11**

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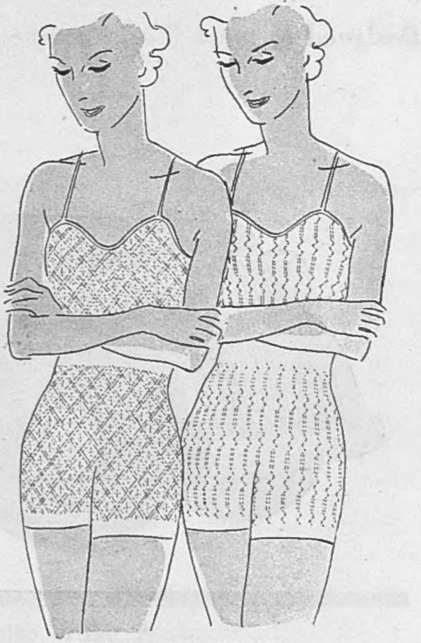

IDYL: Botany wool and artificial silk; allover fancy stitch. Rounded opera top, shaped ribbed waist. Elastic and ribbed waist to pantie; ribbed knees. White, shell or peach. Small or average size, per garment Also available in young matron's size, 1/- per garment extra. **3′11**

POLKA: Fully-fashioned in botany wool, lace design. Rounded opera top, shaped ribbed waist. Close-fitting ribbed back. Lastex yarn at pantie waist and knees. In white, shell or peach, average or small sizes, per garment This style also available in young matron's size, per garment 8/6. **6′11**

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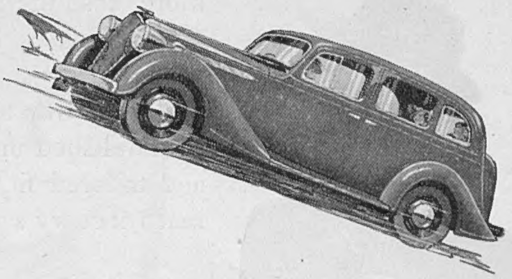

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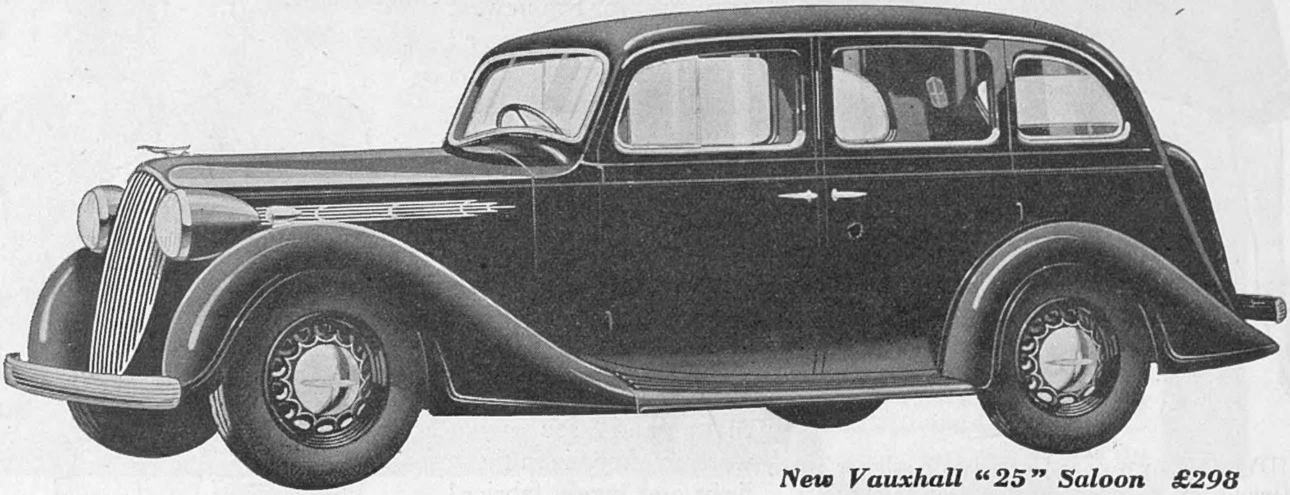

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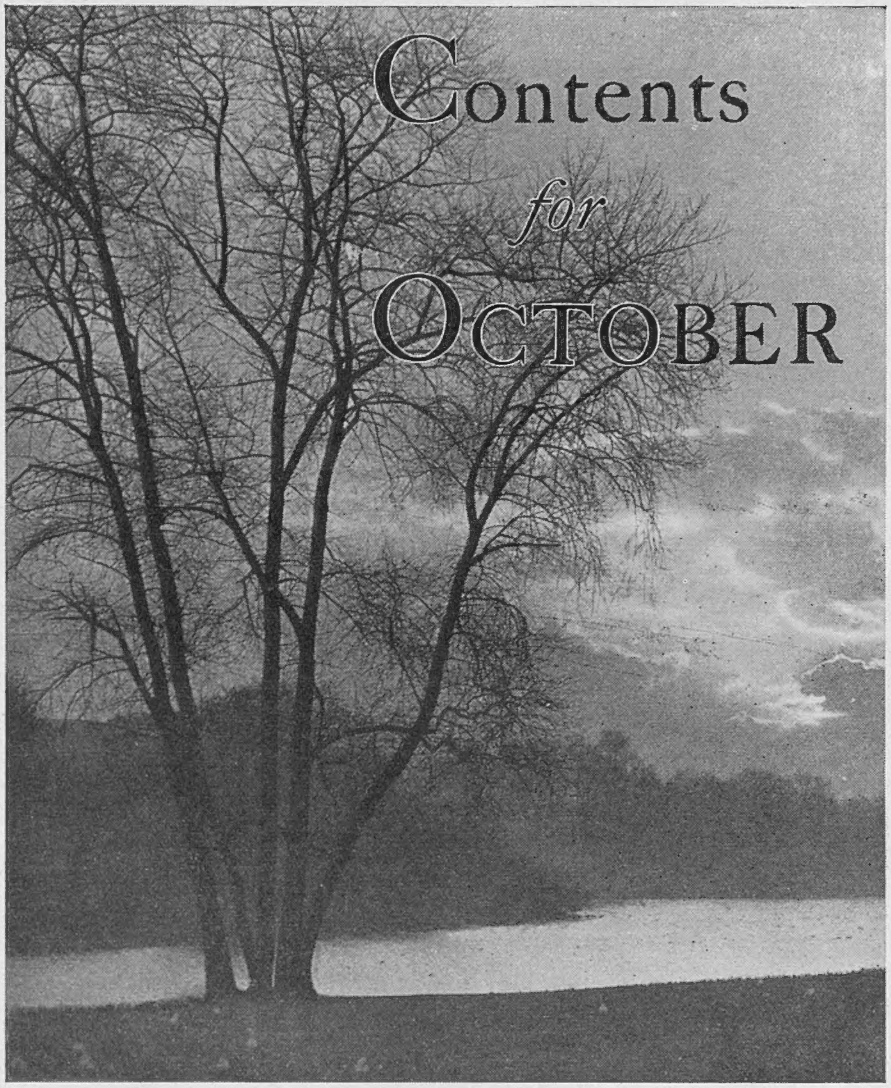
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 13, No. 4. OCTOBER 1936



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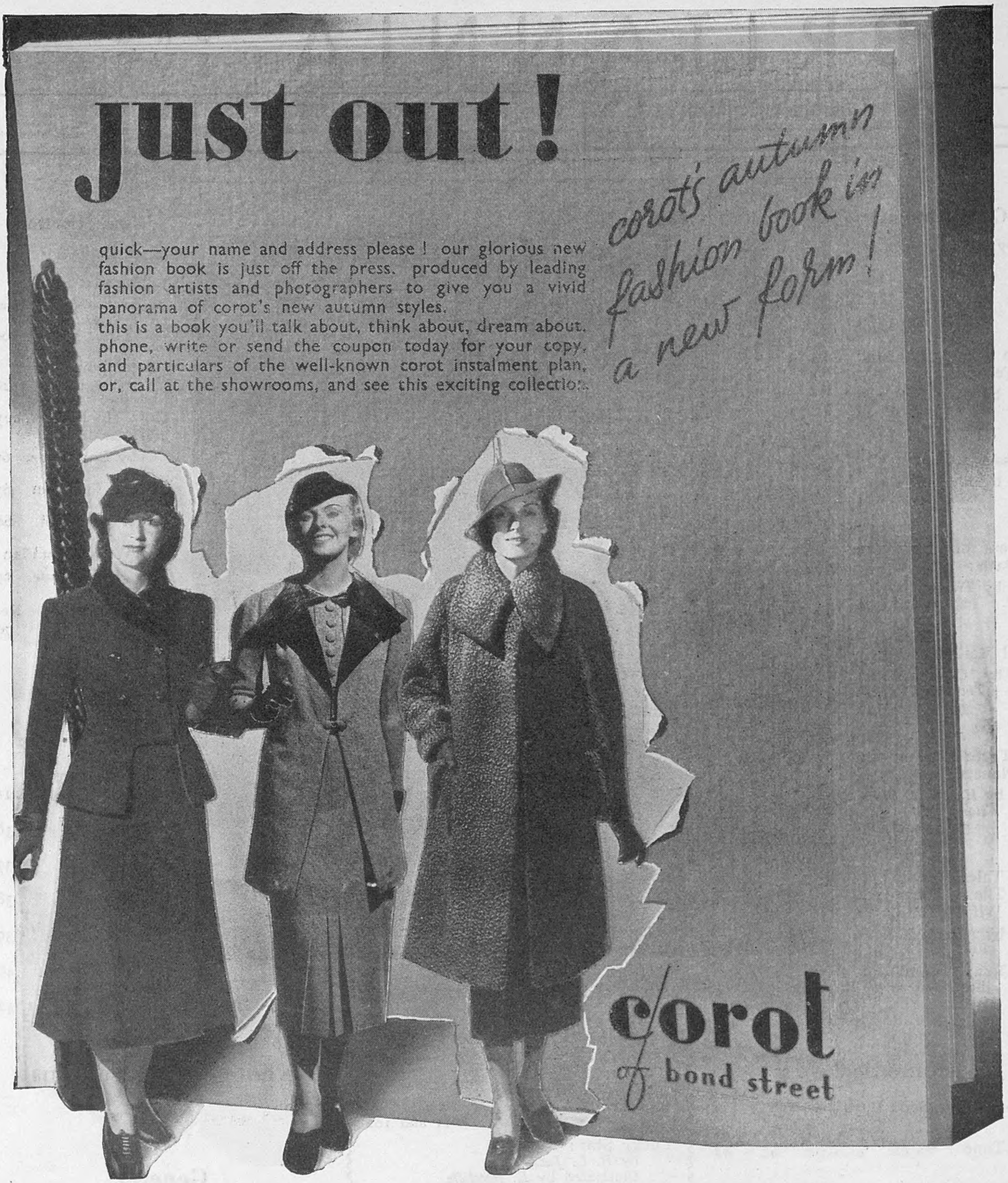

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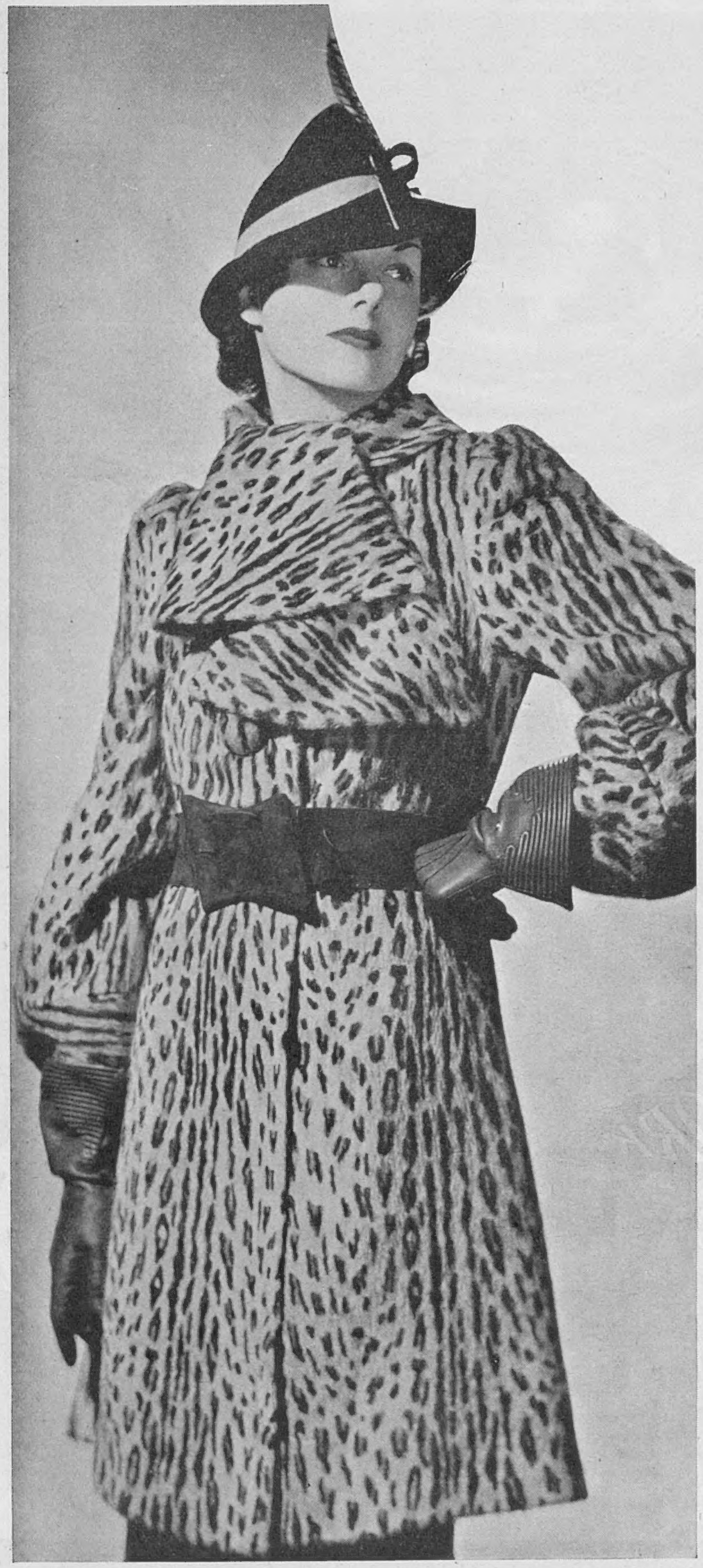

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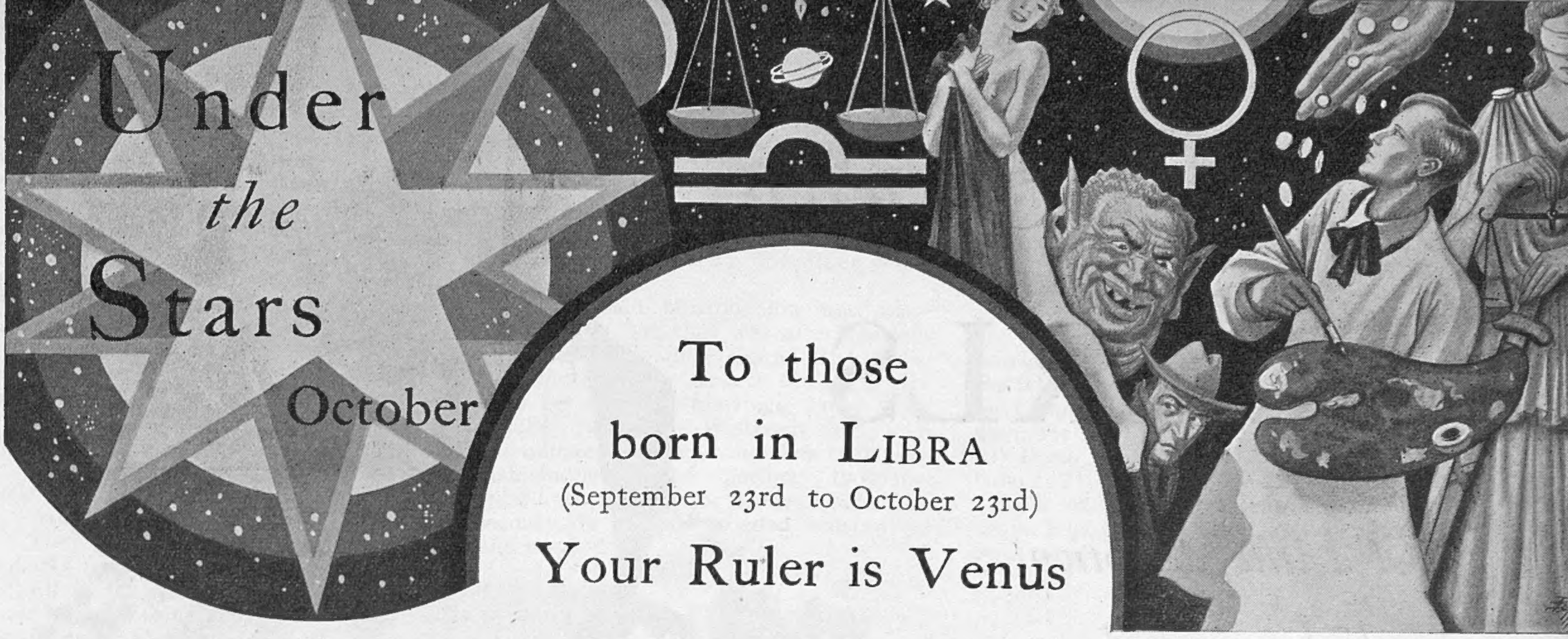


Under the Stars

October

To those born in LIBRA

(September 23rd to October 23rd)

Your Ruler is Venus

IN Libra people the warm, creative impulses of Venus function through the channel of an " active mind "—in essence, then, here we have the artist's sign.

Libra is also the Seventh House of the Zodiac—or House of Love—first of the Mystic Signs.

By destiny you are our *Mediums* standing midway between this world and the vast world unseen, to transfer knowledge from that wider world to ours. The existence of that world is amply proved by science—in the case of infra-red rays alone—but you need no proof, full consciousness of it is among your earliest impressions.

That is the meaning of The Scales, your symbol—Balance—between all that the physical eye can see and that which the mind's eye apprehends, also between love's heated pulse and the pure reason of dispassionate mind.

Alas ! that you are often the frailest of mankind. As, animated by an intense love of beauty and concord and weakened by the lack of it, your spirit is rarely strong enough to cope with the harshness of the world. You wish to see a paradise on earth ; disappointed—you either descend to seeking a poor substitute in a round of pleasure, or recede into seclusion.

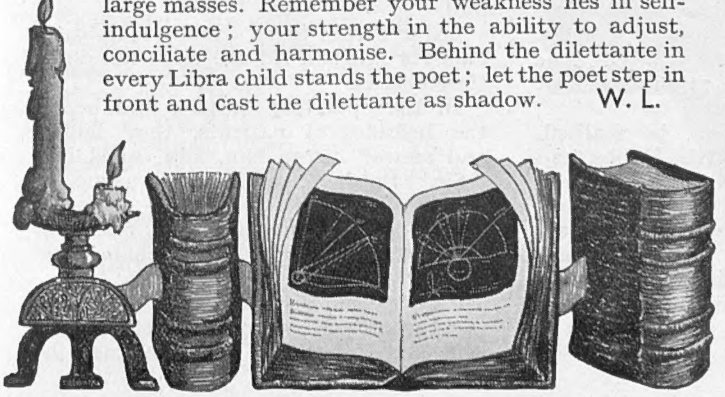
There are two distinct types of you. Some have an almost sensuous love of pleasure—are, in fact, voluptuaries—in others the sense of justice, so implicit in your need of harmony, triumphs. World-fighters, you try to pave the way to universal concord—Hindenburg, Clemenceau, Foch, Ramsay MacDonald, Annie Besant, Lord Roberts.

When tranquil and in a *state of balance* your intuition is uncanny. This is shown by the simplest among you who will solve a problem in a flash which has been worrying the family for weeks, and which the cleverer members could not reason out. None like a Libran to see both sides of the question. Hence they make admirable judges and great divines.

Music and colour are as good as food for you. You cannot bear a depressing environment, so the sweets of life very easily provide your pitfall.

You then swing improvidently down the primrose paths of dalliance, careless of belongings—especially if a woman—able to coax money, but unable to strike a business deal over your services ; forgivable simply because you can enamour even when you are most preposterous, and inducing compassion because you, yourselves, are so compassionate. The poorest of you will often throw down your all to succour suffering folk and animals.

To be successful, see that your work caters for large masses. Remember your weakness lies in self-indulgence ; your strength in the ability to adjust, conciliate and harmonise. Behind the dilettante in every Libra child stands the poet ; let the poet step in front and cast the dilettante as shadow. W. L.



FRIDAY
3
6
33
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LUCKY DAY: FRIDAY.

STONE: THE OPAL.

LUCKY NUMBER: SIX, or any digits that add to six, *i.e.*, 33, three and three, make six.

HEALTH

Bad health should not trouble you if you keep off too much sugar or pastry, and drink a good deal of water. Rely on your own intuition over ailments, as much as on the doctor's opinion.

Libra gives women personal beauty. Even if every other sign in the natal horoscope combines to confer plainness, they will still win through with lovely eyes and a bewitching smile—and their beauty will have the peculiar appeal of making every man want to spring to their aid and defend them. Greta Garbo, Lily Langtry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell are among the enchantresses born in this month.

MARRIAGE

The two extremes of either leading a hermit existence or else throwing too many parties must be avoided.

You are best mated with Gemini (May 21 to June 21) because of their versatility, or Aquarius (January 21 to February 19) because of their humanity.

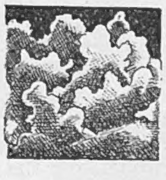
CAREER

Do not attempt to follow a stereotyped occupation. Seek an outlet in literature, the stage, designing—proportion is the heritage of your sign—decoration, music, engraving, photography, or any artistic calling from that of hairdresser to director of an opera house or trustee of an art gallery.

Women are gifted in millinery, dressmaking and magazine work. Also as actresses. They will infuse their homes with beauty, but incline to be extravagant.

CHILDREN

Should be allowed to roam museums and be taken to concerts, plays and films. But they must also be taught the value of time and action, or they will shirk exertion and be wasteful. Deal with them firmly, but never harshly ; they are unusually impressionable. Strengthen their character by giving them a purpose.



SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Romantic rapture may quickly become rupture ; let those born between October 17 and 23 have a care. Those born between September 24 and October 6 will command an unusual degree of expressiveness, resource and ingenuity ; their plans succeed towards the latter part of the year, at the outset they may be victims of deceit and conspiracy. So, in six words, your forecast is : Ominous clouds with sudden silver linings.

BOYS *and* GIRLS

A Little deception which earned a great reward

"I JUST took a peep at her," said Sister Little, "when she was asleep this afternoon. The *dee*-vinest thing! I wish she was on my floor, or that I was specialling for her instead of Hobbs."

"You *would* try to pinch a nice soft job, with an innocent little child instead of your cross old ladies," said Sister Hobbs.

"I had a few minutes to spare—for a wonder; and I sat with her while she had her tea," Sister Doherty remarked tenderly.

"Well, I'm not too satisfied," said the great Mr. Haverford.

Mr. Haverford adjusted the silk muffler above his silk dressing-gown deftly with his left hand, his right resting in a sling from the shoulder injury which had brought him—not too unreadily—into the Nursing Home where at least two of his patients lay. He was a walking case—and could soon leave; and anyway, he was glad that, before his own little job the day before yesterday, he had been able to operate skilfully upon the dee-vinest little thing.

As soon as her schoolmistress—a Miss Wisbeach—had brought her up to him, from Devonshire, a week ago, Mr. Haverford made up his mind that no other hand than his should operate upon this angel mite.

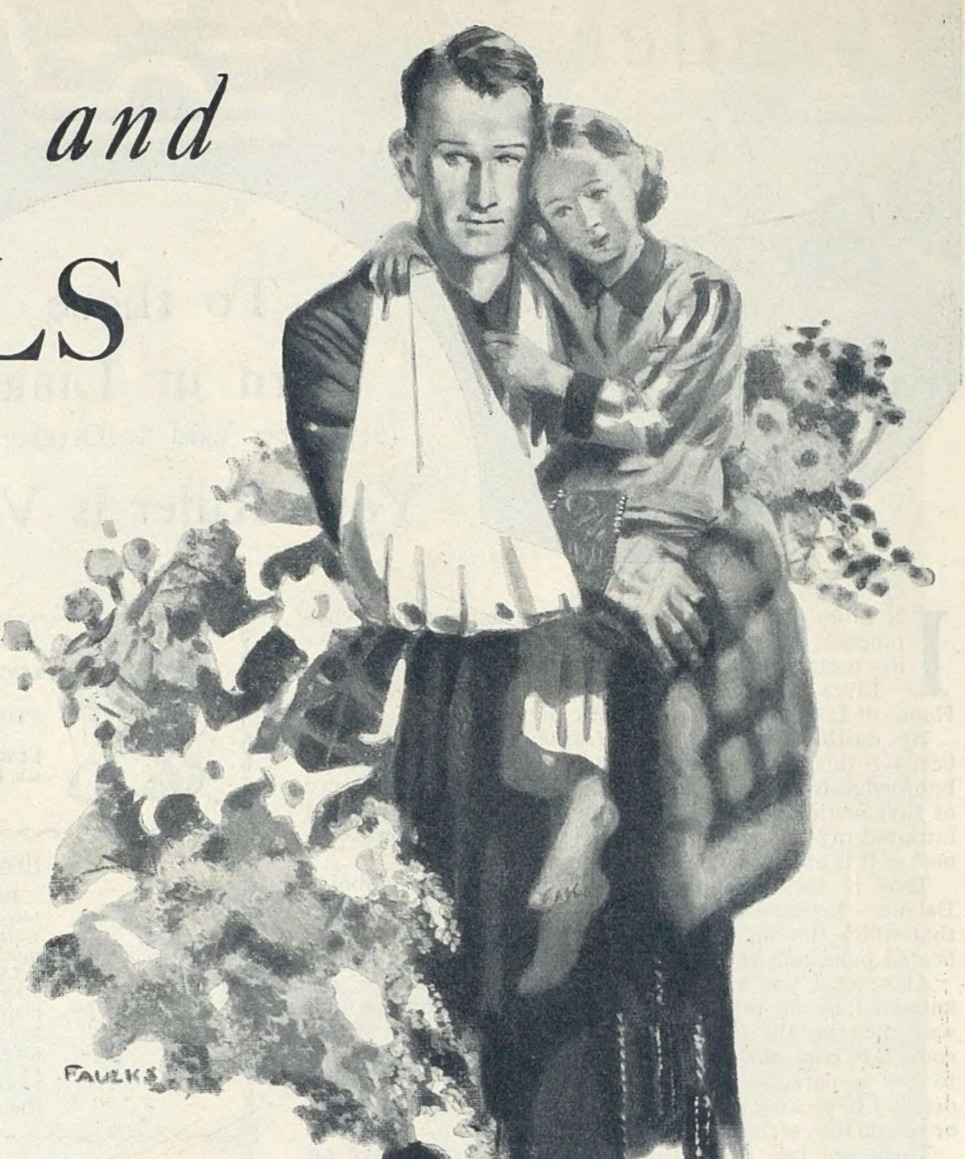
Had his own injury occurred a day earlier. . . . But, luckily, it had not.

Mr. Haverford, gazing into the glass thoughtfully—he was up, and pacing his room—frowned. "The child's not thriving," he said. "She's too damned sad."

"Exactly," cried Sister Little triumphantly. "I said so to Doherty after I'd peeped in on her sleep."

"I asked the Old Cat if she could throw any light on it," added Sister Hobbs. "But you know what it is. She never tells us nurses a thing."

"H'm," said the great Mr. Haverford, moving majestically towards his narrow bed, where Sister Doherty, Day Sister of the floor, had turned back coverlet and eiderdown at the correct angle to receive him.



SHE sat in the crook of his arm, and his big hand supported her little knees from underneath. She leaned against his shoulders as against her pillows

By May Edginton

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

Sister Little began to squeak and Sister Hobbs to giggle almost before Mr. Haverford, throwing himself heartily into bed, sat down on the two wire hair brushes, nicely placed for the softest part of him.

He might have known, he realised, from the mere fact of Little, Hobbs, and Doherty being gathered there together, that mischief was afoot.

"Hell's Bells, you devils. How dare you!" said the great Mr. Haverford, squirming from the brushes and thrusting his bare feet down among half a dozen wet sponges arranged cunningly on a rubber sheet.

"Of *all* the liberties!" said Mr. Haverford.

Sister Little, Sister Hobbs and Sister Doherty laughed till the tears fell down their cheeks.

In the operating theatre, and beside the bedsides of patients, they bowed and mewed before him, and called him "Sir." But here, and now, he was merely a man.

The porter knocked and came in conspiratorially with three champagne bottles.

"Oo!" said Sister Little.

"I won't ask *you* to the party, Little," said Mr. Haverford. But he knew he would, just as she knew—and was sorry for it—that he loved her even more than most men loved her. She was so pretty and so gay and such a darling. "As for you, Doherty," he said, brandishing a hair brush, "come here, and I'll smack you as you deserve."

"You'll send your temperature up again," said Sister Doherty severely, "and what will Mrs. Haverford say to us then?"

No one replied to this, all knowing the kind of thing that Mr. Haverford's wife said.

"When *is* the party?" Sister Little whispered.

"To-night, when all the patients are tucked up, you girls will come creeping in," said Mr. Haverford.

"They'll be tucked up early," Sister Doherty promised.

"I'll be off duty, but I'll come back for something I've forgotten," said Sister Hobbs.

"Take these sponges out, you wild women, and shove the bubbly under my bed," said the great Mr. Haverford. "And tell the Old Cat I want to speak to her at once, if she so pleases. And likewise if she does not please, I want to speak to her."

"She will please," said Sister Doherty.

Bells rang along the corridor. The nurses flitted out, Little last, looking back at him. Little coaxed: "If you find out what's bothering the Angel——"

Small and lithe; sweet and gallant. And oh! so *gay!* And she was caring, really and desperately, about the sick child.

"Run in again after I've seen *her*," said Mr. Haverford.

He lay grinning, all alone. How the girls cheered him up! How he enjoyed it! Up to some trick or other every minute. Ragging all the time; yet quiet as mice about it. And as for Little. . . .

He was not the only Harley Street potentate who thought a good deal about Sister Little; and he knew it. And in particular just now, there seemed to be an anæsthetist. . . .

Doherty was right about the Matron. She loved being sent for urgently by Mr. Haverford, one of London's busiest surgeons. She loved having him under her roof, and so, in a way, in her power. She understood he was not happily married. Ah well! Ah well!

In Matron bustled, a very fine figure of a vigilant woman.

"Quite comfy, Mr. Haverford? Sister looking after you well?"

"Oh yes. Oh yes, indeed, Matron. You have a wonderful staff—best in London, I always say. *Perfect* discipline."

Matron beamed.

"Er . . .," said Mr. Haverford, "about my little patient, Virginia; is there anything on the kiddie's mind, d'you think?"

"Well, it's *not* a very happy story," Matron sighed.

"Enlighten me, there's a darling"; Mr. Haverford coaxed her. "You know you *are* a darling," he said.

"Ah well," said Matron, robustly coy, "it seems it's like this: She's the only child, you know, of Sir Lionel Chair——"

"What! Chap who went out on hush-hush mission in the Far East four years ago?"

"Yes," said Matron, low and confidential. "But that was after *she* left him for a Spanish Count—the wife, you know. *Then* he left the little girl with her aunt by marriage, Lady Wisbeach. But Lady Wisbeach died, and her unmarried sister, who runs that *very* fashionable school in Torquay, took the child into her Junior House. Then it seemed the little dear ailed constantly, and so——"

"Me," said the great Mr. Haverford.

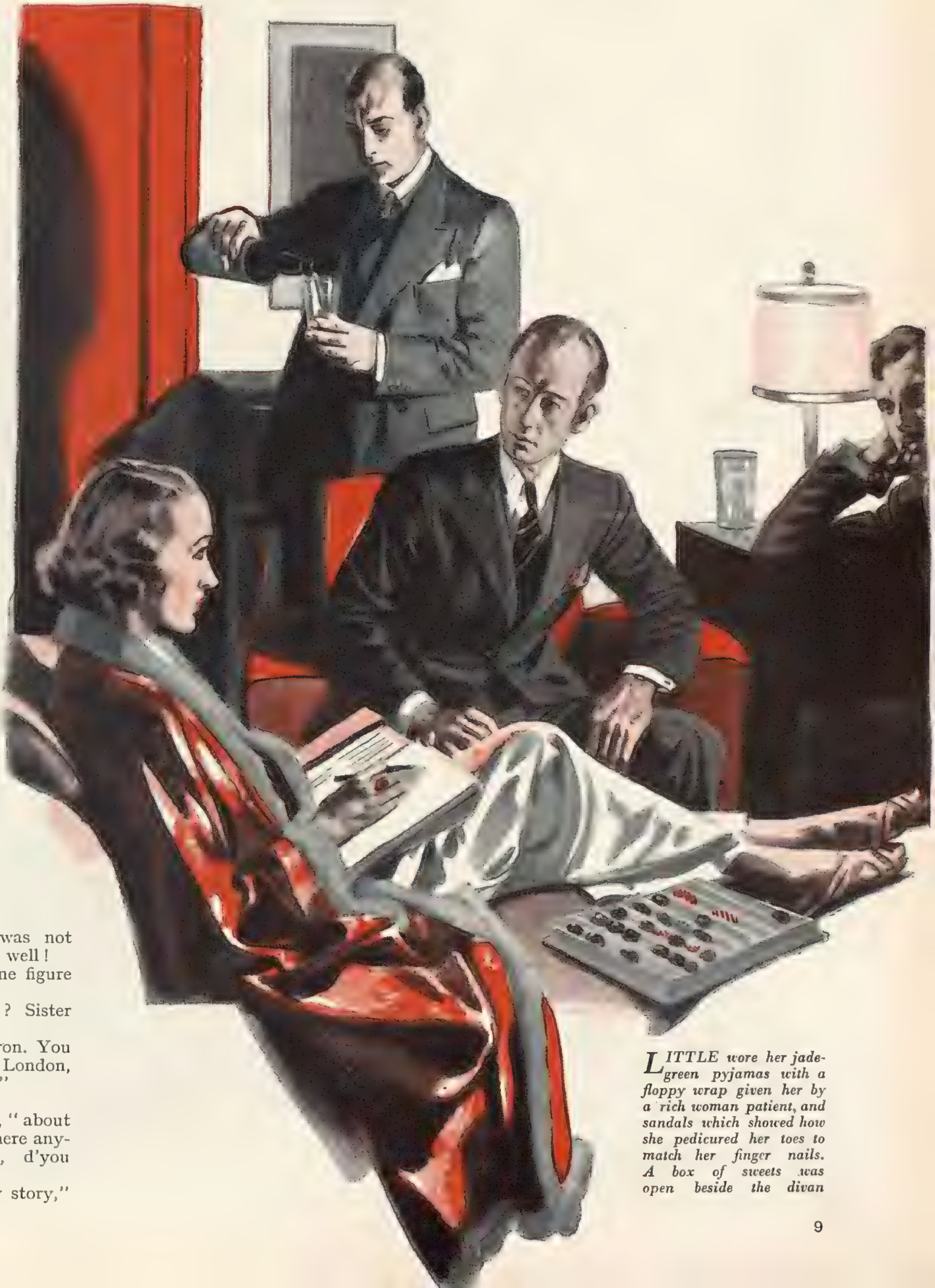
"Fortunately, you," Matron confirmed.

Mr. Haverford twinkled his gratification.

"Miss Wisbeach told me when she brought her up for the operation," Matron said, "that the little girl, for some while, got letters from her mother, and treasured them like pearls. Oh, like *pearls!* Then, Miss Wisbeach said, the letters stopped. She doesn't know if Sir Lionel decided to stop them. A hard man, she says."

"Does Sir Lionel write to the babe?"

"Oh, a picture postcard now and again, Miss Wisbeach said, and a London Store sends her Christmas and birthday



LITTLE wore her jade-green pyjamas with a floppy wrap given her by a rich woman patient, and sandals which showed how she pedicured her toes to match her finger nails. A box of sweets was open beside the divan presents from him. They choose very cleverly, I believe."

" Where is this Miss Wisbeach ? "

" Ah, well, it's vacation time, you know ; she's off to take some other pupils for a holiday in Switzerland. She waited till she knew little Virginia was safely through."

" But little V. isn't safely through," said Mr. Haverford. " A nice story, I must say ! "

" So sad for the little lamb ! " Matron sighed. " She wants her mother. But short of a miracle, she's not likely to get her, I fear. Well, we'll do all *we* can."

" There's another thing, quite a tragedy," Matron added, as she turned to go. " Miss Wisbeach said that, quite by accident, as they were packing up her things, the child's few letters from her mother were destroyed as waste paper. . . . We daren't tell her that."

" She's asked for them ? "

" Oh, she *asks*."

Matron's back was hardly turned when Sister Little slipped in again. " Well ? "

Mr. Haverford told her the story of Vee.

" God ! What a shame ! " Little stamped.

" It is, my dear, it is. . . . Well, can you worm in to-night about 10.30 ? "

Little nodded, from a sudden mood of abstraction.

" I could come back for something I remembered I've forgotten."

" Promise."

" I'll see. . . ."

She was like that. Difficult to hold. Difficult. Mr. Haverford wondered not for the first time, after she had slipped away again, if his wife would set him free, and if, supposing that blissful consummation, Little would become his. He lay and turned this over in his mind for some time.

Mr. Haverford presently rose again from bed, adjusted his silk choker above his silk dressing gown and went along the corridor to the room of Little V.

She was called V. or Vee throughout the nursing home, and she had given the Nursing Home, in spite of the gaiety of Hobbs, Little and Doherty when cheering up Mr. Haverford, a very sad day. Patients on other floors—who had never seen her—enquired her progress ; floor-maids had seen her weeping ; the porter had ceased to whistle. Vee, so small, so frail, had them spellbound with pity and fear.

But Vee neither knew this, nor would have cared. She was too sunk in the abyss not only of her sickness, but her loneliness.

And the pain which seemed to go all up and down her front, for it was a large pain and a small front, was too unkind.

Mr. Haverford entered Vee's room, smiling. He was boyish when he smiled, and jolly ; and faintly the fragile little girl propped against her pillows, smiled back. She fluttered a hand at him, too, but Mr. Haverford knew this to be merely a courtesy flutter, dictated by a gallant heart, without joy in it.

" Well, and how is us ? " said he, sitting—lightly for so large a man—upon her bed and eyeing her. " What's Vee going to have for supper now that she isn't sick any more, eh ? "

" Milk, I expect," she hazarded politely.

" Chicken jelly," said Mr. Haverford, " and eat it out of the pot with a spoon."

" Nice," she answered politely from her complete languor.

Mr. Haverford had operated on many children for appendicitis, and knew that they were usually lively as crickets on the third day. He took her little hand in his and asked her if it wasn't really *rather* fun to have your doctor sick in the same nursing home, and able to run in to see you all the time.

" Fun," she whispered, nodding.

" I hope you like my grand new dressing gown, Vee ? "

" I admire you vewy much," she answered faintly, dallying with him.

He considered a moment :

" Like to see the corridor now the nurses are putting all the flowers out for the night ? It's lovely."

" I'd love to see it, fank you," she said.

" ' Fank you,' ' fank you,' ' fank you,' and you eight years old ! " Mr. Haverford jollied her. But she excused herself politely, from her so complete languor, for her inability as yet to sound ' th.' " I hope I'll do it when I'm grown up," she said. But Mr. Haverford's heart ached because he saw clearly that she didn't hope anything at all. She had no hope in the world—save just for one thing which was forever lost.

" We'll break the rules and go for a walk," he said, and very dexterously with his partly incapacitated right hand he folded her eiderdown over his long left arm, and then bending down he had lifted her with his left arm, so cleverly that he did not change her position ; she sat in the crook of his arm, and his big hand supported her little knees from underneath : she leaned against his shoulder as against her pillows.

" How many children have you ? " she asked for courtesy's sake.

" I have none," said Mr. Haverford, stepping with her into the corridor.

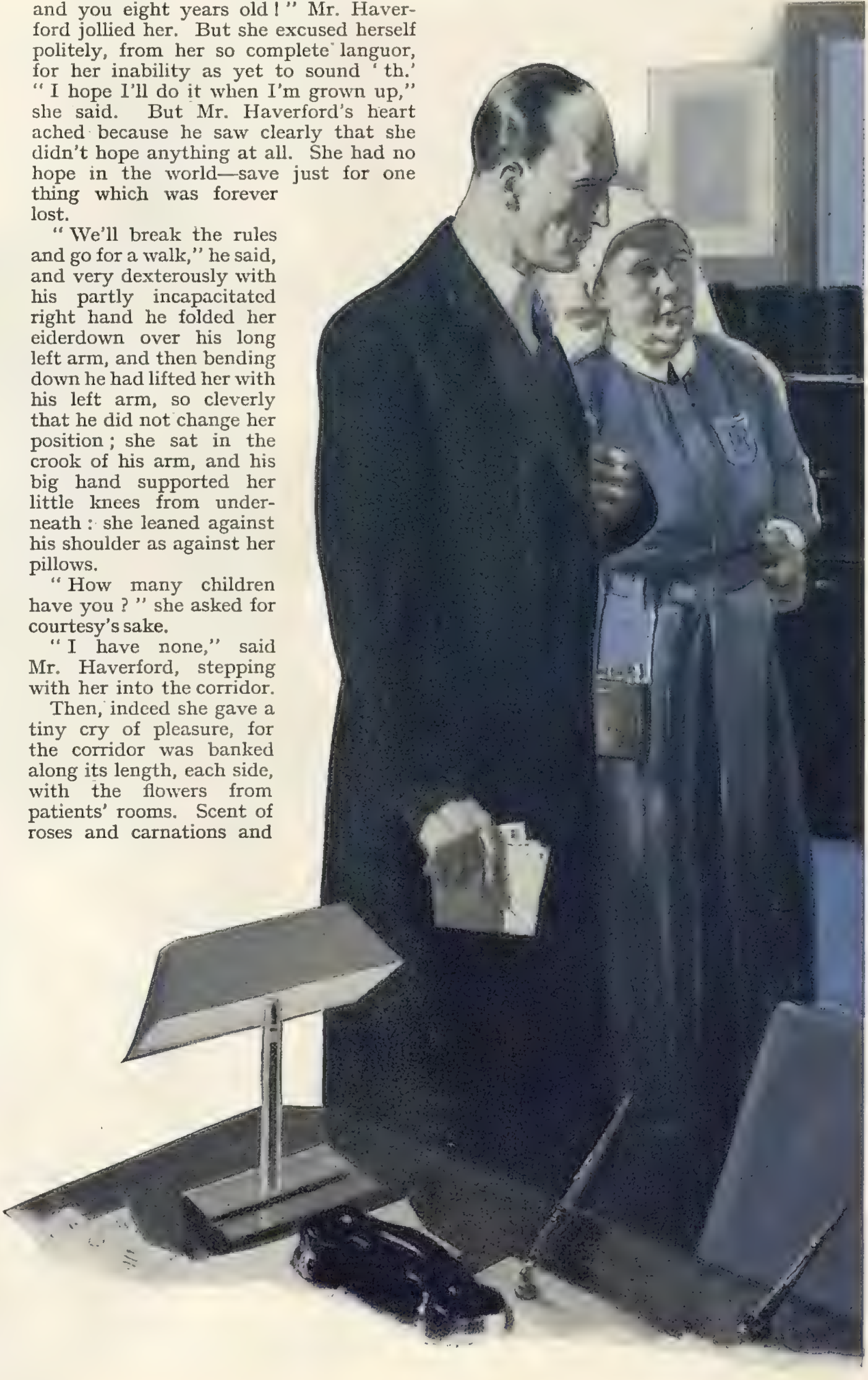
Then, indeed she gave a tiny cry of pleasure, for the corridor was banked along its length, each side, with the flowers from patients' rooms. Scent of roses and carnations and heliotrope mingled. Tall lilies in pots, and hydrangeas, and masses of sweet flowers changed the plain corridor of the day to an enchanted field in the evening.

" Oh ! " she whispered, " it's like a garden path in Heaven ! "

" If," Mr. Haverford thought, " I ever have the luck to have kids I don't think I'll let them be taught anything about heaven." For heaven and little Vee were far too near to-night.

" Tank you," she said when they had traversed the length of the corridor and turned back, " It was beautiful. The flowers Miss Wisbeach sent me are dead."

" Then I shall send you flowers every



day," said Mr. Haverford, " I like sending flowers to young ladies."

She was back in bed. Sister Doherty appeared, hovering in the background with a tray. " Anything else you want before I go, Vee ? " Mr. Haverford asked.

Bright burning spots on her cheeks ; bright burning eyes. " Yes, please ! I've asked. You ask for me, please. There's some letters at the school ; couldn't someone find them—Alice, she's the schoolroom maid. Could we write to Alice and ask her to send them to me ? Letters from my muvver."

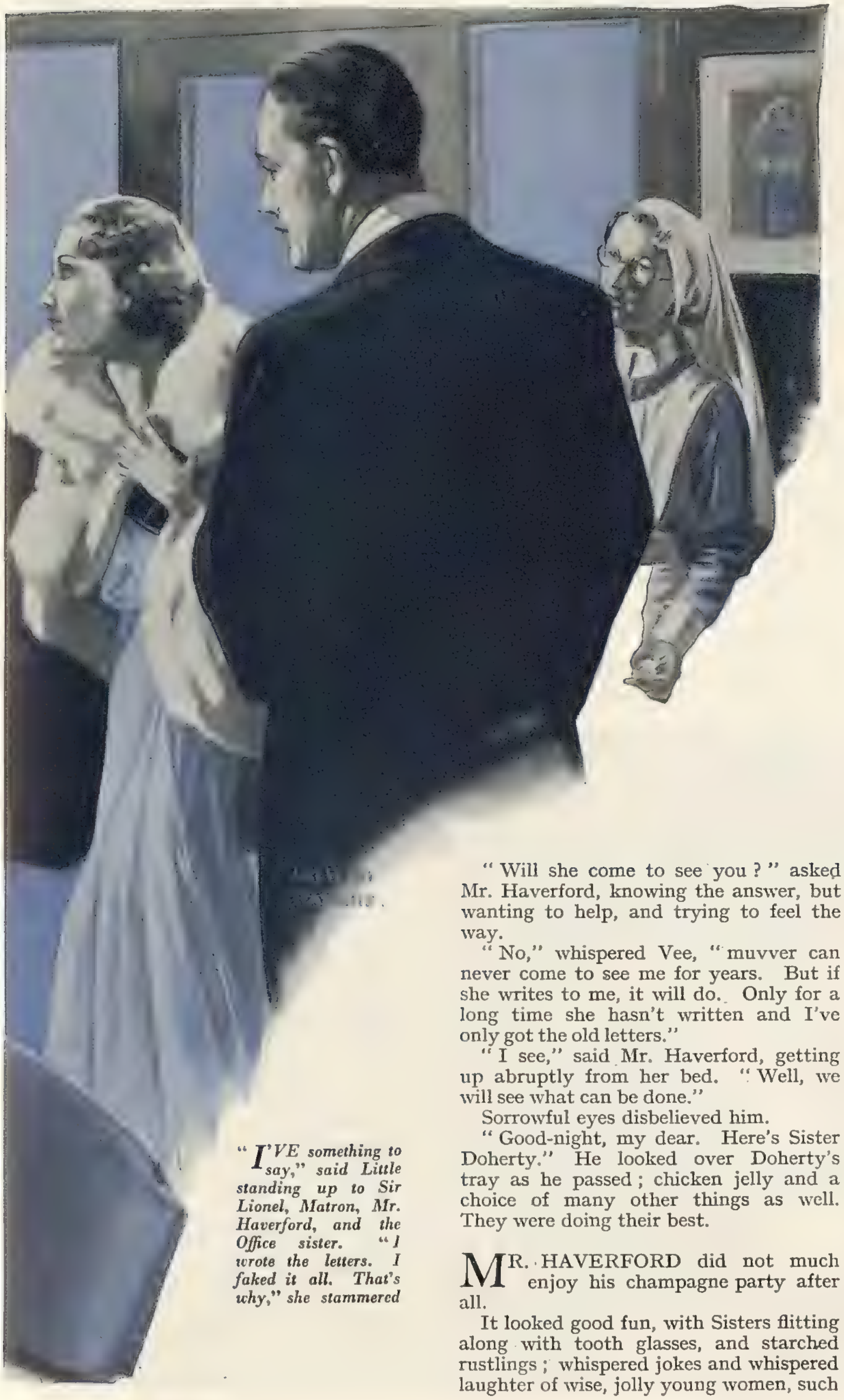
" Well, now," said Mr. Haverford, solemnly considering, " I rather fancy that, with Miss Wisbeach away, precious things like letters will have been locked up, and you may have to wait till she comes back from Switzerland, don't you think ? "

Burning-bright eyes studying his eyes to see if he were telling the truth ; burning-bright eyes deciding that he was not. Little girl, beaten to the dust by these grown-up liars, grown-up powers, turning her head away.

Mr. Haverford felt a sense of shame and futility, but he asked, because he thought that if she would talk, he might help her :

" Letters from your mother, you say, my dear ? "

" Letters from my muvver," whispered the defeated little girl.



" *I'VE something to say,*" *said Little standing up to Sir Lionel, Matron, Mr. Haverford, and the Office sister.* " *I wrote the letters. I faked it all. That's why,*" *she stammered*

" Will she come to see you ? " asked Mr. Haverford, knowing the answer, but wanting to help, and trying to feel the way.

" No," whispered Vee, " muvver can never come to see me for years. But if she writes to me, it will do. Only for a long time she hasn't written and I've only got the old letters."

" I see," said Mr. Haverford, getting up abruptly from her bed. " Well, we will see what can be done."

Sorrowful eyes disbelieved him.

" Good-night, my dear. Here's Sister Doherty." He looked over Doherty's tray as he passed ; chicken jelly and a choice of many other things as well. They were doing their best.

MR. HAVERFORD did not much enjoy his champagne party after all.

It looked good fun, with Sisters flitting along with tooth glasses, and starched rustlings ; whispered jokes and whispered laughter of wise, jolly young women, such as he preferred to the more social sort. But he himself laughed very little even when he sat down on a squeaky cushion which the night floor Sister had cleverly slipped into his armchair, and even though they all whispered that it had been a riot before, with the speed of streaks of lightning they flew down the corridor to answer peevish bells of patients who, though tucked up, would not go decently to sleep.

No, he had not enjoyed his party, for Little had not come. She did not return because she had remembered something she had forgotten. She had given him and his party the go-by. He suspected the anæsthetist, who had worked with him on several cases with Little as one of the theatre nurses. Suddenly this rival had telephoned : "Come out to a show . . . come out to dance." It was, no doubt, like that ?

Girls are very fickle.

LITTLE sat upon her divan bed in the room in the nurses' boarding house related to the Nursing Home, though half a street away from it.

She shared this room with another nurse who was away on a case in the country, so that to-night Little had it to herself.

On the other divan bed on the opposite side of the room, as well as in the one armchair, therefore, visitors were able to be seated ; a throat-and-nose-specialist who sometimes dropped in, decently bringing his own bottle of whisky ; a couple of general practitioners one of whom explained that he had seen Little's light still on as he passed by, and therefore had called ; and the other of whom seemed to have expected something which, in the circumstances, he considered he was unlikely to find.

Likewise, there was the anæsthetist.

The radio, which Little and the other nurse hired, played softly.

Little wore her jade-green pyjamas with a fluffy wrap given her by a rich woman patient, and sandals which showed how she pedicured her toes to match her finger-nails. Her fair hair was tossed back, a box of sweets was open beside the divan, her cushions were well heaped up, and she had meant to enjoy a quiet hour and go to sleep early, had not these selfish men come in.

She was writing a letter ; or letters ; because—had anyone noticed particularly —it could have been seen that Little had quite a job of correspondence on hand.

But the doctors did not notice particularly. Since none of them had had the pleasure of finding Little alone, and since, though looking ravishing, she was uncommunicative, they were alternately deep in their vulgar stories, and their technical arguments about insides.

About the time when, half a street away in the Nursing Home—second floor —Mr. Haverford had dispensed the last bubble of his champagne, Little looked up from her letter-writing upon the divan.

" You're a stamp collector, aren't you ? " Little asked of the more expectant of the general practitioners.

He affirmed it with modest pride.

" I don't want any rare specimens," said Little nonchalantly, " but a few used present-day continental stamps ; or South American stamps ; or any half dozen *ordinaryish* ones ; only they must come from places not too far away from each other."

" Austria ! "

"All right," said (*Continued on page* 102)

The Romance Be

"I HAVE never seen men work like it in my entire experience. They have not distinguished between day and night or between one day and another. They have been urged on by flaming zeal and now, after years of alternate hope and despair, they have at last brought British television to within reaching distance of perfection. . . ."

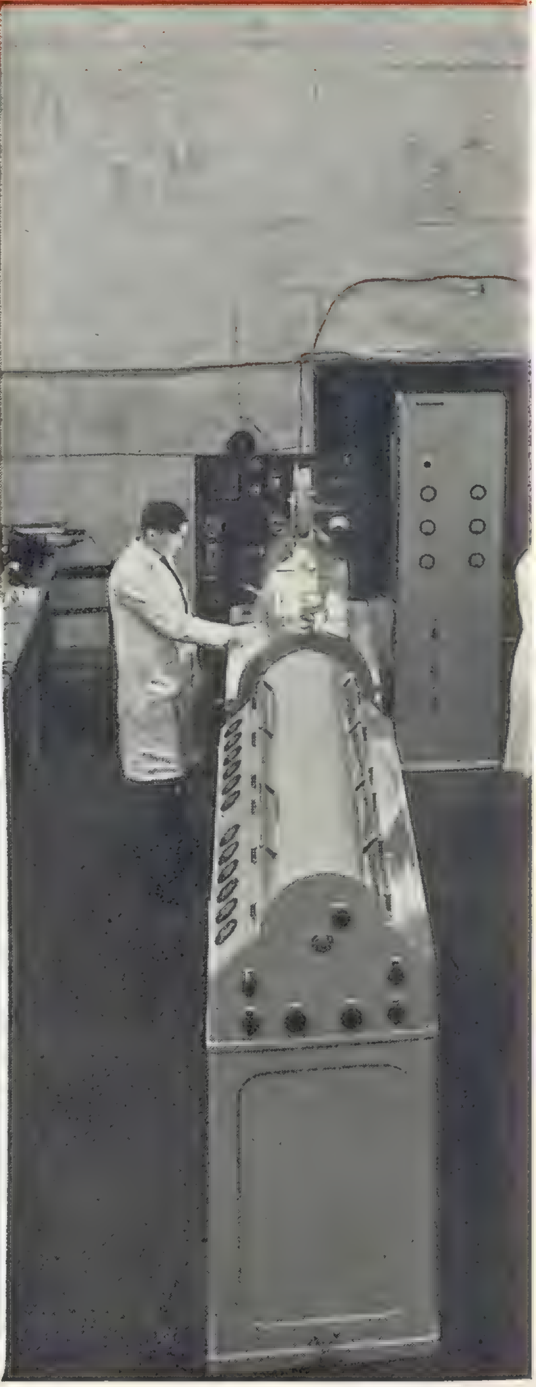
This is as good a description as any of the human material battling for the triumph of British television. A description given, actually from the south tower of the Crystal Palace by Sir Harry Greer, who was both audible *and visible* to his audience in the heart of London.

But—there is a story behind it all. Few people know it; the man who might tell it, doesn't, unless he can help it. It is the story of a young Scot, son of a minister, who—believing himself to be a failure, knowing himself broken in health, was the first human to see a televised image, just eleven years back, in a small room in Frith Street, Soho. Hardly then realising the tremendous significance of the scene, he had watched, uncertain at first—blurred, but then definitely showing—the head of a dummy figure on his home-made screen. And John Logie Baird knew that, at that moment, he was the first human to witness a miracle he himself had made possible—*the first television transmission in history*.

Before this—two years before—Baird, almost penniless and convalescent from a series of illnesses, had gone despairingly to Hastings to recuperate. Here, with an apparatus that would be comic were it not epoch-making, he had worked fiercely to achieve "television" . . . worked with an old tea chest, a rod.

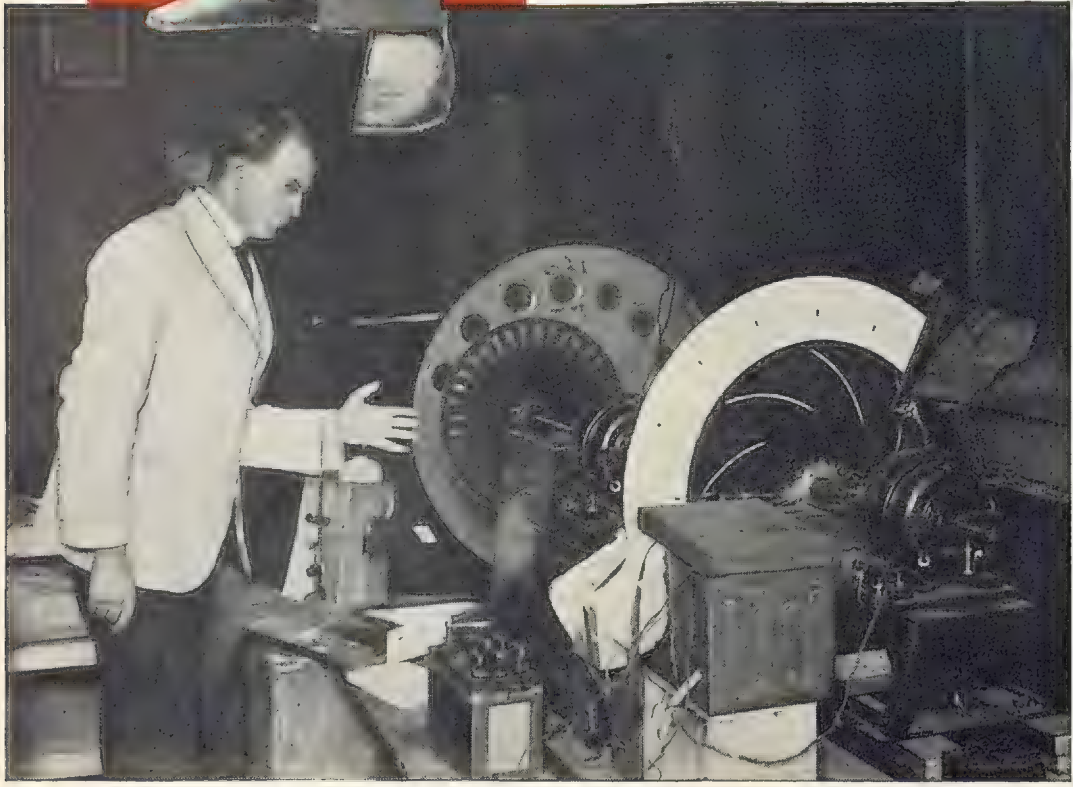
Left:

JOHN L. BAIRD, the first human to witness a miracle he himself had made possible—the first television transmission in history.



Right:

A PAIR of 240-line Telecine Scanners for transmitting 35 mm. sound film, as supplied to the B.B.C. for the Alexandra Palace. The equipment is all mains operated, and behind the projectors are situated the automatic controls and the sound amplifier racks.



Beow:

JUST eleven years back. John L. Baird, still a young Scottish inventor, with his machine for transmitting animated scenes by wireless, which he had installed in Frith Street.

bull's-eye lamp, a 5s. 6d. motor and a biscuit tin, among other things! And one day had seen, flickering dimly, *but indubitably there*, a shadowy outline of a Maltese cross upon his screen, transmitted from the other room "by wireless."

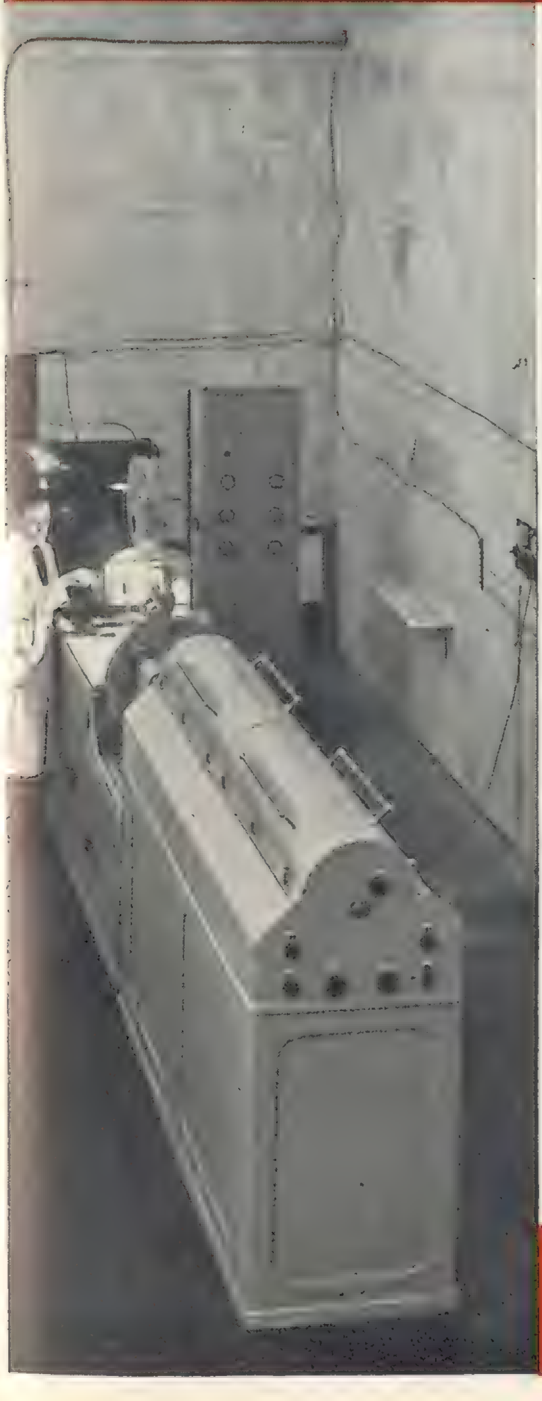
Not yet true "television"—almost a shadow-graph—but the beginning of an epoch.

Result? A discovery that has altered the sight of the moderns.

This, in 1923, was the first triumph of an apparently defeated young engineer. The triumph was merely an interlude; actually a prelude to thirteen years of bitter fighting. Meet John Logie Baird to-day and realise the story of this mild and courteous Scot with the disarmingly gentle manner *and the ferocious brain and terrifying tenacity of purpose.* Very few people know the story of the years before 1923; and equally few the true story of the struggle afterwards. Baird's vocabulary has its blind spots; the words "personal publicity" were omitted by providence which made up for their loss in good measure elsewhere. He does not easily tell his story.

MR. D. H. MUNRO, the Television Production Manager, watching a disc recording of a programme, with the two hostess announcers Miss Elizabeth Cowell and Miss Jasmine Bligh.

hind Television



Go back to the days of his boyhood; not so far, either. As you talk to him you realise how many times ill-health almost won: Baird has been "down" so many times, but never stayed for the count. . . . His earlier experiments in the schoolboy manner were "successful"—but are alleged to have dislocated the local telephone system. Next there was a ninety-shilling motor car that he galvanised into working. After that more mature, student experiments with selenium cells; ominous to those who know the trend of his thought: merely smelly to those who did not! And researches of a student type into the possibilities of a speaking cinematograph.

Then, Glasgow University and engineering and pure physics. Then, an apprentice engineer: and evening classes added to day work and a stiff dose of plain-living and high-thinking from which emerged a "Mr. John L. Baird, the assistant superintendent to the Clyde Valley Electrical Power Company."

Then—the war. Then—grim forecast of his future—Baird was rejected for service as physically unfit, and this health handicap began to operate with a relentless persistence. However, young Mr. Baird helped supply "juice" to Clydeside munitions until the war ended and the peace—so much more precarious—closed in upon him and his like.

He describes his running fight with disaster in that quiet voice of his as if he were talking objectively, unemotionally, of the career of a third person . . . . *it is an amazing story.* First, he sells socks of his own invention, and is successful, till his health fails him. Chasing recovery, Baird goes off to Trinidad; notices the quantities of fruit and sugar handy and—being Baird—thinks in terms of—*jam*? Malaria answers his question. And he returns home.

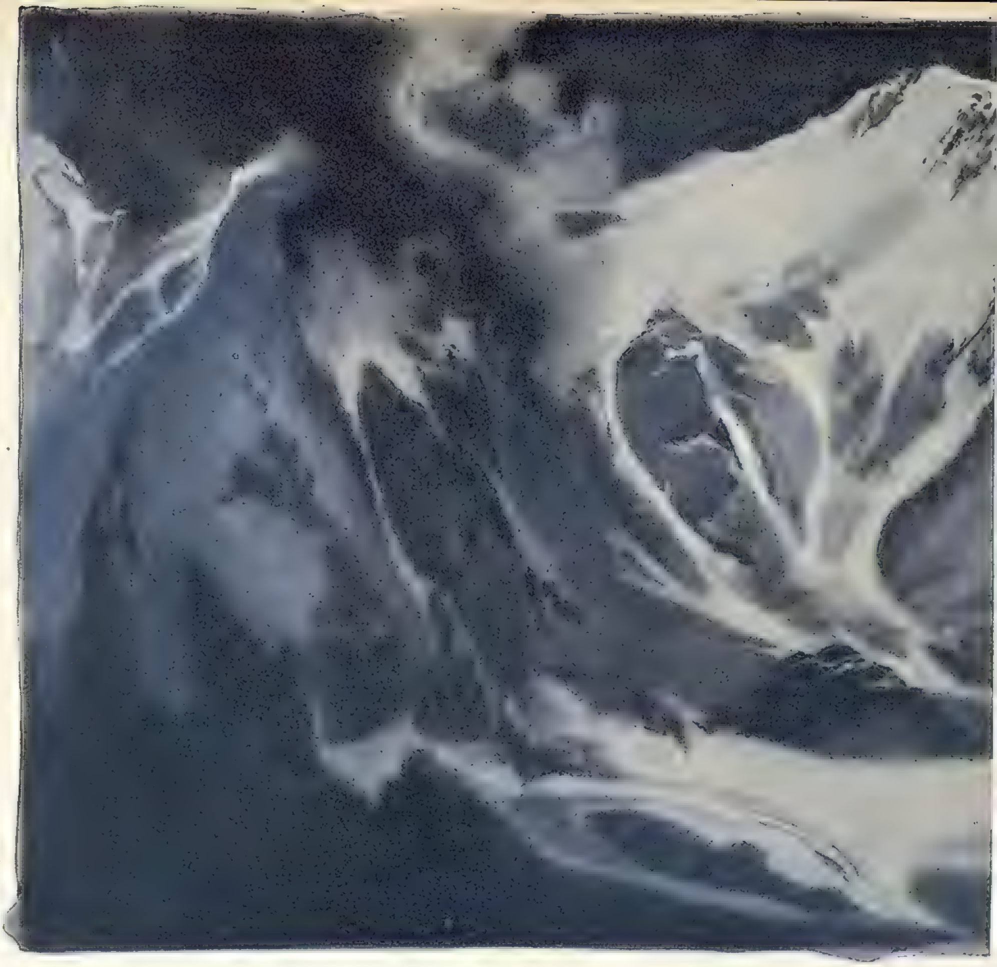
This is already 1920. Baird has little health, less wealth and—no work. However, the next step is honey, bought and sold with certain success, and some more commercial ventures until, again, his health fails him. The phrase begins to become a refrain, for in 1921 there is the whole business over again with soap until . . . . his health fails him.

Not yet "the famous Mr. Baird" but a young Scots engineer who goes drearily to the seaside to recuperate and whose "prospects" are, to say the least of it, gloomy.

But, fiercely concentrating upon his ridiculous bits-and-pieces apparatus in that back room in Queen's Arcade, Baird returns to his first love—and proves that a simple object in one room can be made to appear in another shown in a flat, black and white image on a screen, "by wireless."

This, in 1923, was not the end, but was the beginning of difficulties even more incredible; a satisfying story for those romantics who like to think that inventors in garrets, starve; but grim reading for realists. It was then that Baird could assess the value of his achievement in cash terms; *one-third of his discovery was worth £200 to a backer. . . .* But it was in April of 1925 that a public transmission of the outlines of simple objects was made "by wireless" at Selfridge's. That elementary early apparatus can be seen on show in the Science Museum now—just eleven years later. But you must not think that his life was "all set" for the now successful inventor to "live happily ever after"—actually it was difficult even to live and Baird, at the crisis of the development of his work and labouring almost continuously to make this (*Continued on page* 118)

By Joan Woollcombe



Lucky Star

Some Boys need a lot of Luck to get the Girl they Deserve

FROM his luggage neatly piled in the compartment, expertly selected midway between the two sets of wheels, Cedric turned his eye to the clock at the end of *Voie* 9. Seventeen hours, fifty-two minutes was what it read, but Cedric was not deceived. Eight toilsome months he had spent, since leaving college, polishing the intellect and the seat of his trousers on a swivel chair behind the chromium-plated grille of Tours Department, first on the left through the swing doors of the Union Express on the Rue Scribe, and this Continental clock business was one of the first problems he had mastered on entering the family business.

" Five, fifty-two," he mentioned to the dragoman from the office hovering deferentially at his side on the platform. " Gives me eight minutes, what ? "

The man with " Union Express " in letters of silver embroidered on his hat saluted. He liked this fellow Cedric.

" And as soon as you see this girl you know what to do ? "

" I take the *bagage* of mademoiselle and place it in the *compartiment* of monsieur," the dragoman confirmed. " And for the *p'tit dejeuner* in the wagon-restaurant, a reservation at the table of monsieur, yes ? "

Cedric adjusted his tie. " Yes," he said. This, he could not help thinking, was one of those days that mattered. First the epoch-marking wire from Aunt Amelia Windrushe at Vevey, then a visit to that chromium-plated grille from the girl who for three weeks, from a distance, had made Paris worth while, and, finally, selling her the ticket that formed the basis of all this brilliant staff work. Sheer luck in handfuls did not often come his way.

" Don't forget to keep an eye on my stuff in the compartment," he ordered. " You know what these French porters are—pinch it as soon as look at it."

" *Assurement !* "

" For three weeks I've been wanting to meet this girl." A warm expansive feeling moved the tactician. " Seen her here, and seen her there, but the luck's been out."

The dragoman, a citizen of the world, shook his head in sympathy.

" At Zelli's I was just moving over last week to ask her for a skim on the parquet, and do you know what happened ? They raided the show before I reached her table. That'll show——"

A vision drifted along the *voie*, slim and sleek as a borzoi, beautiful as a dream, *chic*, dewy, and desirable in clothes obviously sponsored by the Rue Ste. Honoré. A strange buzzing fell upon the ears of this gallant pursuer. Tonsils, rising, glued themselves to the back of his throat. Orange spots swam across his eyes. Like a man in a dream he saw the dragoman move away from his side . . . the play was on.

For a young man who from earliest days had been used to watching the tough end of any proposition work naturally his way, this girl seemed too good to be true to Cedric. Orphaned at the age of three, Aunt Amelia Windrushe had come into his life as guardian, but that was only the start. Cedric's stars were all wrong. He had soon learned to appreciate that if anyone asked him to stoke the boiler, no matter that for years its service had been faultless, the odds were that just as he reached it, it would blow up. If a ceiling were due to fall on one of the heads of the hurrying thousands, the guiding stars of Cedric Jameson Windrushe saw to it that it held on until that precise moment when their protégé happened to be right underneath it. Whatever he touched went wrong, but Cedric was no grouser. He was used to it. He expected nothing else. With this girl, however . . . and the wire from his spinster guardian . . .

The dragoman was back at his side, hand to hat, success written in the grin spread over his features. With the silent passing of a fifty-franc note Cedric left him. " For twenty years," he told himself, holding the breath, " I've been waiting for a girl like this." He moved off to the compartment.

It was in the corridor he connected with the first jolt coming to him. A *porteur* with a face like the start of an all-in dog-fight was piling bags in the corner. Cedric's bags. With a jump he reclaimed them. On the seat facing the girl was an alien pile. In four flings he transferred that heap to the corridor, then, tugging at the points of his waistcoat, he turned to the girl.

" Why, hello," he said. " I'm the fellow who sold you your ticket, what ? The nerve some folk have. Heaving a fellow's gear out ! "

From idly turning the pages of a fashion magazine she looked up, and the sheer beauty of her made Cedric reel.

" Yes," she agreed, " I expect the owner of those bags will be annoyed."

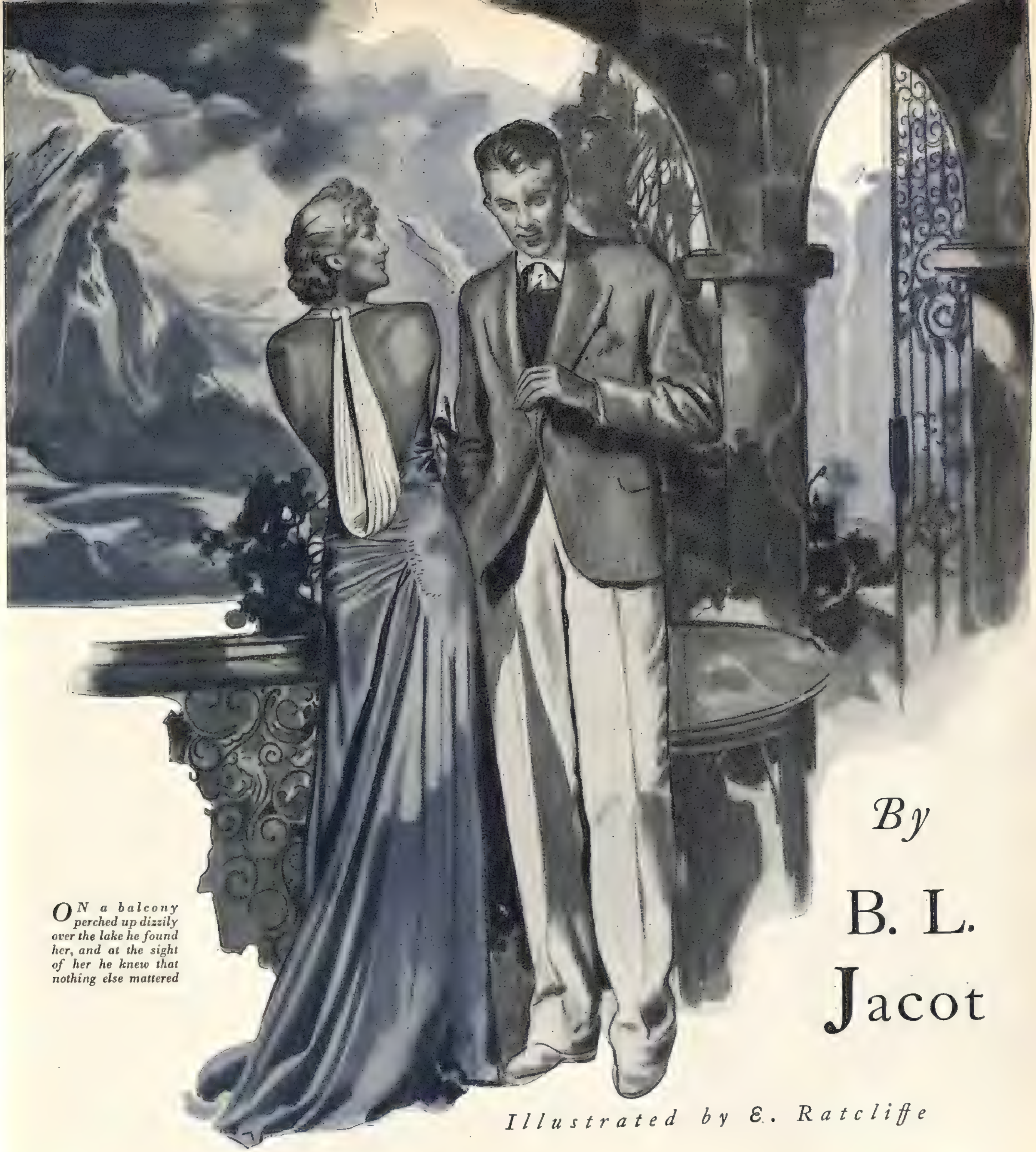
" I meant that porter throwing my bags out—"

Through the window he saw the dragoman gesticulating urgently at him. Cedric left this girl with the clear, white skin, corn husk hair, and lazy grey eyes with a sigh. " Well ? " he demanded breathlessly on reaching his late companion's side.

" The monsieur finds all in order, yes ? "

" Men," Cedric told him, " have been shot for less than you have just done. As like as not she'll have forgotten who I am before I get back. Good-bye ! "

On the run he made his way back to the compartment, and in the corridor he fell over a pile of luggage. It was not until he was dusting himself down that he realised it was, again, his own. Neatly heaped on his seat inside the compartment was the intruding baggage once more. Only for one moment did he pause to consider—on the girl's lips was an amused smile. Flinging down the window he heaved the offending bags out on to the platform.



ON a balcony perched up dizzily over the lake he found her, and at the sight of her he knew that nothing else mattered

By

B. L. Jacot

Illustrated by E. Ratcliffe

"That," he confided across the compartment, "should teach somebody something."

"I remember now." She was running an eye over him as the train began to move. "I've seen you at the *Chat Perdu.*"

Cedric had seen this girl at half a dozen places; for her to harp on the *Chat Perdu* was tough luck. "They were throwing me out," he hastened to explain, "because I had no cash. First they pick your pocket, then they take your watch as a security for the bill, and then they heave you out. That night I—"

A sound as of a high-pressure grease-gun expelling a nodule of bilge cut him short. A purple face bisected by a sweeping white moustache loomed at the door of the compartment. "So it's you," this man choked, picking on Cedric by instinct, "who's been foolin' about with my bags—and stealin' my seat?"

Cedric rose with dignity to his feet. The girl's grey eyes were on him, expectant—confident he thought. "That," he said, "will be enough of that. If you want to know who shied your gear out of the window—" He pointed to himself. "—I did."

The man in the door swelled visibly. "Yeh did, did yeh? Well—"

"Twice," interrupted Cedric. "Twice you threw my baggage out of here and stuck your own stuff in, so—"

"What you want is a good hidin', yeh young cub!"

Cedric raised his eyebrows. "Oh?"

"And I'd give it yeh now, if I wasn't twice your age!"

"And," suggested Cedric, "half my size."

A strangled gasp escaped from under that white whiskering. "Yeh—yeh young—"

"Keep it," begged Cedric, "clean.

And perhaps you wouldn't mind shutting that door?"

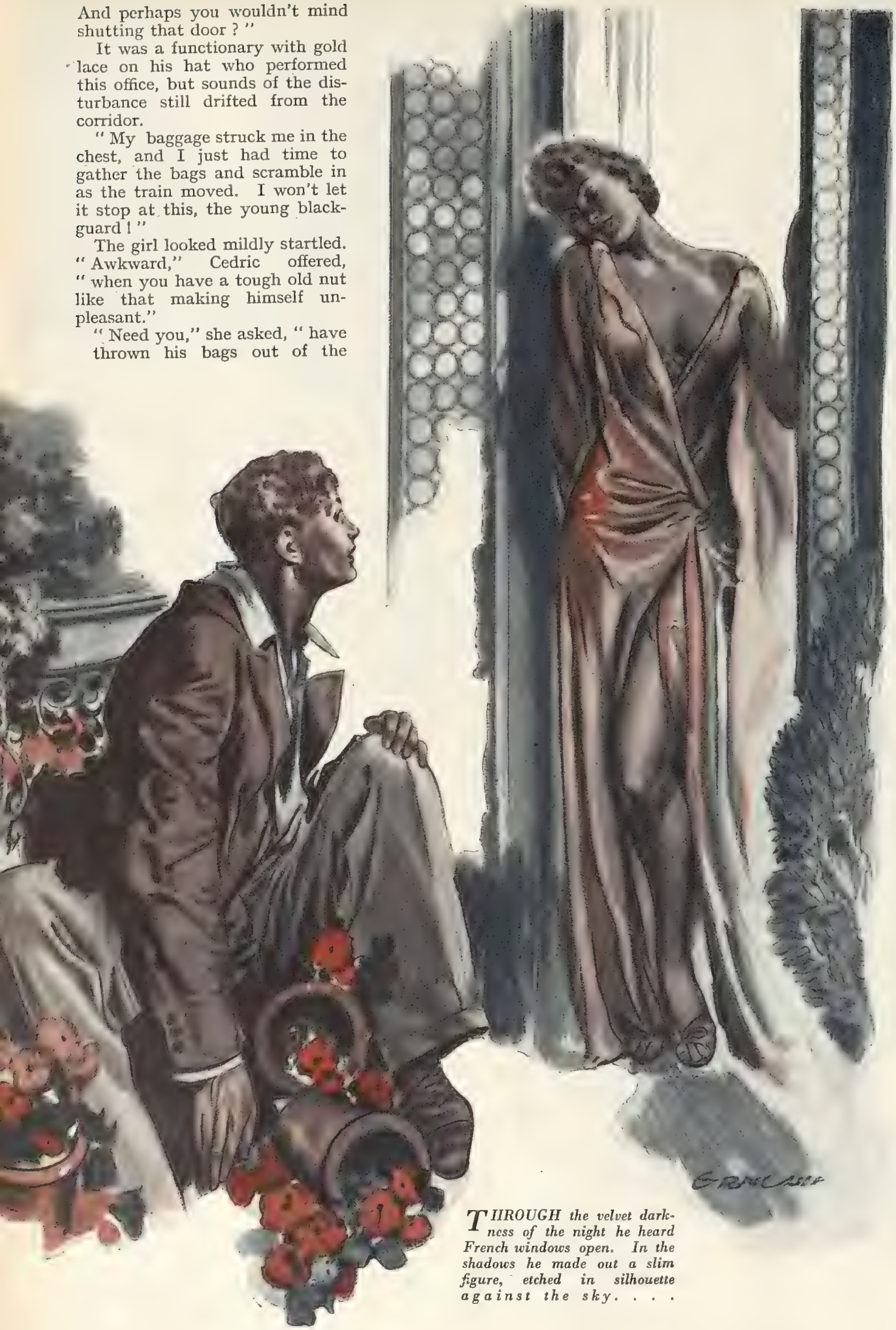
It was a functionary with gold lace on his hat who performed this office, but sounds of the disturbance still drifted from the corridor.

"My baggage struck me in the chest, and I just had time to gather the bags and scramble in as the train moved. I won't let it stop at this, the young blackguard!"

The girl looked mildly startled.

"Awkward," Cedric offered, "when you have a tough old nut like that making himself unpleasant."

"Need you," she asked, "have thrown his bags out of the window?" She paused. "You never told me when you sold me my ticket yesterday you would be travelling too."



THROUGH the velvet darkness of the night he heard French windows open. In the shadows he made out a slim figure, etched in silhouette against the sky. . . .

At the time Cedric had not known it himself. The whole scheme had arrived as an inspiration later. "I have had a most astounding slice of luck," he heard himself admitting. "I had to leave suddenly . . ."

Suddenly was right. Cedric's little corner of the family wealth was tied up until he was thirty years of age with Aunt Amelia Windrushe—tough, but only to be expected. This idea of working in the offices on the Rue Scribe was one of Aunt Amelia Windrushe's character-forming schemes. With the bare allowance she made him, Aunt Amelia Windrushe considered her nephew was not likely to acquire deleterious habits. It was only the threat of pauperisation that made Cedric stand Uncle Goscomb Windrushe, head of the Paris offices—and there were times when wealth at thirty did not seem worth while. Sarcasm was Uncle Goscomb's goad, for he had no inflated opinions of Cedric's business acumen and commercial ability.

For eight months Cedric had bit on the bullet, then with Aunt Amelia's wire from Vevey came, it seemed, the dawn. Just in time, for Cedric at the moment was occupied with an Egyptian tour for Professor Schippelhaumer—with eight side-trips in eight days, and still this old college friend of Uncle Goscomb was not satisfied. Following certain caustic suggestions from his uncle these trips had for a week been keeping Cedric awake at night.

"But what shall I do mit eight hours at Saigen?" the Professor was arguing when the boy handed Cedric the wire.

"Pardon me," begged Cedric, and ripped open the flap.

"*Imperative see you soon intend making settlement owing great change in my life expect you shortly Aunt Amelia Windrushe.*" was what he read.

"Der eight hours is not enough, and if it was not enough it was too little, hein?"

One moment it took Cedric to skim through the wire again, and for the first time in eight months he saw things clear, saw things in the round, and saw them bathed in sweet light.

"Eight hours?" he repeated. "Eight hours is too long?" He dwelt for a nauseated moment on this man's beard. "Then look here. I've spent over a week trying to please you with this trip—sat up at night, too. And I've been doing the same sort of thing for months for other people. Where had we got to? Saigen? Well, when you step off the train at Saigen go to the house of the daughter of the chief of the police. Got that? Knock three times and when they open the door just say: 'Camel.' In Arabic, of course. Take plenty of water and set a course N.N.W., by the sun, not compass, then when you reach the oasis third on the right past the fourth village, push your head under the west flap of the sheikh's harem tent and say: 'Has anyone here got a bicycle?' They will give you a bicycle. Detach the yellow counterfoil on your pink voucher, mount, and ride rapidly away. And if I can ever be of any help to you again, don't hesitate to come here and see me—and, by the way, if you should think of going to see Uncle Goscomb, don't bother. I'm going to see him myself now."

Pushing into the chief's sanctum, "Uncle Goscomb," he opened, "bung-ho. I'm off for the broad wide spaces. Give my job to the first three able-bodied men you see, and always think well of me."

On the steps of the building he remembered the ticket he had just sold the girl, and returning booked himself a trip to Vevey on the same train. And now, this girl was asking him. . . .

"Yes," said Cedric, "I left the firm suddenly." He found himself developing the theme. Life had offered Cedric few bouquets: as he settled down to unburdening himself of confidences to this exquisitely slim, this perfectly poised travelling companion, those stars, he told himself, had relented. They were making up in one go for lost ground.

"You seem," she told him, "a trifle on the impulsive side. You should count twenty."

"Count twenty?" For a young citizen who wouldn't think twice before edging into an argument with a drunken sailor this arithmetic was obscure. "How d'you mean?"

She smiled at him and, as one man, his tonsils rose to choke him. "Before rushing off into things you should stop and count twenty."

It was during luncheon in the *wagon-restaurant* that she realised this philosophy needed living up to. Chance, it seemed, had given this man a seat at her table. Cedric's enemy, still fuming, was only two tables away. The meal was lively. Veiled insults soon turned to open abuse, and she regretted later that she had restrained Cedric from throwing bread.

To Cedric all this came almost as routine. In his short but eventful life he had seen so much of it. He concentrated on the girl, taking the rough stuff efficiently as it came, but leaving it alone once it was for the moment behind.

By the time Dijon was reached Christian names had slipped naturally into the dialogue: at Pontarlier, had the Swiss customs *officier* addressed an ungallant word to this marvellous girl, it would have been his last. Cedric realised then that Margot Fordred was more than a name, it was a Purpose in Life. At Vevey, as he handed her into a taxi, nothing else, he then knew, mattered. With a sigh that would have lifted a newspaper at fifty yards he climbed into the omnibus that would take him to the palatial suite occupied by Aunt Amelia Windrushe.

"I am glad, Cedric," Aunt Amelia told him, in her drawing room overlooking the lake, "you were so prompt in falling in with my wishes."

Cedric was puzzled. It was obvious to him that this elderly spinster was full of sweet sweetness and strange light. "Yes, Aunt," he acknowledged, "I came at once."

"You have long been aware that all I have will one day be yours. I have been giving the matter my attention of late, and I see no reason why you should wait. To-morrow I have arranged to visit my lawyers, with you since you are here, and I trust we shall be able to conclude a little settlement I have had drawn up." A dreamy tone softened her voice. "A great change has come into my life, Cedric. I am so happy. When I think. . . ."

It occurred to Cedric as he pinched himself, that the dialogue had passed to him. "A great change, Aunt?" He felt the urge to kick something and shout. It had come at last! Didn't he know his luck had changed?

She unclasped her hands. "I am thirty-eight, Cedric——"

On the point of correcting this ostensible error, Cedric pulled himself up short. "No one," he substituted, "would imagine it. Twenty-eight," he added handsomely, "is more like it."

Aunt Amelia Windrushe smiled indulgently. "I am shortly to be married to a man who has always been dear to me. Arthur proposed to me first when I was seventeen. For years he was my most devoted admirer . . . but we quarrelled. . . ."

Cedric shook his head. "Conclude a settlement," was what she had said.

"Yes, we quarrelled, Arthur and I. I was twenty-three at the time. And he went off to hunt big game in Africa. I had ruined his life. Dear Arthur! And I only learned it five days ago. He resigned his commission, and hid himself from the thought of me—miles from civilisation. . . . But he could not forget."

Under the trickle of this sickening bilge Cedric shuffled uneasily. "Too bad," he offered, keeping his faculties concentrated on the settlement. "Too bad. . . ."

"I met him here—unexpectedly—last week. To find, Cedric, that, like me, Arthur had waited. I want you to meet him, Cedric. And on *the day* you, as my nearest relative, will have to give me away. To think," added Aunt Amelia Windrushe, with what, to Cedric, sounded suspiciously like a giggle, "that this should have happened after all these years! You will like Arthur, Cedric."

Cedric, thinking swiftly, realised that at once he must strike the intimate, uncle-to-be note with this man who, it seemed, was edging into the family and, probably, the control of his affairs. "He must be a fine fellow, Aunt," he offered. This run of sheer luck was carrying him off his feet. So there were to be no conditions to the settlement? This time he had to see to it that there was no hitch, halt, or hiatus about this affair. He would count twenty, or any number you liked.

"Arthur," Aunt Amelia was saying, "has been away attending to the formalities of the wedding with his lawyers. I expect him back this evening. He wired," she added, back on the sickening note, "that he is bringing me a wedding present. Arthur knows that emeralds are my lucky stones—the emerald is my birthday stone. Come in——"

"Colonel Gore-Givens," a maid announced, and like a dream in old lavender Aunt Amelia rose blushing from her chair.

"Now," she whispered, "you will meet dear Arthur. . . ."

"Amelia, my dear!" a hearty voice greeted, and in the awful moment that Cedric caught sight of the red-faced, white-whiskered source, that fruity voice broke off on a strangled gargle.

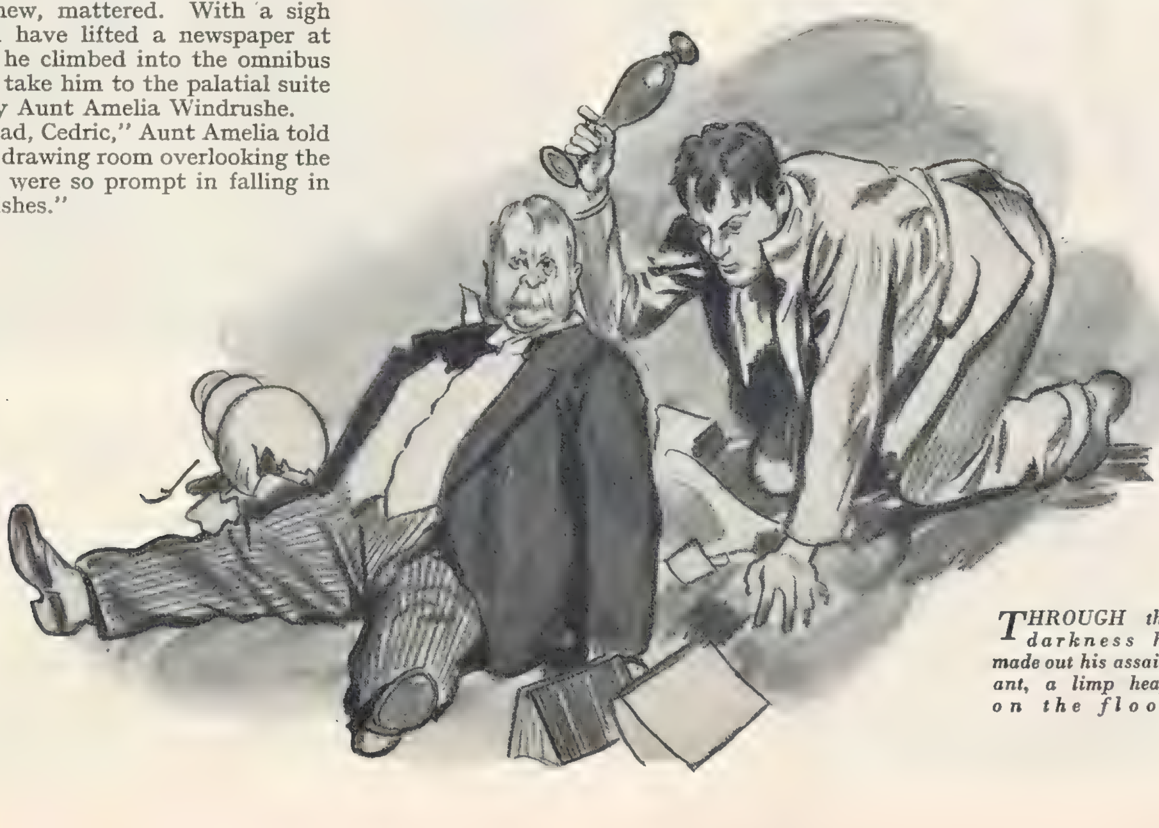
"Good evening, sir," offered Cedric. Long sufferance had given him a brisk technique in bearing up against these cracks, but this time he lacked his customary confidence.

Cedric's fellow feudist banged a small parcel down on the corner of the table, and pointed an accusing finger.

"Arthur!" cried Aunt Amelia Windrushe. "What is all this?"

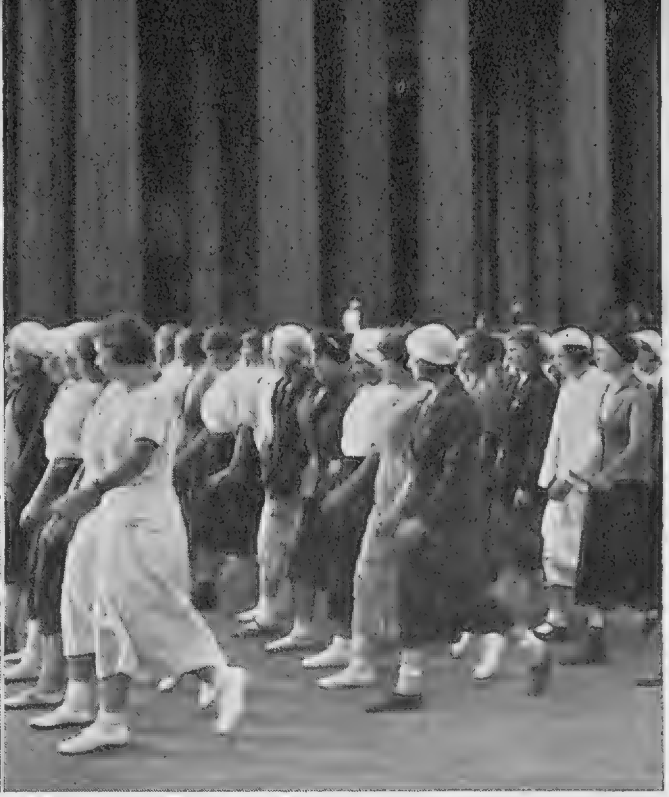
"The young cub!" managed the colonel. "The infernal puppy!"

"Just an unfortunate incident, Aunt," Cedric explained. (*Continued on page 129*)



THROUGH the darkness he made out his assailant, a limp heap on the floor

THE children in the villages were half-naked and comfortable. Most of them had their heads cropped, and even shaved; girls were indistinguishable from boys



EARLY in the morning on each Day of Rest the streets are lively with troops of young workers marching off into the country, singing as they go

Margaret Lane *records in words and pictures the Life in Town and Country of . . .*

Russia To-day

OUR entry into Russia seemed only funny at the time, but after the first week it became exquisitely symbolic of the whole *tempo* of life in that immense, childlike and unmethodical country

We had driven from Warsaw to the Polish frontier village of Lubiencu, having been informed in the course of several weeks' negotiation with the Russian authorities that this road was the only one by which we, the first foreign touring motorists to be admitted to the U.S.S.R., could be permitted to cross the Polish-Russian frontier.

At the Polish frontier station, six kilometres from the actual border, we were stopped by soldiers, and after a prolonged examination of documents escorted into the guard-room, so that the officer in charge might see with his own eyes the foolhardy foreigners who proposed penetrating the Soviet Union and Russian roads in their own car, and for pleasure.

After shaking his head cynically at our temerity, and telling us all the bloodthirsty Russian stories of which his French was capable, he said he would personally accompany us to the frontier. One never knew, he observed. A car was such a rarity that without a little military assistance we might find it a trifle difficult to get into Russia. He squeezed himself courteously into the car with us and motioned to a soldier with a rifle to ride on the running board.

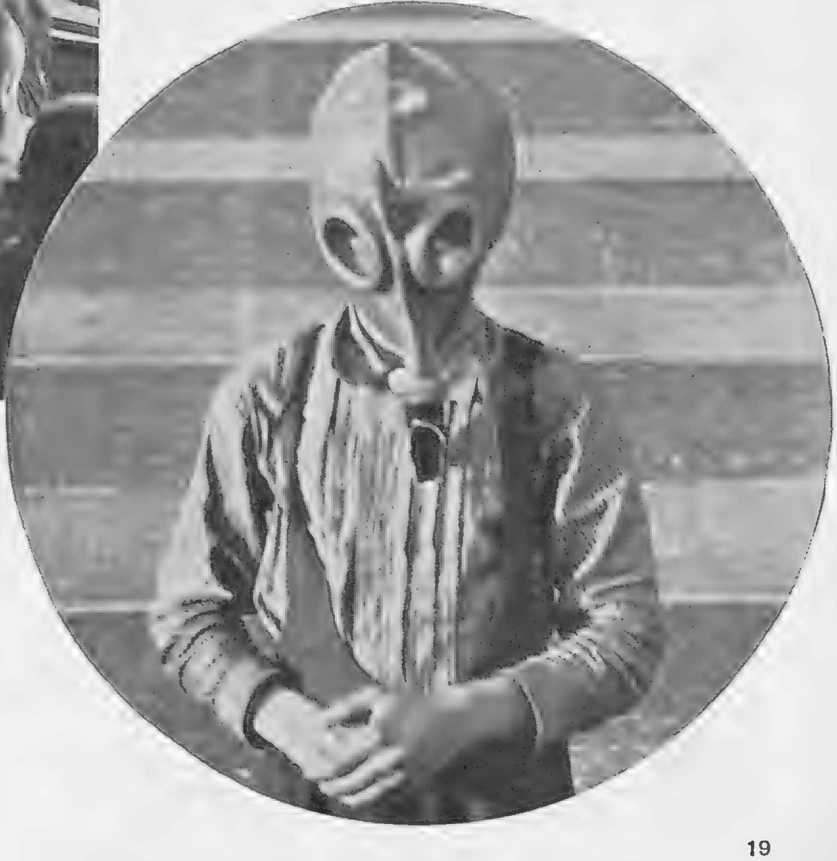
The military assistance, as it turned out, was invaluable, for without that rifle (fired at intervals to attract attention) we might still be waiting at the frontier. As it was, we waited for two hours in front of the arched wooden gateway, which by its enormous "U.S.S.R." proclaimed itself the door to all the Russias, before the frontier guards on the other side (in a guard-house about 300 yards beyond the barrier) emerged, yawning and amiable, to see what was the matter.

They came at last, raising a cloud of dust in a sudden frenzy of efficiency, and there was much bowing and saluting of the two sets of guards over the padlocked barrier. Our passports and *carnet* were handed across, fumbled with, examined. The Russian guard signified that all was in order, and with a magnificent gesture invited us to enter the country.

We exchanged elaborate farewells with the Polish officer, started the car with a roar and moved forward. The Russian guard wrestled with the padlock which marked the physical division of the two countries; he struggled, muttered and sweated; the car ticked over. He threw up his arms at last and looked at us. The thing would not open. Could we, by any chance, oblige him with some tools? We pulled out the car seat, chose a screw-driver, and with the guards of both countries fidgeting with embarrassment picked the lock and let ourselves into Russia.

THE country that opened before us remained almost unchanged for a thousand miles of driving, as flat, as open, as monotonous as a table. Colourless villages of grey wooden shacks succeeded each other at intervals on the road, long strings of wooden farm-carts (narrow, primitive things, just wide enough for a horse to draw in harness and a man to sleep in) travelling from one to another, mixed herds of cattle, pigs and sheep wandering about the road. The only variety which the highway afforded was in its own surface, which alternated between ruined *pavé* and loose flints, each pock-marked with holes and ridges. The holes were sometimes filled with stones, sometimes with grass; wherever this species of repairs was in progress the road had been briskly closed by the trunk of a tree, and we followed the only course open to us, which was the ditch.

RUSSIANS taking their leisure in the Park of Culture and Rest, where they sit on scientifically designed benches or inbibe culture in the form of theatres, cinemas or circus



THE Park of Culture and Rest has the great advantage of a large children's section where children are taken care of for the day. Constructive mechanical work going on in the Young Inventor's Club. (Right) Children play in little toy gas masks about the streets of Leningrad

The roads in Russia are for the most part an unknown quantity; it was rarely that we got more than a hearsay report on any road we proposed taking, and the hearsay was usually wrong, as we soon discovered. One of the jobs assigned by Intourist to the interpreter whom we picked up at Philipovitch was to report on the state of the road between the frontier and Moscow, and as we confined him (perhaps rather callously) to the dickey for the entire journey there was no doubt that his final report would be both detailed and personal. It is a fact that on one of those interminable four-mile-an-hour stretches of combined pot-holes and miniature switchback he climbed out and walked, for a rest.

Good roads, we were told, do really exist in Russia, but apparently these are mainly in the south. In the Caucasus, for instance, or the Crimea, or any region where we didn't happen to be. A certain amount of mystery surrounds the only good road of which we had news on the way between Poland and Moscow. It runs, so we had been told by one or two embassy people, direct from Minsk to Moscow, near and exactly parallel to the abominable one which we were compelled to take. It is said to be a first-class concrete road, newly completed, but as it has been built for military and strategic purposes it is closed to small fry like foreign motorists.

Filling stations, even more essential to the motorist than good roads, do not (*Continued on page* 114)

USING the wireless telephone. An observer speaking to the aerodrome from 5,000 feet up

Flyers *of the*

SOLITUDE. . . .

We have talked of it for centuries; the poets have sung it. Solitude in the heart of a forest, the centre of a moor. Solitude on prairie and karoo. Solitude on a mountain-top. Solitude amid polar ice. . . .

But we do not know the true meaning of it until we have flown by night in an open cockpit. Night flying has added a new significance to the word—one of which the poets never dreamed. It is one of the revelations of twentieth-century science.

Aloft in the dark, intimidating void with the airscrew ripping the night at a hundred to two hundred miles an hour, the parachute straps weighting one's shoulders, the safety-belt clamping one's waist, the pilot in front shouting through the earphones, one is the most solitary thing in creation.

Far-flung lights of towns, roads, villages seem as inaccessible as the stars. The white tail-light of another 'plane in the distance might be itself a star—Hesperus, away over the western horizon.

One's only link with home is the flashing neon beacon of the aerodrome, perpetually signalling its identification letter; and the paraffin flare-path. Even that, from a few thousand feet up, can seem a long, long way away, and so small and foreshortened that it would appear impossible to land by it with safety.

A forced landing in the dark? Well, if that became necessary one could drop parachute flares to light up the ground; one could switch on wing-tip flares. One might also switch on a strong headlight and seek a landing-place by its beam . . . if the machine had one; not many machines have—at present.

This Salisbury Plain over which we are flying is seamed with deep valleys, humped with hills and downs. It wouldn't be easy.

If we got into a nasty, irrecoverable spin, and the pilot shouted "Jump!"? Simple, of course. Just step over the side and pull with the right hand the metal handle of the rip-cord nestling reassuringly at one's left side. But in that void. . . . ? In that roaring dark. . . . ? And how, pray, unless it has become second nature to you, do you wrench out the safety-belt pin, snap out the speaking-tube, hoist yourself out of that confined cockpit, with all that hampering weight on you—in time? Can you be sure of missing the whirling tail of the 'plane as you drop? *Simple?*

But all that is just layman's moonshine—or it would be if any moon were shining, which it isn't; only a ghost of one is somewhere behind storm-cloud. The experts tell you night flying has become as safe as day. Away below there by the flares is your anchorage—a carefully thought-out ground organisation staffed by men with green and red signal lamps who know their job. Just do as you're told. No need to worry. . . .

IT is a night flight from the Central Flying School, Upavon, I am describing, under virtual war conditions. Every R.A.F. pilot must undergo it now as part of his training and routine; the time has passed when night flying was a speciality. The R.A.F. pilot of to-day must be able to fly equally by night and day.

No wireless help, as in civil night flying; no radio beams plotting a path through the sky in Morse; no landing-grounds lit by brilliant searchlights—though these have been tried, and may be adopted in the future; none of the elaborate aids which will facilitate night flying on the Empire routes when the new fleet of four-engined air-liners driven by 3,000 h.p. motors, cruising at nearly 200 miles an hour, bring India within three days of England, Cape Town within four, Australia within seven.

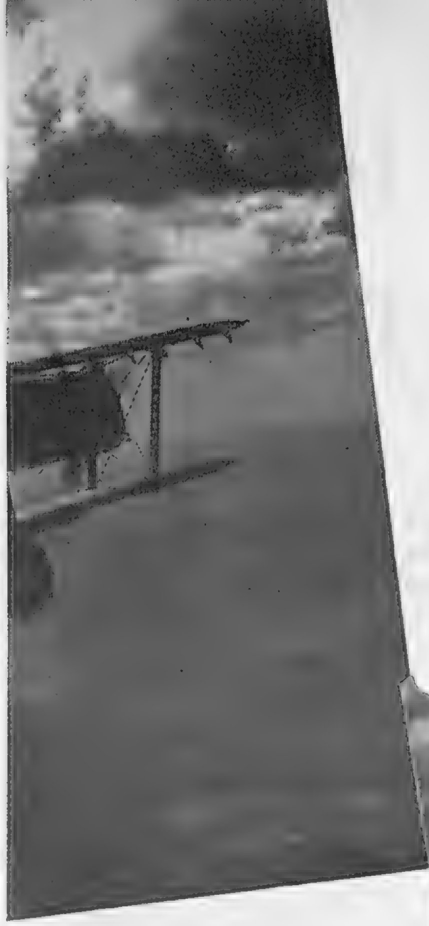
It would be dangerous for R.A.F. fighters and bombers to rely on such aids. Wireless might give them away to an enemy; searchlit landing-grounds would lure enemy bombers from afar. The flare-path has to suffice; and that, under war conditions, would probably be a mile or three away from the hangars to delude enemy watchers.

Let us look at this ground organisation which controls night flying; it is both simple and ingenious. Here we are, on top of a broad Upavon down, 560 feet up, a few hundred yards from the hangars, standing by a paraffin flare which marks the bottom of a letter T.

Three other flares in line form the leg of the T—the next fifty yards off, the others a hundred yards apart—250 yards overall. The cross of the T is formed by two more flares, one a hundred yards either side at the top end. The position of the T indicates the direction of wind, the top being always up wind. Two red lights in line with the leg, one at either extremity, mark the boundary of the landing-ground.

The flares are flaming merrily in the dark, like whin fires on autumn arable; all is set for night flying. Two hundred yards or so from where we stand is the taxi-ing-post marked by a triangle of red, white and green lights.

The first machine taxies up to this from the hangars, and waits. It has a forward centre white light; a white tail-lamp on the rudder; a red port light at the left wing-tip, a green starboard one at the right. These are its navigating lights, like those of a ship at sea, to safeguard it against collision in the dark.



Left: *As darkness falls. A Heyford bomber in flight*

Signalling to the aerodrome with an Aldis lamp

Photographs by Charles E. Brown

Flare Path

By Trevor Allen

Royal Air Force pilots undergoing instruction in blind flying

Night Flights and Night Landings with the R.A.F.

A blind take-off. An Avro machine taking off with the pilot concealed under a hood during blind flying practice

In addition, it has an identification light on the under-side of the fuselage—sometimes another above. With this the pilot Morses his identification letter—a signal that he wants to take off.

"Give him a green," orders the control officer standing by us, to a signaller. The signaller sights his Morse lamp on the waiting machine and repeats its letter in green. That gives the pilot permission to take off. He acknowledges the signal by leaving on his own identification light, taxies towards our flare, opens the throttle, races past us and along the right side of the leg of the T, takes off at the top end of it, and is up and away into the night sky. Only this one side of the T path is to be used, both for taking off and landing; the other is kept clear for emergencies.

Successive machines follow this procedure until there are a number zooming round in the dark, dragon flies with glow-worm lamps. Now one wants to land. He prescribes a left-hand circuit above the aerodrome at not less than a thousand feet; flashes his identification letter while in a certain section of the circuit, to leeward, known as the lee-quadrant.

"Give him a red," says the control officer. The signaller focuses on the 'plane with his lamp-sight, flashes back the pilot's letter in red, and the machine continues to fly in the left-hand circuit. At the time he signalled another machine was about to take off or alight, so he had to wait. As he enters the quadrant again the flare-path is clear. He gets the green from the ground this time in answer to his signal, turns in, glides gently to earth by our flare, taxies along the same path he used for taking off, then wheels for the taxying-post ready for another flight.

By this means machines are taking off and landing at brief intervals. *Their taking-off and landing paths are almost as invariable as if the machines were running on aerial rails, the Morse signals in red or green were railway signals, and the flare-path a railway platform.* Simple!

(*Continued on page* 134)

The Spanish Pistol

A Tragedy of Twin Brothers

By A. G.

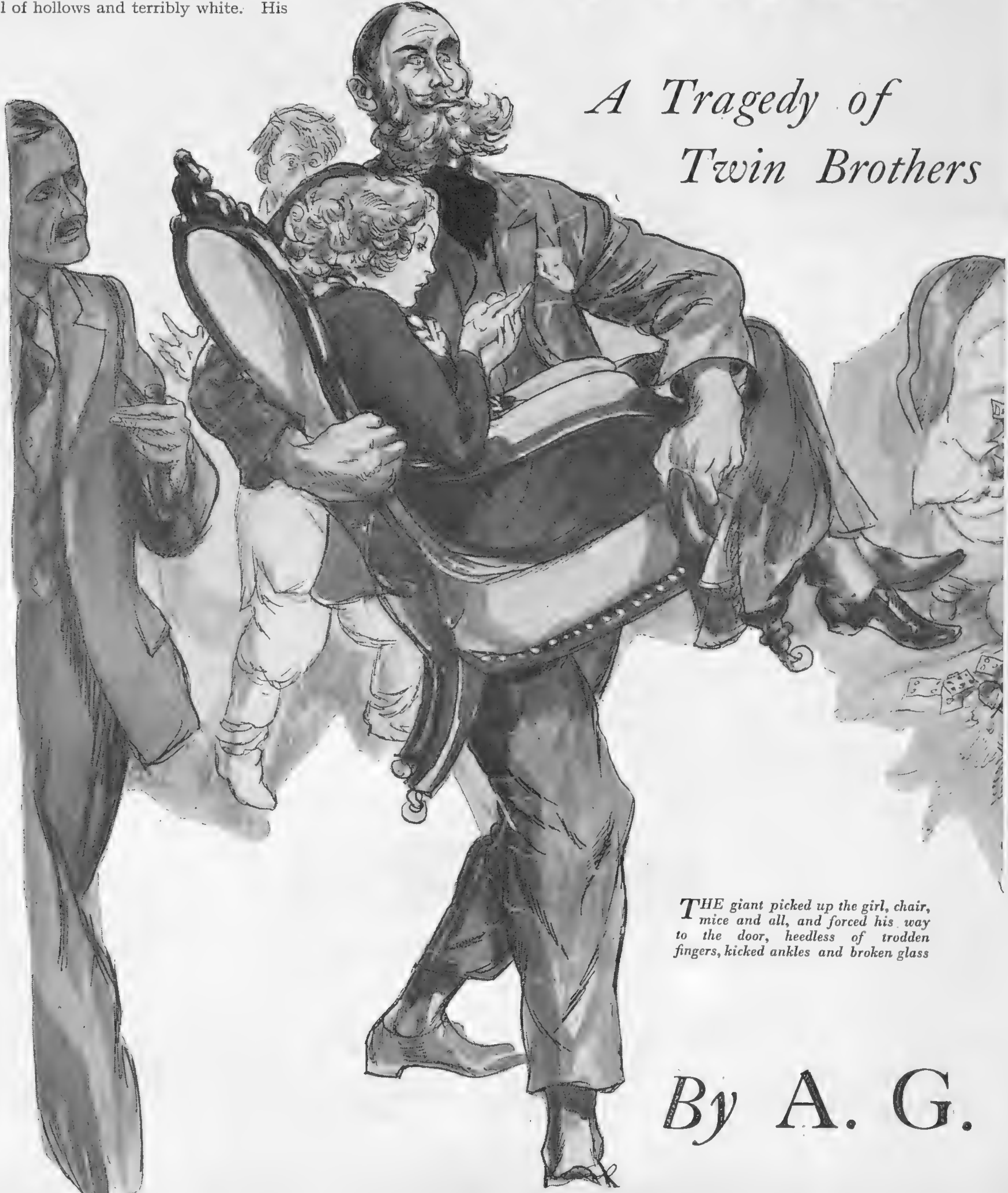
IT was Colonel Alexeief—Nicolai Nicolaievitch Alexeief—of the Imperial Footguards, who introduced me to the little circle in the Japonski Hotel.

I had been in Warsaw for a fortnight trying to do business with the Polish Government, and from the speed with which my affairs were marching it seemed as if I would be in Warsaw for the rest of my life.

Looking back over the years, I can see now that I was unjustly impatient with the officials of the Ministry of Commerce. Poland had only just emerged from the shadows and was desperately trying to rebuild itself out of chaos. The country was devastated, the Polish mark was steadily tumbling, and Russian refugees swarmed everywhere.

Alexeief was one of them. I had picked him up at the Warsaw office of the Y.M.C.A. to whom I had applied for an interpreter, and he and I spent many long hours kicking our heels in Ministerial corridors and listening to endless harangues in Ministerial offices.

He was a man of remarkable appearance, one of the most remarkable indeed that I have ever seen. At least six and a half feet tall, he was very thin and his face was gaunt and full of hollows and terribly white. His



THE giant picked up the girl, chair, mice and all, and forced his way to the door, heedless of trodden fingers, kicked ankles and broken glass hair, which he always wore parted down the middle and carefully brushed flat, was jet black and his eyes were very pale blue. And, to complete the startling colour-scheme, he had a magnificently thick, red, moustache which cocked up at the ends in the style of the former German Kaiser, and a big red beard parted in the middle with the two halves brushed sideways and upwards.

He wore a tattered and patched suit of a nondescript brownish-grey, a pair of very thin yellow boots, a grey woollen shirt, and a tie made out of a piece of black cloth, and when he came to me as interpreter this one-time commander of a crack battalion of the Tsar's Imperial Footguards brought his worldly belongings with him in a red cotton handkerchief.

He spoke Russian, French, German, and Polish, and when I engaged him he bowed gracefully and said, " I beg of Monsieur that he call me Kutusof. All my friends call me Kutusof after the Russian General who lost the battle of Austerlitz by forgetting to bring up his reserves, and who won the campaign of 1812 by forgetting to bring up his army. Like Kutusof, I never make up my mind to do anything until it is too late, and I am very fond of sleeping. Have you got a cigarette, Monsieur? Unfortunately I have left my Havana cigars at home." It was a curious experience, being consciously set at ease by a scarecrow. But I found, during the weeks that Kutusof worked for me, that neither hunger nor thirst, neither poverty nor tatters, could deprive the Colonel of his easy and graceful courtesy.

One winter's evening, after a particularly irritating day of bureaucratic stupidity, Kutusof and I were sitting over a carafe of vodka. I had been inveighing savagely against all officials, and especially Polish officials, and had made some sort of bad-tempered remark that the Under-Secretary of the Trade Department ought to be shot.

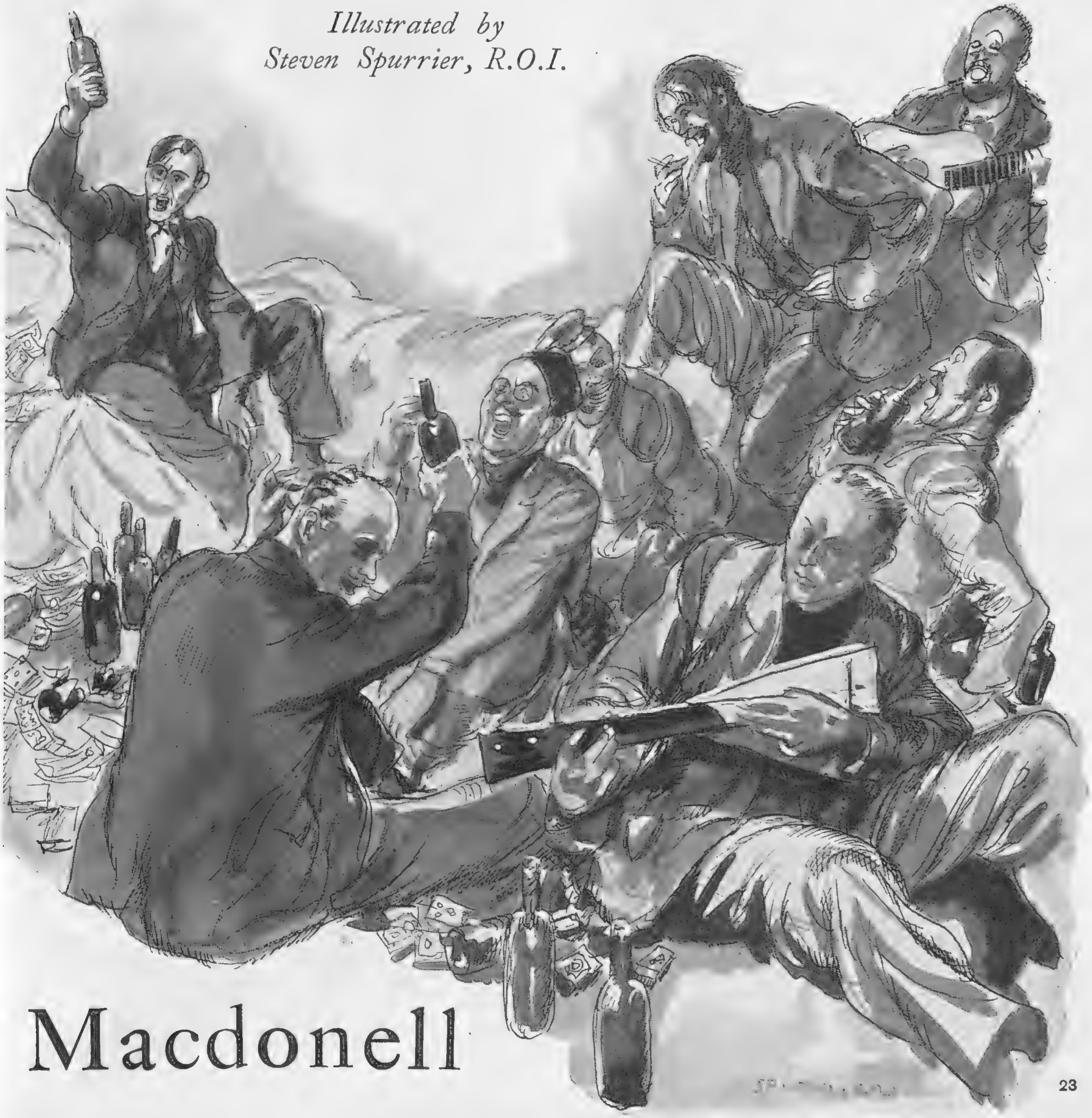
" Shot ? " said Kutusof, cocking a meditative blue eye at me. " I think you are right. I know where you could buy a pistol. Very cheap." I laughed crossly. " Good. Let's go and buy it " I said. To my surprise Kutusof appeared to take me seriously, for he got up and reached for his battered old cloth cap. " Come then," he said.

I started to explain that I had not been in earnest on the subject of Commercial Assassination, but he waved me aside.

" You need not use it if you do not want to. But it is a good pistol, and it will only cost ten thousand marks, ten English shillings."

" But I don't want a pistol," I protested.

Kutusof looked at me sombrely. " No, but my friend Captain Savonof wants ten thousand marks. Stroll with me to the Japaonskaia Street and I will tell you. Then I will introduce you to some friends of mine. You will enjoy yourself. But first we must buy vodka."



Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Macdonell

He put his arm through mine and we set out along the Marszalkowska Street through the snow, and he told me the story of Captain Savonof and his twin brother. Up to a point it was the grim old story of tens of thousands—nearly three years of mud and snow and dust and heat in wretched shallow trenches against a heavily armed enemy; then revolution; mutinies; disintegration of the armies; a terrible journey home; the peasants in revolt and the country-houses in flames. Savonof's twin brother got home at about the same time from the Riga front—Savonof himself had been on the Stochod River—and the pair of them saw their father stabbed, their mother and their three sisters shot, and their house burnt. The two young officers escaped at last, but in the flight they got separated. Savonof went south to Denikin, his brother east to Kolchak. So far the story was appallingly commonplace. But after the collapse of the Whites Savonof set out to find his brother. That was the unusual part.

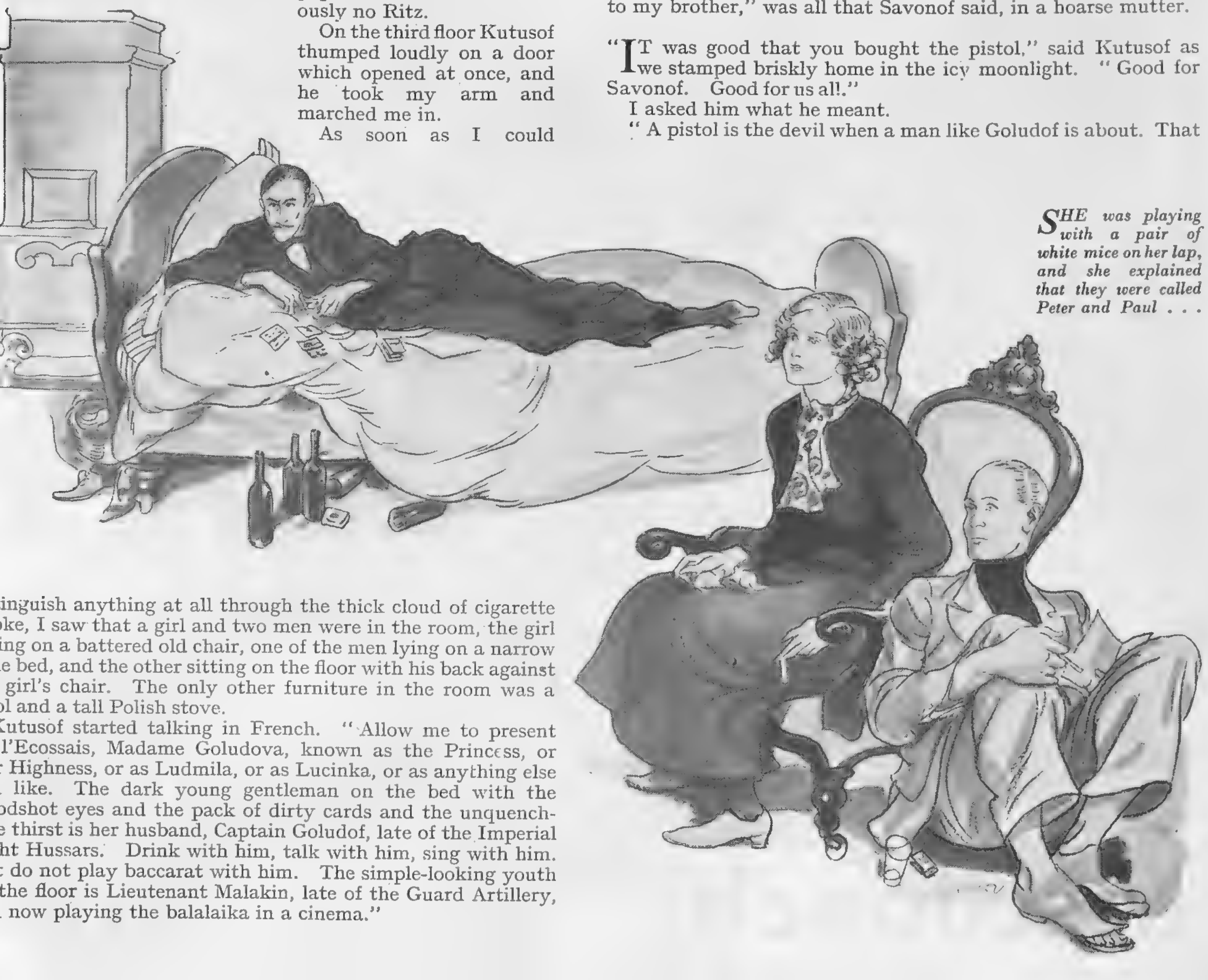
He did not sit down as so many Russians had done and hope for the best. He went to Tokio where Kolchak's remnants had fled.

Kutusof flung his arms up in a gesture of philosophic despair. " What could he expect ? " he said. " The twin had left Tokio. Someone heard that he was going to Hong Kong. Savonof went to Hong Kong, and thence to Singapore. In Constantinople a man said he had seen someone answering to the twin's description in Trebizond, and then he was heard of in Belgrade. But what could Savonof expect ? A month ago he was up at Dorpat and round Memel and Riga. Now he hears that his brother may be at Vilna. He wants ten thousand marks for the train fare. That is all. Poor Boris ! He is an optimist. But he loves his brother. Twins are like that. Especially Russian twins. Have you a cigarette, Monsieur ?

" He might find him yet," I said, but Kutusof shook his head. " When our world came to an end," he said, " we went north, south, east, west. One brother went to Tokio, the other to Bucharest. A father went to Spitsbergen, the mother to Tiflis. An uncle to Peking, the aunt to Kashgar. And none of them will ever see each other again. But here is the Japonski Hotel. And if you have ten thousand marks——," he broke off and turned into a dark courtyard and led the way up a dark, rickety, narrow flight of stairs. The Japonski Hotel was obviously no Ritz.

On the third floor Kutusof thumped loudly on a door which opened at once, and he took my arm and marched me in.

As soon as I could distinguish anything at all through the thick cloud of cigarette smoke, I saw that a girl and two men were in the room, the girl sitting on a battered old chair, one of the men lying on a narrow little bed, and the other sitting on the floor with his back against the girl's chair. The only other furniture in the room was a stool and a tall Polish stove.



SHE was playing with a pair of white mice on her lap, and she explained that they were called Peter and Paul . . .

Kutusof started talking in French. " Allow me to present M. l'Ecossais, Madame Goludova, known as the Princess, or Her Highness, or as Ludmila, or as Lucinka, or as anything else you like. The dark young gentleman on the bed with the bloodshot eyes and the pack of dirty cards and the unquenchable thirst is her husband, Captain Goludof, late of the Imperial Light Hussars. Drink with him, talk with him, sing with him. But do not play baccarat with him. The simple-looking youth on the floor is Lieutenant Malakin, late of the Guard Artillery, and now playing the balalaika in a cinema."

The youth shook his head slowly and said something in Russian. " Olé, olé," said Kutusof. " I was wrong. He no longer plays the balalaika in a cinema. His boots wore out. One must have boots in a Polish winter. To buy boots he sold his balalaika. Now he runs messages for an hotel porter. Children, I've brought some vodka."

The dark young Captain sprang up on the last word and seized one of our bottles and skilfully knocked the neck off against a leg of the bedstead. He took a large draught out of the bottle before handing it to his wife.

The girl noticed the discourtesy, smiled a wry little smile, saw that I was watching, and murmured in a small voice, in perfect French, " Do you think we are all savages, Monsieur ? "

She was a pretty girl, in rather an ordinary way, about twenty-one or twenty-two, not tall, with a round face and a mass of yellow hair and a clear complexion. Her dress was plain and neat, and her stockings were darned and cobbled in many places. She was playing with a pair of white mice on her lap, and she explained that they were called Peter and Paul after the fortress in which she had been imprisoned by the Bolsheviks.

We drank the vodka, and talked, and occasionally the three officers broke into a song, and then the Princess sang a song of old days in the Ukraine, and then she brought out a Samovar and made tea.

More visitors came in at intervals and sat down on the floor and smoked, until the small room was crowded with men and almost impenetrably befogged. Everyone talked French except Captain Goludof, whose sole linguistic accomplishment was the word " Horseguards." It was the only fruit of a short visit to London as a despatch-carrier in 1914.

One of these late-comers was introduced to me as the Captain Savonof from whom I was expected to buy a pistol that I did not want. He was a small man with a dead white face, and all the sorrows of the world seemed to be in his deep, dark eyes. He sat absolutely motionless and took no part in the conversation until the huge red-bearded Colonel leant across to me and raised his eyebrows, as much as to say, " What about it ? "

I nodded—what else could I do ?—and Kutusof jerked his thumb towards the door. The three of us went outside on to the dark landing. There was no haggling. I counted out ten thousand mark notes. The haggard little Captain thrust the pistol into my hand and the transaction was over. " It belonged to my brother," was all that Savonof said, in a hoarse mutter.

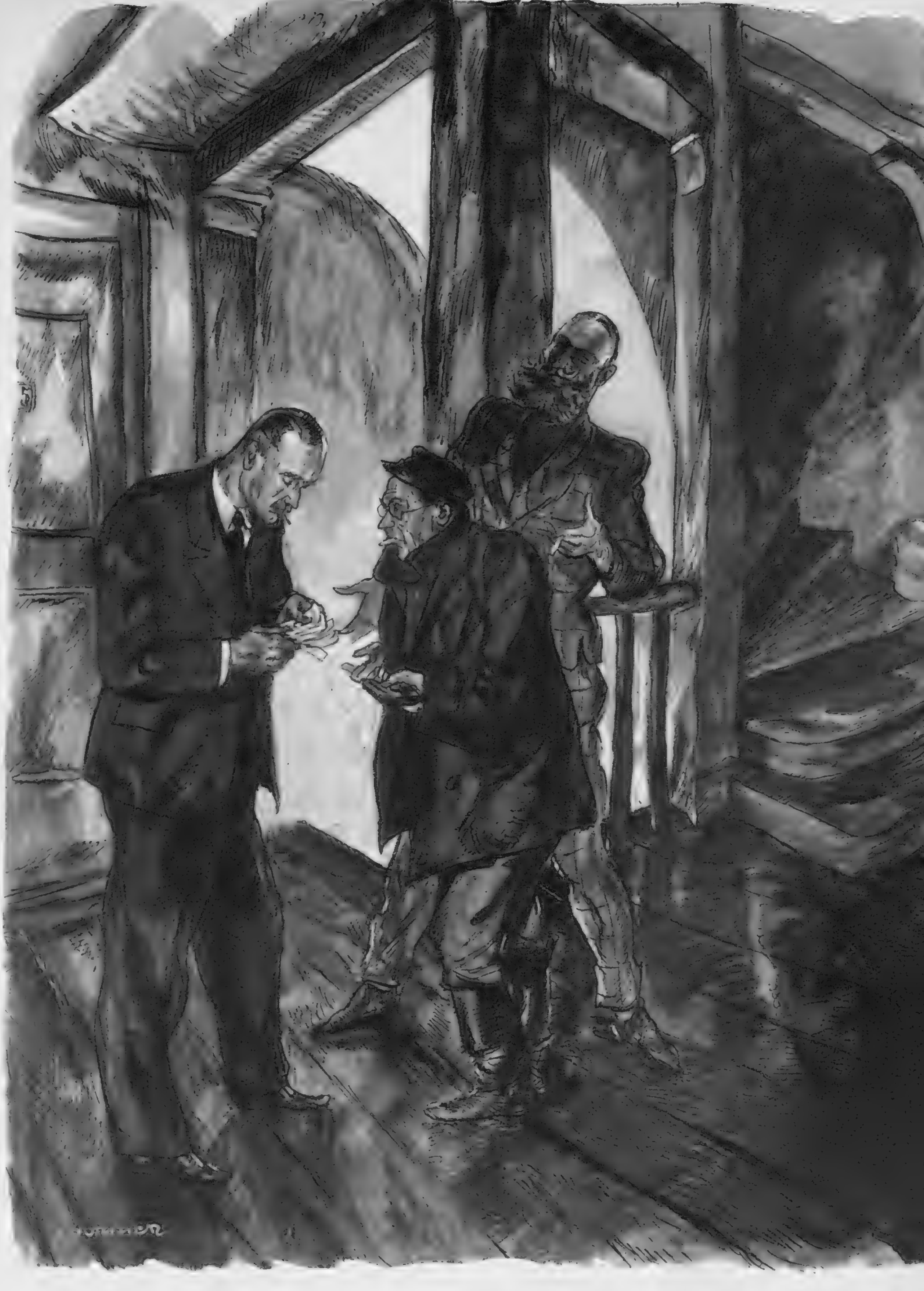
"IT was good that you bought the pistol," said Kutusof as we stamped briskly home in the icy moonlight. " Good for Savonof. Good for us all."

I asked him what he meant.

" A pistol is the devil when a man like Goludof is about. That man is dangerous. I tell you—I who speak—Kutusof of the Guards. Goludof is dangerous. The greatest leader of Partisans, the best Commissar—Killer, a desperate fellow. And Malahin loves the little Lucinka. And the little Lucinka loves Malahin. And Goludof is suspicious. I tell you, M. l'Ecossais, I was afraid. But now that you have the pistol, things may be better."

He stopped, removed his cap with a flourish, and bowed low. " Here we part, most noble employer," he said. " You to your dingy lodging, I to my palace. In the morning we will tackle again the miserable Polacks. Auf Wiedersehen."

I watched him as he lounged slowly down the street and cannoned intentionally into a little Polish officer, bumping him off the pavement into the gutter and then apologising with a great deal of ironical courtesy.



I counted out ten thousand-mark notes. The haggard little Captain thrust the pistol into my hand and the transaction was over

IT certainly was a beautiful weapon, an automatic, black and shiny, with a fat, comfortable grip and a lovely balance. It had been made in 1914 in Spain and it bore the stamp of the well-known Beistugui Hermanos. Probably it had been among the munitions bought in Spain by Britain and shipped to Russia by way of Archangel. But it was of small use in a commercial career that was being conducted on strictly legitimate lines, so I tossed it into my wardrobe with a smile at my own sentimentality at having contributed to Captain Savonof's expenses in his search for his twin brother.

AFTER that first evening I went often to that shabby little room where the fair - haired Lucinka held her court of broken men and played with her two white mice. The personnel of the court varied on every evening, but there were three constant attendants—Lieut. Malahin, gazing with a sort of mournful hunger at the girl, the redoubtable Chief of Partisans with his greasy old pack of cards, and Kutusof. The latter talked and yawned and told prodigious stories, but all the time he was watching the other two out of the corner of his brilliant blue eyes.

" I don't like it," he said to me over and over again. " I wish the winter would end. As soon as the thaw comes, that damned Chef will be off to the Ukraine to kill Bolsheviks and rob Jews and everything will be all right. But till then—pouf ! " he grimaced.

One evening Savonof appeared suddenly—it was his first visit since the sale of the pistol—and sat down on the floor without a word. No one asked him about his journey to Vilna. It was painfully obvious that it had been a failure, and that he had sold his brother's pistol to no purpose.

On the day after Savonof's return, my business took me down to the country between Cracow and Tarnow, and, of course, Colonel Alexeif went with me. I could see that he was reluctant to leave Warsaw, but I had no option. London was pressing me for results, and I had to pass some of the pressure on to the Poles. It was a full week before we got back to the capital, and Alexeif—displaying an energy that was hardly in keeping with his

(*Continued on p.* 113)

An animated scene on the Paris Bourse

BULL MARKET

Henry Ford, who now keeps strong in cash. At the last accounting he had forty millions, and he controls the banks it is in

J. P. Morgan, the head of the New York bankers of that name. He bought Carnegie's steel interest for £100,000,000 and used the unit as the hub of his Steel Trust

John D. Rockefeller, who made vast profits by having to buy stuff at a knock-out panic price, merely to protect a pet investment

ERUDITE mathematicians, stationed in observatories at various strategic sites around the planet, are now engaged in studying the current sun-spot cycle with a view to enlarging further man's lamentably inadequate knowledge of sun-earth relations.

If they took a side interest in the probable effect of sun-earth relations on the fortunes of the human race busy in the world below and beneath them, they would assuredly note as a significant item in the general phenomena news that a seat in the New York stock market has just been sold for £25,000, up £10,000 on the lowest price paid this year, but still some way below the £125,000 paid by an optimistic gentleman at the height of the 1929 boom.

Deferring a glance at the link between the Wall Street market—not to mention the London Stock Exchange, the Berlin *Borse*, the Amsterdam *Beurs*, the Paris *Bourse*, and the rest—and the blizzards which rage periodically in the sun and appear to us as spots, take a glance at the impressive phenomenon of the bull market, symptom of a world making money again, and hoping to make more to-morrow.

The stock markets fell from 1929 to 1932, when they braked to a stop. Slowly, with many a jerk and slip-back, they then began to rise again. There has been a creeping bull market for four years now. Many people are not aware of it, just as they date the last great bull market from early 1928, instead of going back to its kick-off in the summer of 1925. They see a strong rise in the London market lasting nine months, and a rise on Wall Street starting in April 1935, and lasting a year; and they think those are *the* bull market.

But they represent only one of the sustained and spectacular gallops by the bull. He has been in the ring all the time from the autumn of '32; and he is still there. He seems fresh and strong. He has not really started to roar and rush yet. And a growing number of *toreros*, watching him warily, are beginning to snort. There has as yet been no real bull market as they understand the term—one of those wild *mêlées* where everybody loses his head and his grip on realities, and the *toreros* can sell the public anything from a Kreuger Match bond to a Hatry Photomaton share, where a Lowenstein can bump his holding company shares up to 400 (whence they dive almost as vertically as that *torero* did), and a Jimmy White can bounce Dunlop shares up to £14. Will one come?

Perhaps not. The last one ended in a crash which nearly finished our civilisation by bringing down the financial pillars which sustain the whole vast and intricate structure. Values shrunk and shrunk. Railway traffics were halved. Industrial production dropped by a third. British investors lost in three years half of the £117,000,000 they subscribed in capital for 284 companies floated in 1928. The total value of all securities listed on Wall Street contracted by nine-tenths. £68,000,000 was pruned off the capital value of the assets of the House of Morgan.

The curb market in Throgmorton Street, following a rise in West Africans and Kaffirs

Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange

By C. Patrick Thompson

But if one does not come in due course, it will only be because the citizenry, from banker to small investor, have been taught a lesson; and because stock markets are more firmly controlled now, and their function, their purpose, their conduct better understood now. For the market is conditioned by the economic tide, and that tide is rising.

World industrial production is going up steadily, world unemployment is declining steadily. Steel output, 118,370,000 tons in 1929 (when mankind reached the peak of production and consumption in the history of its machine civilisation so far), was 94,800,000 tons last year, and is increasing, although the nations are only partially recovered, and the biggest economic organism, the United States, which uses half of all the copper, oil, tin, rubber produced in the world, and outputs in good times half and in bad times a third of all the steel made, has far to go on the revival road, being placed by the economist of her biggest bank, seventeenth in the list of the twenty-three chief nations walking the recovery road.

The tale of defaults, on the bonds of nations and the debts of individuals, is declining, keeping nice pace—if you are statistically minded and like to measure percentages and ratios against one another—with the rise in commodity prices.

GREAT new industries are developing—industries like air-conditioning, which in America has given copper the biggest fillip since the coming of the electrical age, and like synthetic cotton, to produce which Courtaulds has constructed a giant factory with an annual capacity of 20,000,000 lb.

Motorisation is increasing in all world markets, and must go farther yet, in the opinion of the president of the General Motors Corporation, owing to the fact that two-thirds of the cars in use to-day are obsolete, so great, even revolutionary, have been the advances in design, construction and performance. At the same time, the use of aircraft is growing very rapidly. These two developments explain why, although the world is still relatively depressed, more oil is being used than ever before. Electrification is also proceeding apace, which again accounts for the consumption in the world outside America of 25 per cent. more copper than was used in the great boom year of 1929.

MONEY—gold money, and national money tokens and bank money—is piling up behind dams which must one day be broken. In America, the banks have so much surplus bank money that they complain, fearing it will find an outlet in stock market speculation; while the Treasury has so much gold it has to freeze half of its £2,000,000,000 stock out of use. In Britain—where imports and exports are at the highest since 1930, and more workers are in jobs than ever before—the banks have deposits approximating £2,250,000,000, a figure never before attained.

In short, the wreckage of the world slump has already been cleared away. Money is being made again in large quantities. But this seems to be only a beginning. We are demonstrably not moving back into the world of yesterday. That world blew sky-high in 1929. What we call recovery is clearly only a laying of foundations for a new era of expansion based on great technological changes, and the rise of new industries based on improved methods and materials. Only another general war can halt the fashioning by the restless, energetic and indomitable race of men of a new world providing living standards higher than any known in the past.

Every previous expansion phase—brought in by power machines, railway building, the turnover from iron to steel, the coming of the internal-combustion engine, the advent of mass-production methods—has been characterised by an orgy of speculation. It was after the collapse of the South Sea Bubble, the big crash following the big boom of the day before yesterday, that Dr. Johnson described brokers as "rogues who deal in shares." He had probably taken a flier in the market and burnt his fingers.

(*Continued on page* 138)

Bondage *is* Hoarse

"YOU 'RE very late, Kathy." Mrs. Harding switched off the wireless and glanced up at the clock as her daughter entered.

The girl frowned for a moment. That she had expected this remark did not lessen the irritation of it when it came.

She said, making an effort to speak mildly, " You shouldn't have waited up. I told you we might go on somewhere for supper after the show."

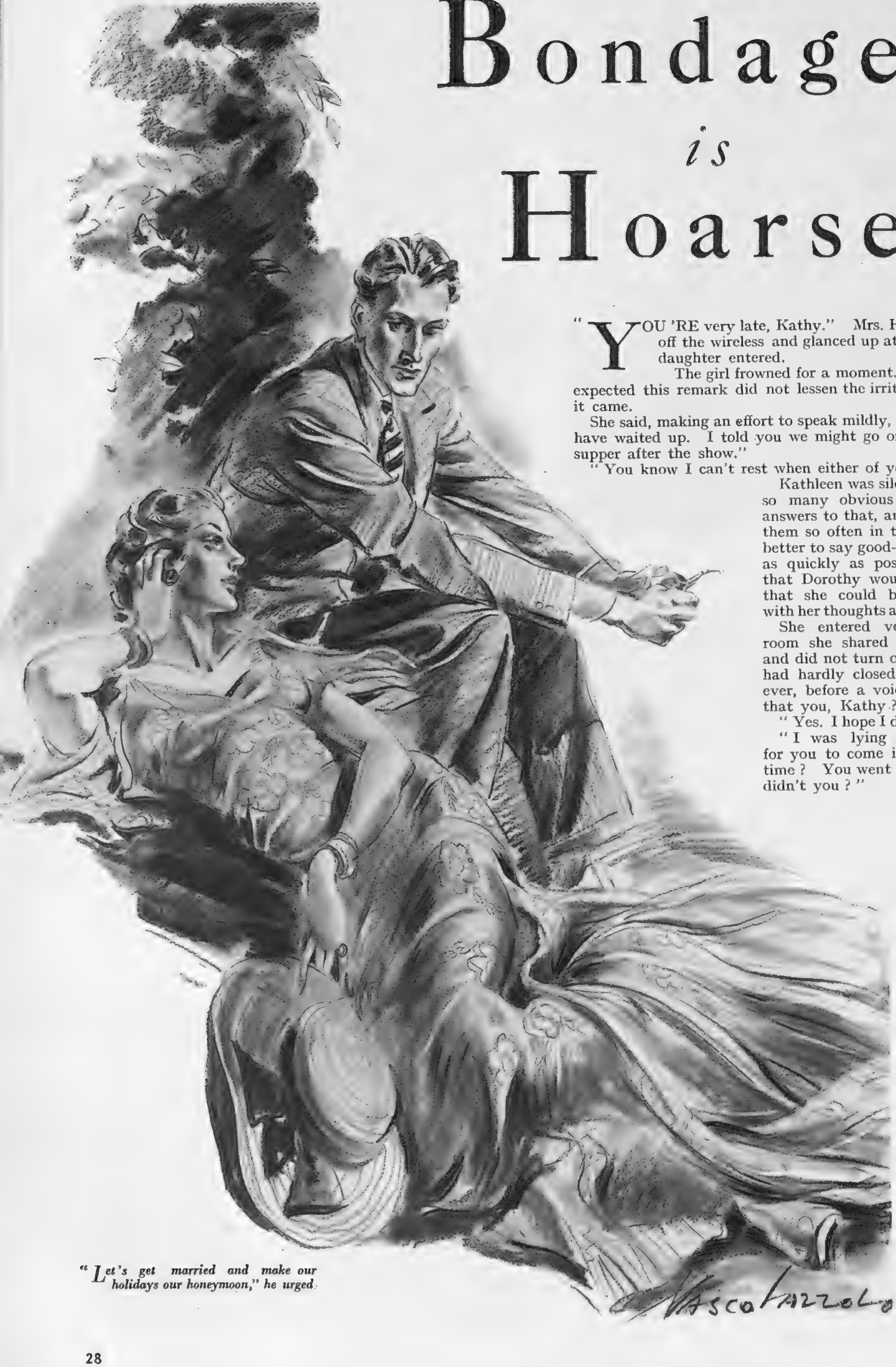
" You know I can't rest when either of you is out."

Kathleen was silent. There were so many obvious and wearisome answers to that, and she had made them so often in the past. It was better to say good-night and escape as quickly as possible—and hope that Dorothy would be asleep, so that she could be left in peace with her thoughts and her memories.

She entered very quietly the room she shared with her sister, and did not turn on the light. She had hardly closed the door, however, before a voice inquired, " Is that you, Kathy ? "

" Yes. I hope I didn't wake you."

" I was lying awake, listening for you to come in. Have a good time ? You went out with Arnold, didn't you ? "



" Let's get married and make our holidays our honeymoon," he urged.

But this Freedom is often only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire

By

Ethel Mannin

Illustrations by Lazzolo

"Yes. I enjoyed myself, but mother spoils everything—waiting up and nagging about being late. It's hateful being waited up for, and," she added, deliberately, "being listened for, and cross-examined the moment you get in."

"*Who's* cross-examining you? It doesn't seem to agree with you, going out; you always come home in a bad temper."

The bed next to Kathleen's creaked heavily as Dorothy heaved herself over, crossly, and buried her face in the clothes.

Again Kathleen was silent. Again there were so many retorts she could have made, had made many times before, but which could only result in a tiresome bicker.

If only Dorothy had been asleep. If only she had a room to herself. There was so little privacy in family life. If you went away and sat in your own room when you felt a need for solitude you were accused of being sulky or unsociable or affected. If you pointed out to mother that it spoilt all your pleasure in having a night-out having someone waiting up for you and nagging you for being late in—no matter at what reasonable hour you arrived home—she got hurt and accused you of not considering her feelings. If you did not answer all Dorothy's sharp, curious inquiries as to whom you had been out with, where you went, how you got on, she accused you of being bad-tempered. You were forced into being irritable and secretive.

Even if you weren't in love, Kathleen thought, it must be a relief to be married and have a home of your own and be your own mistress, not feel that your latch-key was a favour; not be treated like a schoolgirl any more. Even mothers had to acknowledge that you were grown-up when you were married; they let you alone then, and there were no tiresome younger sisters lying awake listening for you to come in and then trying to pry into your private life. That was the trouble with family life—it didn't allow you any private life. It had no respect for your individuality.

If I married Arnold, Kathleen lay thinking in the shielding dark, I'd be free.

Arnold, she reflected, believed very much in the importance of respecting another person's individuality. He felt very strongly about the tyranny of home-life, of over-possessive parents, mothers in particular, and tiresome inquisitive young brothers and sisters. He had suffered from these things himself. Freedom in home-life was very rare, in his opinion, whereas it was the very breath of life of modern marriage.

"I know you don't feel for me as I feel for you," he had said to Kathleen, that very evening, "But you like me. We're good *friends.* And you're not friends with your mother or sister. You may be very fond of them, but it's not the same as being friends. There's no mutual give and take in the relationship as there is in the friendship between you and me."

The moral of which was that Kathleen should marry him.

KATHLEEN liked Arnold Riding. She liked him very much. There were times when she thought it would be very pleasant to share a home with him. They had similar tastes; were, she thought, much the same kind of people. They as it were spoke the same language, which she could never feel concerning her mother or her sister, or even her father, to whom she felt herself more closely bound. But she knew well enough that the mere fact that she could not make up her mind whether to marry Arnold or not meant that she wasn't in love with him, and she had always believed that you did not marry unless you were ardently in love. Or that anyhow, however it might work out with other people, *she* ought not to do so; she suspected herself of being too fundamentally romantic and sentimental to be happy in marrying for merely practical, common-sensible reasons.

The problem came to a head over the question of Kathleen's summer holiday. Mrs. Harding expected her two daughters to arrange to take their holidays at the same time so that they could all go away together. Dorothy, having no other interests outside of her home, was quite agreeable. Kathleen wanted to wait till Arnold had his holidays and then accept his invitation to go and stay with him and his married sister at Fontainebleau. She had never been to Paris and longed to go. It was lovely in the early summer, Arnold said, and his sister had a delightful old château on the edge of the forest.

Mrs. Harding was scandalised at the idea of a girl going for a holiday with a young man, even chaperoned by a married sister. And to Paris of all places! Had it been Margate her reactions would have been less sharp. Also she was hurt that Kathleen should prefer to spend her holidays away from her family. Dorothy was jealous of her sister's invitation and opposed the idea of her acceptance out of simple spite. Mr. Harding "didn't like the idea"; time enough to leave home when you married, he said, and he, too, was hurt.

"It's the awful emotional blackmail families bring to bear which is so unfair," Kathleen confided to Arnold, "when they get hurt and appeal to your affection for them. 'If you love me,' they plead; and it's so unfair, because what you feel for them has nothing to do with it—or oughtn't to have. It's a subtle kind of coercion."

Arnold heartily agreed.

"Let's get married and make our holidays our honeymoon," he urged.

Whether it was the desire to assert her independence, or whether she was "bribed" by the prospect of seeing Paris and Fontainebleau, or whether she was feeling particularly drawn to Arnold that day, looking back afterwards Kathleen never knew; the fact remains that she married Arnold, and that they went to Fontainebleau for their honeymoon.

She was immensely happy. Paris exceeded her wildest dreams. Arnold was the good companion she had always known him, and a charming and considerate lover into the bargain. She could no longer think whether she was in love with him or not. Her marriage to him was a profound experience for her. It was a fulfilment. And she enjoyed to the utmost the feeling of independence in being Mrs. Arnold Riding, being called Madam instead of Miss, and the blessed relief of being beyond reach of Dorothy's tiresomeness and her mother's nagging and querulousness. Marriage, she thought with deep satisfaction, had fulfilled her as a woman, and given her her freedom, her individuality. She kept on with her job at the office, and she and Arnold met at the station in the evenings and travelled out to their charming little suburban house together.

Everything went well until Kathleen got promotion at the office, and new responsibilities kept her working late occasionally—sometimes more than occasionally, sometimes several nights a week. Arnold at first philosophically accepted the break in the pleasant routine of the first year of their married life together, but as time went on he began to grumble; he even went so far as to assert that a woman's place was in the home; and one night shocked and wounded Kathleen by suggesting that it was not the office which had kept her late.

One evening at the end of a very arduous day she accepted the invitation of the manager, Mr. Steers, to have a cocktail with him before getting her train. Arriving home not much later than usual, she told Arnold this, and to her surprise he was exceedingly angry.

"But we were both so desperately tired," she pleaded. "You've no idea what a day we've had! We were both all in by the time we closed down!"

"The man is obviously trying to get off with you," Arnold said, brutally.

"Why should you say such a thing?" Kathleen cried, in exasperation, "Mr. Steers is not that kind of man. You've no right to make such unfounded accusations!"

But in order to avoid further trouble Kathleen never again accepted an invitation from Mr. Steers, and when he wanted her to lunch with him one Saturday for the purpose of talking over a new proposition he wanted her to handle, she made excuses. It would only mean a row with Arnold. Mr. Steers was very disappointed in her and said so. It meant he would have to give the job to someone else. It would have meant more money for her, but if she cared more about running home to hubby on Saturday afternoons than about her career, well, there were plenty of young women more keen than that nowadays. . . .

Actually nobody was more keen or more ambitious than Kathleen, but she could not bear domestic unpleasantness. If she had to sacrifice a career for domestic peace, well, she would, that was all, for you didn't, after all, have to live with your job.

In this way it began to dawn on Kathleen that she was no freer in her married life than she had been living at home. Her family would at least not have interfered with her career. She began to think that she had merely jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. She was very far from free. If she was late home she had to give a full account of the reason why. She was expected to say whom she had lunched with, and she dared not accept invitations to dine even with business colleagues of her own sex, because she knew quite well that Arnold would not believe she had dined with a woman. She went out with friends, or visited her mother, on the few occasions when Arnold had some engagement in town, some business, or school reunion, or club dinner; but always she was expected to give an exact account of how she had passed the time in his absence, and if she happened to get in after him he was instantly suspicious of her, and always greeted her with her mother's remark, "You're late, Kathy," but whereas her mother had complained, her husband rebuked, and sharply.

Sometimes she reminded him of the things he used to say, about respecting individuality, about freedom being the breath of life of modern marriage. Then he would exclaim, "Good Heavens, what could be freer than our marriage? You've kept your job, you come and go as you please——"

"But I have to account for myself all the time. And there's no privacy. If I want to cry in private there's nothing for it but to lock myself in the bathroom!"

"Married people don't have private lives apart from each other; they share each other's lives," he informed her.

Useless to plead that even married people were individuals; that two personalities could never function as one, whatever hearts might do, and that every human being has a need to be alone sometimes to keep some part of his or her ego inviolate, and that this need has nothing to do with loving or not loving.

In the end Kathleen gave up her job. Retaining it led to too many rows. She gave in, resolved to make a career out of wifehood and motherhood. It might prove more satisfactory in the end, she thought, and was, anyhow, no mean career, whatever the feminists might contend to the contrary. Success in life should be measured by the amount of happiness you got out of it, and her business career was not yielding happiness. A child might . . .

WHEN her daughter was born, Kathleen was more than ever convinced that she had chosen rightly in abandoning a career which took her out of the home. She called the child

Joy, because she was that to her. She and Arnold got on better after Joy was born; there was no longer any cause for controversy. Kathleen sacrificed a good deal of independence by settling down as wife and mother; she no longer had her own money, for one thing, but had to depend on what Arnold chose to add to the housekeeping money; disliking to hand her child over to a nurse, she was very much tied by it, though this bondage was sweet to her; she never went out in the evenings now, save very occasionally to the theatre with Arnold; and thus immersed in domesticity, she lost touch with the friends of her office-days. Not that she felt their loss, but it was part of the general crumbling of an independence that once was precious to her, something to fight for. Now only Joy was precious to her.

When Joy was five years old, Arnold died suddenly, of 'flu. Kathleen was profoundly shocked by his death. She suffered from shock and bewilderment rather than a sense of loss. She had been fond of him and devoted to him, in spite of their quarrels, but a great passion of love, something one would die for if need be, she had never known except in connection with Joy. She mourned Arnold as a friend. He had been that, she thought, in spite of his possessiveness and his petty tyrannies.

Joy went away to a modern co-education school, to Mrs. Harding's great consternation, and Kathleen wrote to Mr. Steel, who, though he could not reinstate her in his own office, found her a responsible post with another firm.

At last now, it seemed to her she had found the meaning of freedom. Now she was free to come and go as she pleased, with none to question her, was accountable to no one but herself. She gave up the suburban house and took a flat in town. She picked up her old friends again. She gave cocktail parties, dinners, went out. Except when Joy was home from school. Then she cut out everything in order to devote herself to the child. Her friends learned to say: " Oh, it's no use asking Kathleen—Joy's home from school."

Kathleen did not begrudge any of the time she gave to the child. She gave it voluntarily and gladly. Joy, she was fond of asserting, was the loveliest person in the world, and the pleasantest of good companions. She could have gone to parties when the child was abed at nights, but she quite simply preferred not to. All the love she had in her to give, and which had never found adequate outlet in her marriage, flowed out to the child.

The result was that there was established between herself and Joy that rare relationship between mother and child—a friendship. Mrs. Harding loved both her daughters, deeply and sincerely, but there was no friendship in the relationship; first and last she was their mother, and they her daughters. It could not occur to them to confide in her, and " fun " had never entered into their relationship. Kathleen and Joy had endless " fun " together, and Kathleen knew, as the years went on, that she had the child's confidence to a quite amazing degree. Joy, at twelve years old, was amused by her mother, thought her ridiculous, and adorable, and wild fun—more fun than anyone she knew; somehow everything they did together had a quality of adventure, was exciting, and " fun."

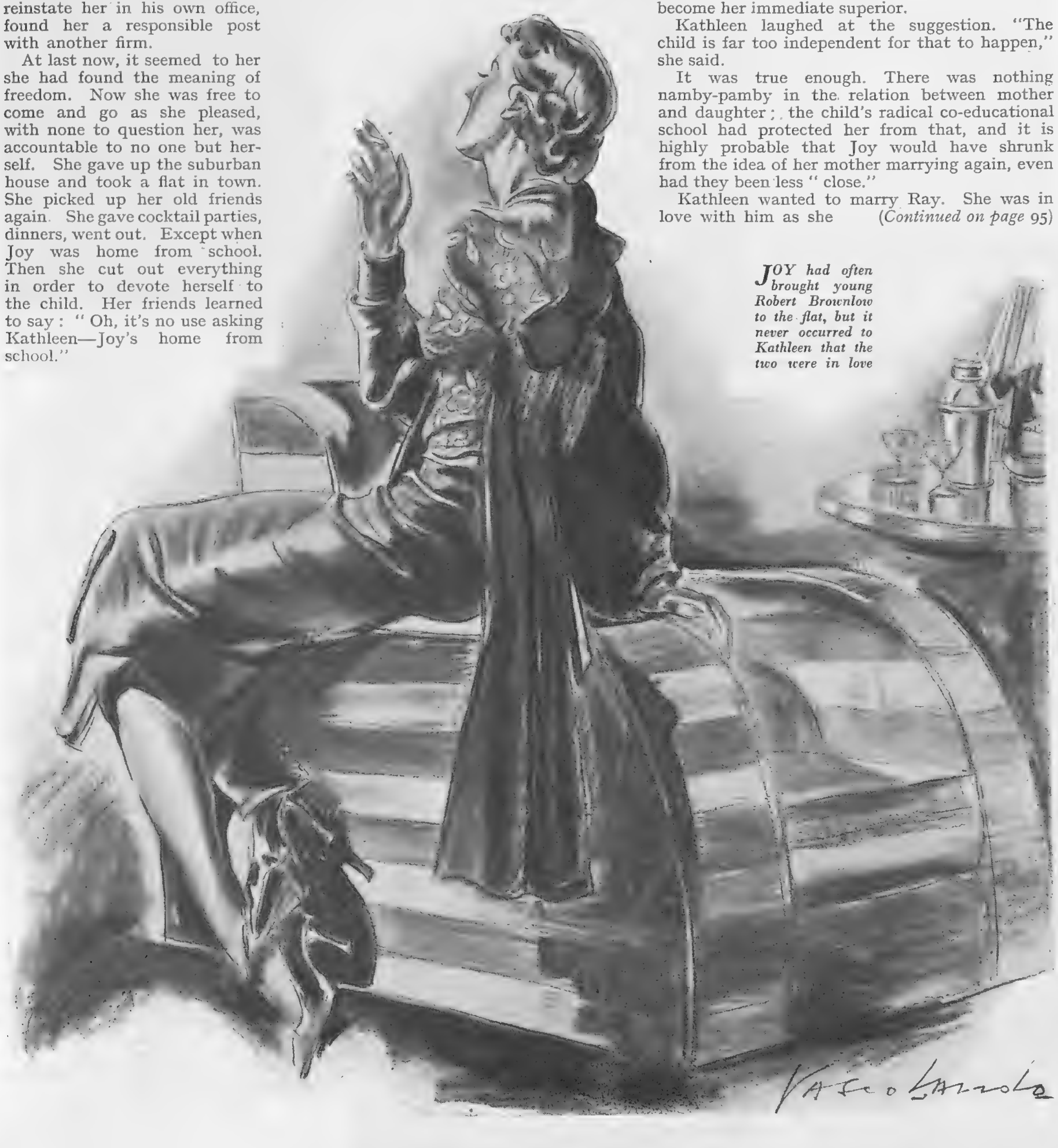
" You'll give the child a mother-fixation if you're not careful, and if she hasn't one already," said Ray Morton, who was in love with Kathleen, and had been for years—ever since he had come to work at the same office, in fact, and become her immediate superior.

Kathleen laughed at the suggestion. "The child is far too independent for that to happen," she said.

It was true enough. There was nothing namby-pamby in the relation between mother and daughter; the child's radical co-educational school had protected her from that, and it is highly probable that Joy would have shrunk from the idea of her mother marrying again, even had they been less " close."

Kathleen wanted to marry Ray. She was in love with him as she

(*Continued on page* 95)



JOY had often brought young Robert Brownlow to the flat, but it never occurred to Kathleen that the two were in love

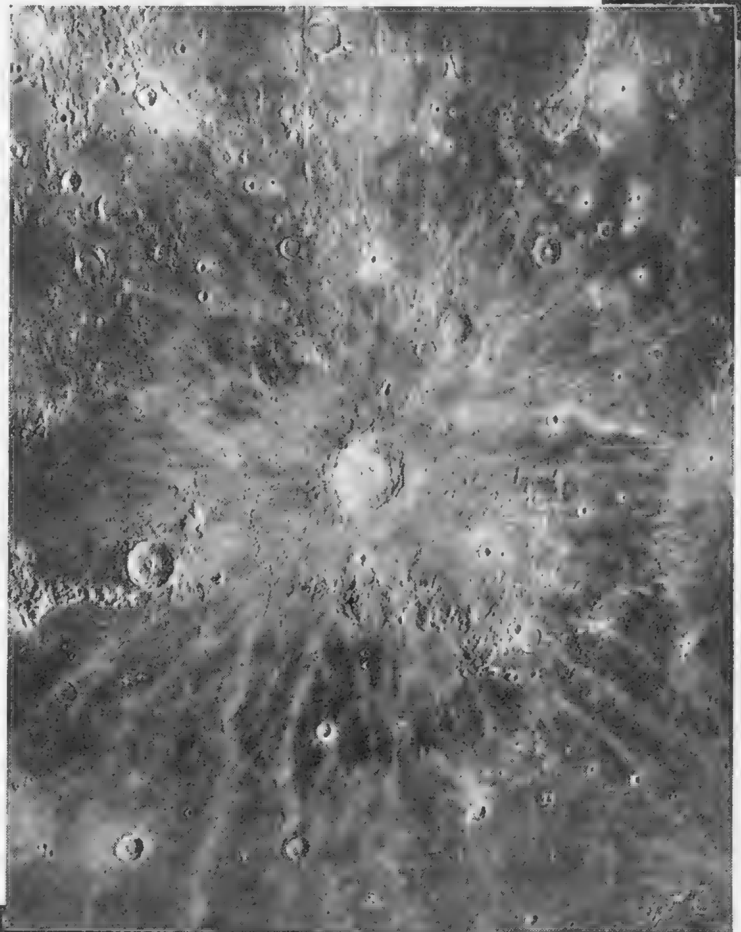
A visit to the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, and its famous Director's views on that fascinating subject . . .

Is *there* Life *on the* Planets?

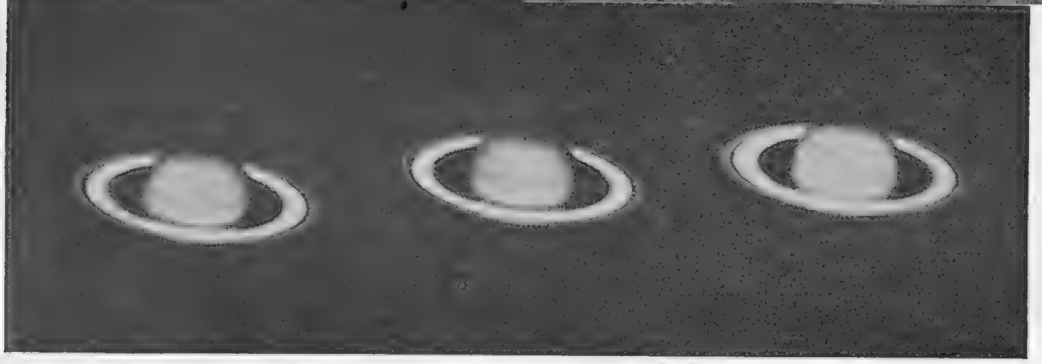
OUR American cousins have a very happy innovation. To interest the people in the sciences their observatories are thrown open to the general public one night a week. The great observatory at Mt. Wilson, in Southern California, perhaps the most famous of these institutions and the Mecca of the astronomical world, is open to the public on Friday evenings. The popularity of the movement is evident when it is stated that nearly twenty thousand people visit the observatory annually. Whether this is a hint to our Astronomer Royal at Greenwich I do not know. I must admit, however, that a trip up Mt. Wilson and a visit to its famed observatory is a novel and interesting experience, even though you may know precious little about the subject and still less about big telescopes and how they use them.

Every Friday evening, a couple of hours or so before sunset, motor coaches leave both Los Angeles and Pasadena bound for Mt. Wilson. The towns are quickly left behind, and after passing through orange groves and fruit orchards one reaches the foot of the mountain, when the stiff climb to the observatory begins. It lies 5,704 feet above sea-level on one of the higher peaks of the Sierra Madre range. The road up the mountain, specially built to carry up the valuable 4½-ton mirror of the big telescope, zigzags up the steep mountain sides in a marvellous manner, affording magnificent panorama views of the surrounding country and the Pacific Ocean beyond. It is owned and operated by a private toll company, who conduct an hotel on the grounds adjoining the observatory, where travellers can obtain rest and refreshment and, if desired, spend a night there. The mountain sides are covered with a dense growth of chaparral and a considerable number of large spruce, pine and oak trees.

One arrives at the observatory grounds as the sun begins to set like a huge golden ball out in the far Pacific. This section of the mountain top is littered with quaintly-designed buildings and steel towers, accommodating delicate and costly machinery designed for the special purpose of studying the heavenly bodies. One building houses the most powerful of existing telescopes, the 100-inch reflector, though it may be added that an instrument is now in course of erection which will possess an object glass 200 in., or 16 ft. 8 in. in diameter. In a nearby



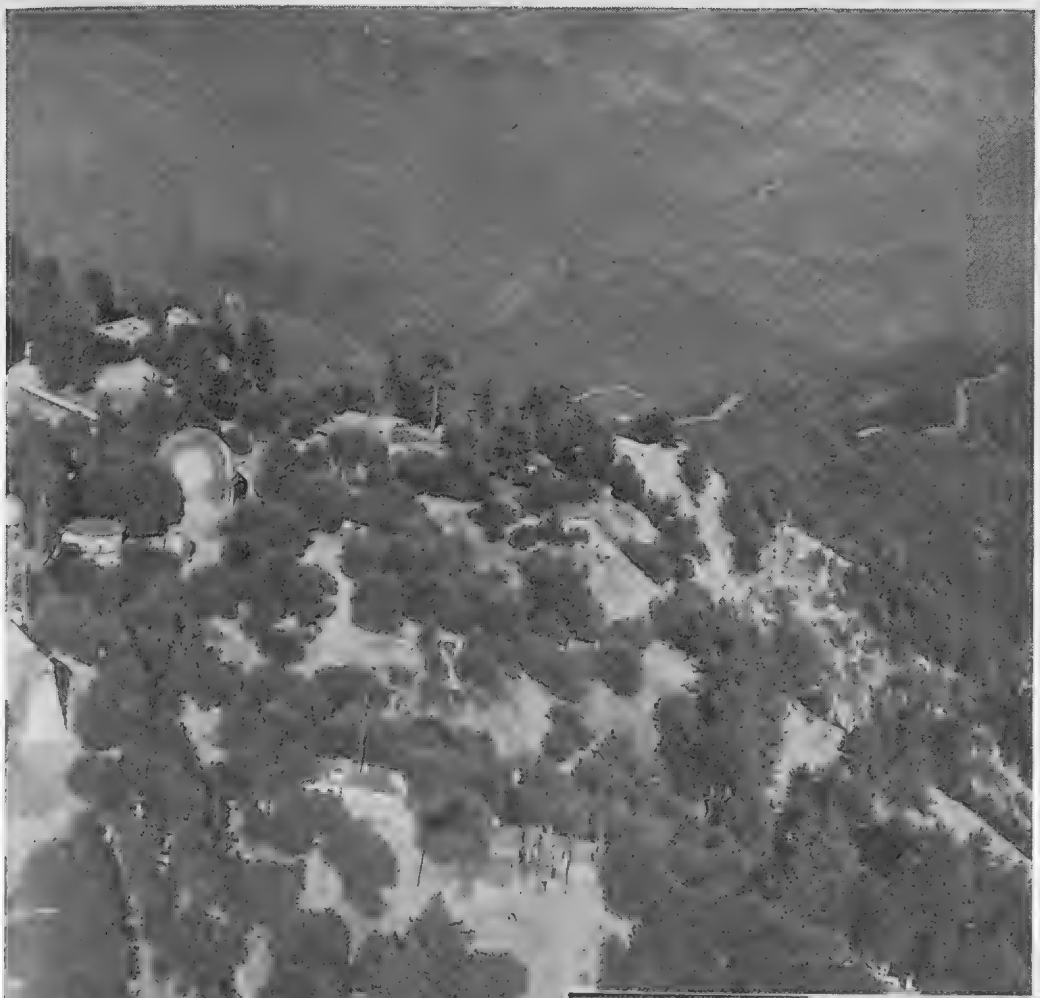
A PHOTOGRAPH, taken with the Hooker telescope, of the huge crater of Copernicus on the moon. This crater is 56 miles in diameter



(Left)

A TRIO of exposures, taken with a 60 inch telescope, of Saturn, showing its three remarkable rings composed of swarms of little satellites. The outermost ring has a diameter of 171,000 miles

By Harold J. Shepstone



AN airplane view of the famous Mount Wilson Observatory, showing the two large domed buildings housing the telescopes and the two steel towers used in connection with solar observation

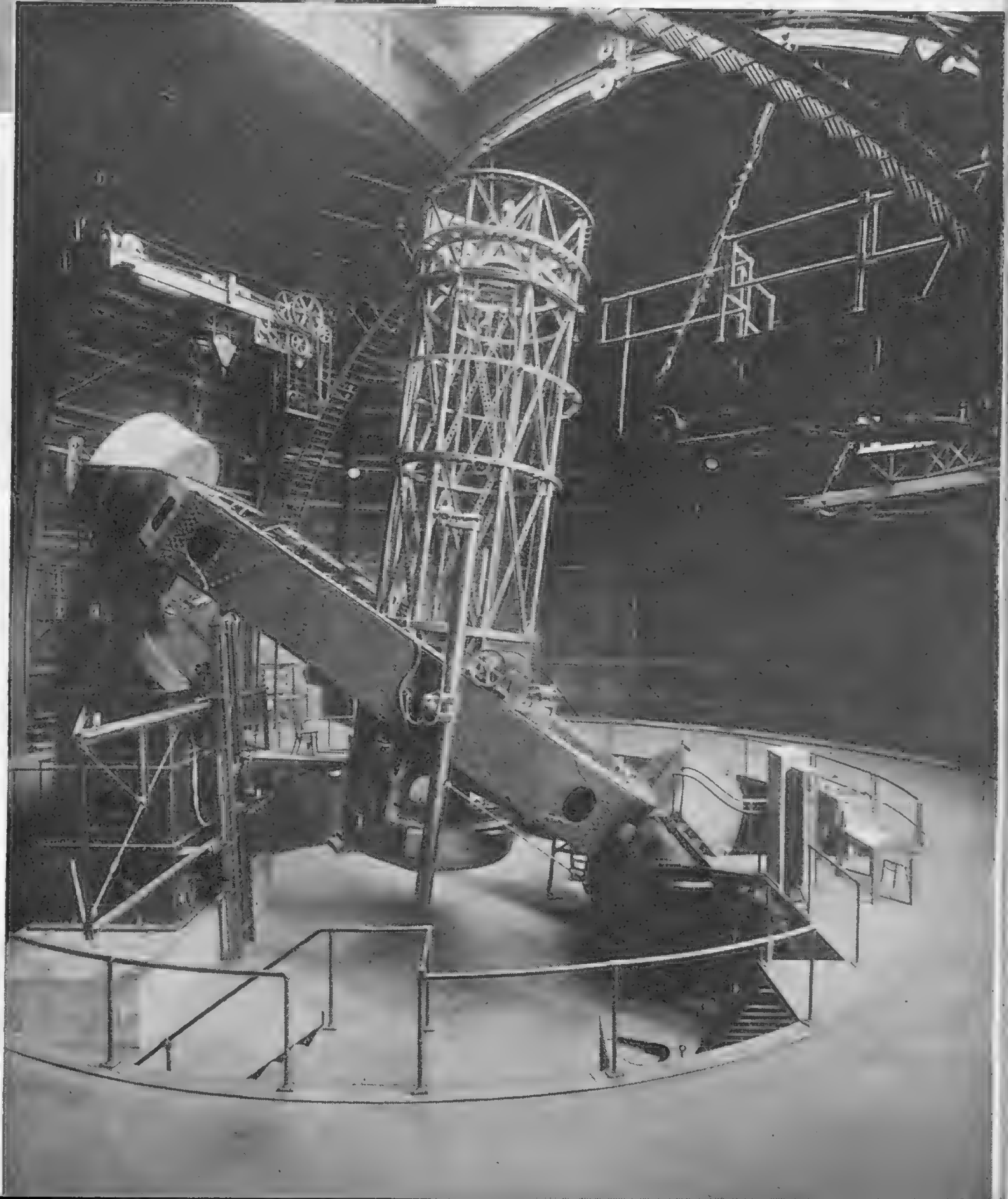
building, reached by little paths winding in and out among the trees, is another monster star-gazer, with an object glass 60 inches in diameter. There are two skeleton steel towers, with quaint little houses perched on their tops, 60 feet and 150 feet in height respectively. These also are telescopes specially designed for studying the sun.

The observatory, in fact, was originally planned for solar work, and I found the astronomers at Mt. Wilson still devoting much attention to our great luminary upon which we depend for light and heat. It is the contention of many scientists that a fuller knowledge of the sun will enable us to forecast our weather with more reliable accuracy. To date they have made something like fifty thousand photographic records of the sun's surface. Incidentally, too, the planets are being studied, not to learn if there is life upon them, but how far they affect our climate. More accurate weather forecasts as a result of a study of the sun and the planets are certainly a possibility.

Visitors are received in a special room in the main observatory building, where one of the astronomers gives a brief but popular account of the observatory and its work, illustrated by models and also by some striking lantern slides.

You are made aware that a study of the movements of the heavenly bodies is of practical value. Parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude depend upon it; time signals are born of it; safe navigation at sea is impossible without it. State and national boundaries are often fixed by it. If anything, the indirect benefits excel the direct ones. When Roemer discovered the velocity of light, little did he suppose that the interpretation of his discovery would lead to wireless communication; for such has been the case.

The talk, always informal and popular, is followed by a visit to the various buildings. You see the great telescopes, massive pieces of mechanism weighing many tons, yet so delicately balanced that the pressure of a finger is sufficient to turn the great instruments in the desired direction for studying a particular star. In connection with these monster star-gazers there are a host of delicate and complicated (*Continued on page* 106)



THE 100 inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory. The telescope weighs 96 tons, and the mirror alone 4½ tons

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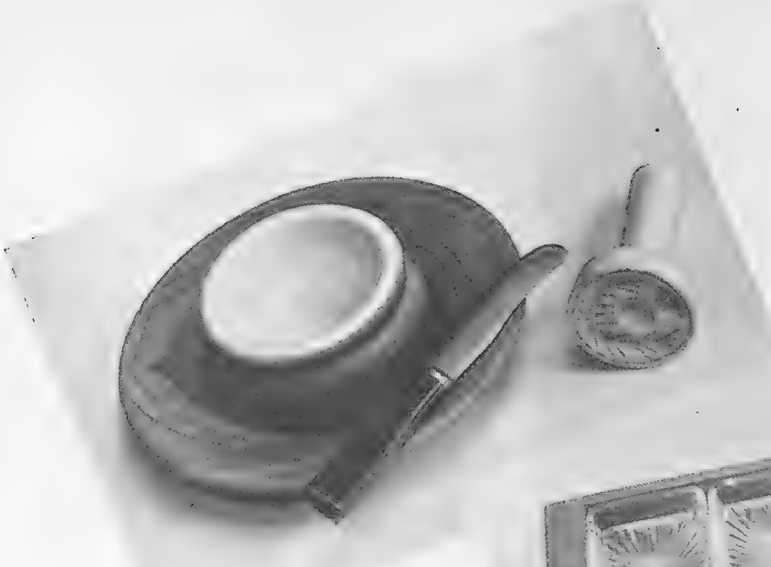
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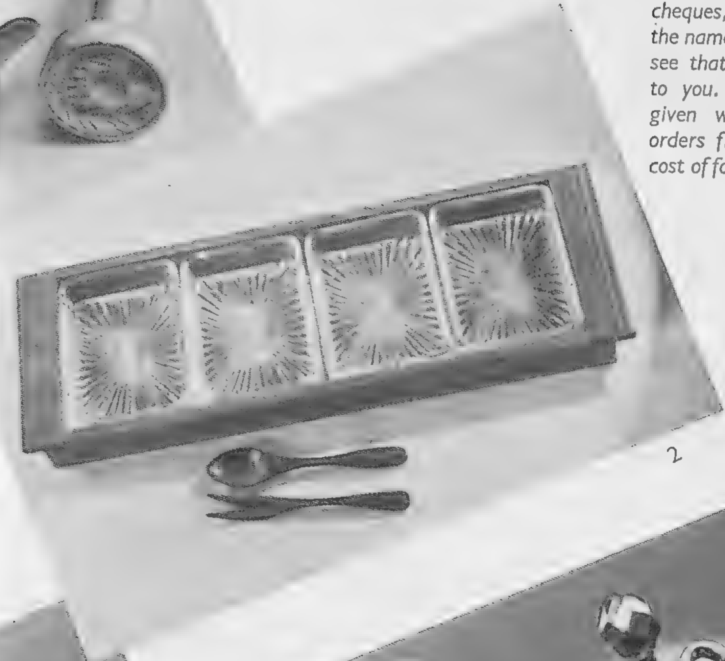
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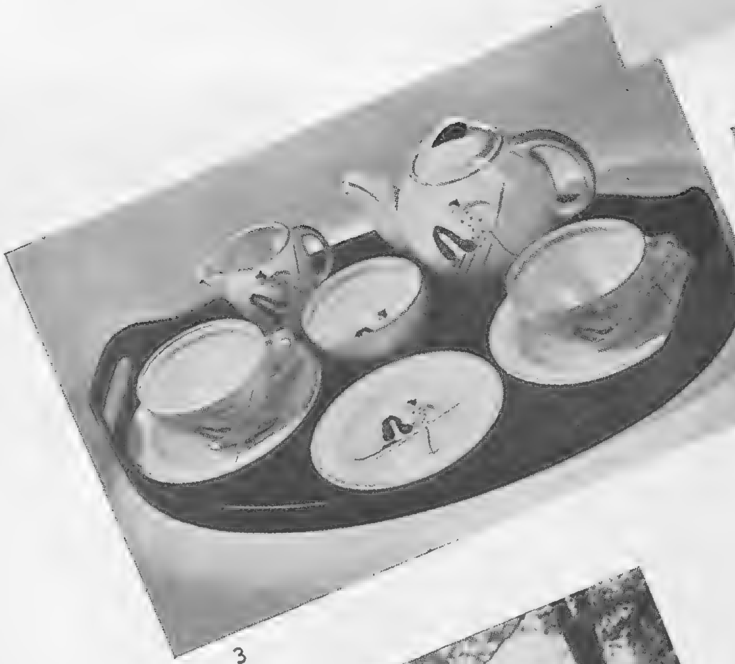
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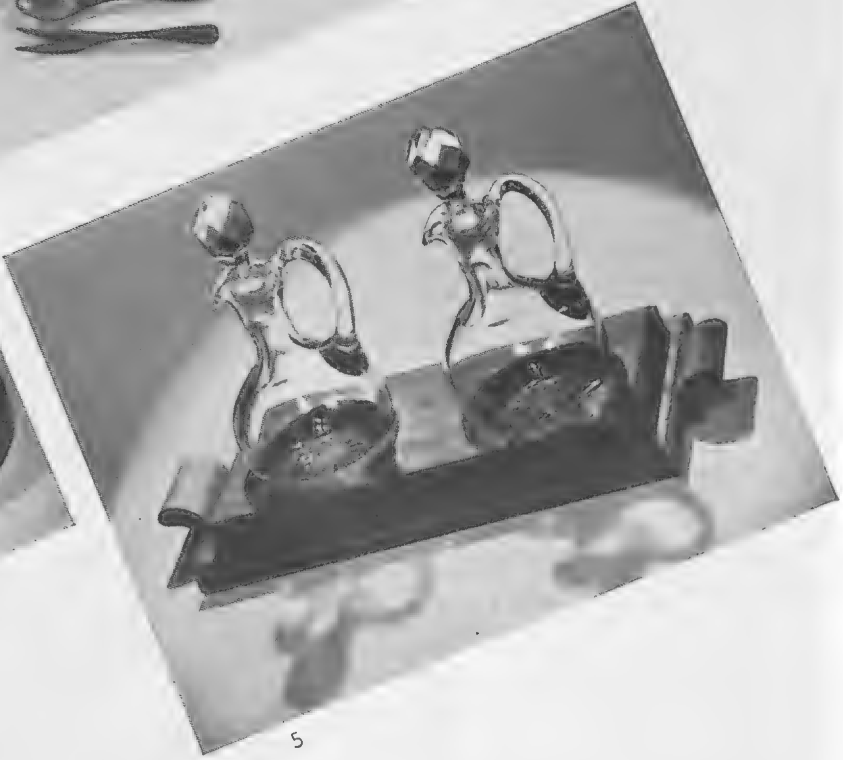
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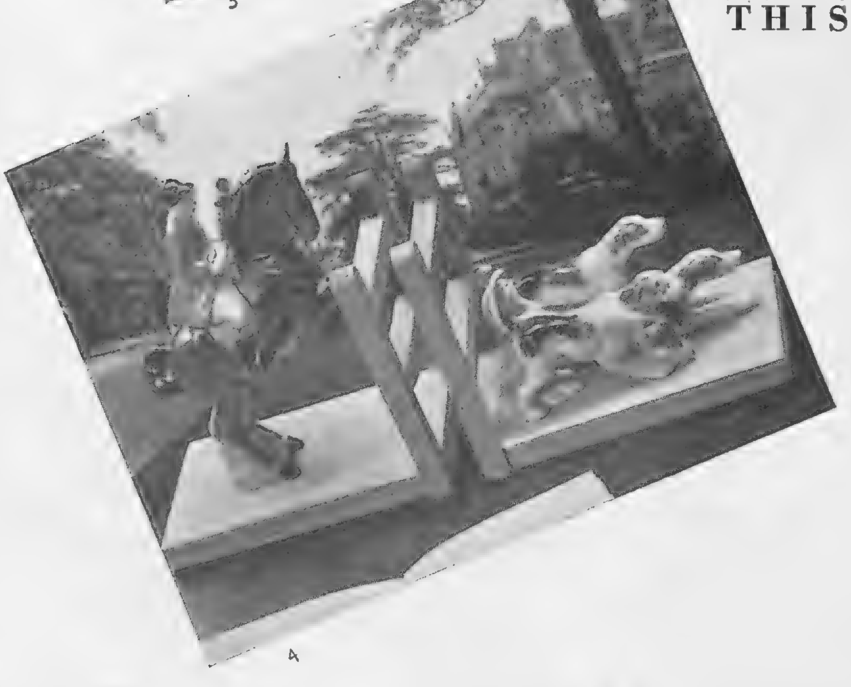
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THIS MONTH'S GOOD BUYS

1. The business of passing the butter is obviated when each guest is provided with an attractive individual butter dish. These are available in green, blue or brown with walnut plate and knife handle. The complete set is 4/4, or 4/- on orders of half-a-dozen. (Postage 6d.). Presses in various designs, thistle, rose, swan, cow, etc., are 1/6 each. (Postage 2d.)

2. These glass hors d'œuvre dishes in a walnut tray are excellent value at 11/6. (Postage 1/3). The walnut servers are 1/9 a pair.

3. An early morning tea set decorated with an original Susie Cooper design in orange, chrome, black and blue. Price 9/9. (Postage 1/3). The tray, black heat-resisting finish cellulose, is 8/3. (Postage 9d.)

4. Sporting and reading friends in the Shires will appreciate these hunting book-ends in glazed china and wood. Price 21/-, post free.

5. Oil and vinegar bottles on an attractive walnut stand, easy to hand round and useful for catching any drips that may escape from the bottle lips. Price 19/6. (Postage 1/-).

Paris Fashions

LINE Three silhouettes they offer us, this autumn and winter, straight, wide skirted, tunic. Straight means Straight, Empire and Directoire, and there's plenty of each. Evening Directoire and Empire lines are high waist in front, drop at the back to stress the waist curve, and meet the entire skirt fullness. A caressing, womanly, alluring line, suiting the short almost as well as the long limbed.

Tailored coats and suits have Directoireish broad revers (Creed's suit, page 37), the closure folded right over to one shoulder (Vera Borea's coat, page 40). Their shoulders are wide but no more extravagantly pleated or gathered. All loose coats, whatever the length, are straight, flareless.

Afternoon dresses have skirts slowly widening from slender hips. Pleats are stitched to hips, then swish out. Sunray pleats start just below the hip bone. Some young girl evening dresses, tulle, lace chiffon, have plenty of skirt fullness. (Lelong dress, page 39.)

Tunics, seen everywhere, are all lengths, growing from a five inch stick out peplum to way down below the knees. Suits have tunics, afternoon dinner and evening dresses have tunics. Practically always they flare over a straight skirt, except some at Molyneux, which are tight fitting.

NECKLINES Most day necks are high. You are offered little straight collars, jabots, crossed-overs folding high at throat, scallops, rounded, square, pointed at the throat line, the tiniest turned down collars melting to nothing at the fastening (Patou's shirt dress, page 38). Squared, they like them for evenings, with two inch wide shoulder straps Two contrasting fabrics folded across the bosom make many a Directoire décolletage, the colour echoed perhaps at the back on sash ends. Dinner dresses, with or sans sleeves, have high front necks, odd shaped back lines.

SKIRT LENGTHS From eleven to fourteen inches off the ground, tending to shortness for sports and street wear. Evening skirts touch toes. On Empire gowns, the back fullness sometimes touches the ground, sometimes trails a little.

WAISTS Directoire dresses are mainly unbelted, though sometimes the skirt rises V-like into the bodice front, and marks its waist with a narrow belt. Narrow belts are the thing. (Molyneux tape measure belt, page 36.) Molyneux alone places belts low, on the hip bone. Maggy Rouff leaves the narrow path and goes for wide belts of soft suède, knotted in single bow ends at the side.

COLOURS Black first, for smartest day wear, with burgundies and plums closely following. Also take your pick of dark emerald, brick red, nigger, tawny, dried peach, mustard—what next from the pantry ?—and cyclamen, parma violets, pale blues, whites and an ethereal smoky grey blue for pastelites.

SLEEVES Much quieter this season, not so bunchy, full or high. The top is still the interest area, however, with whatever fullness there is shirred, fan seamed, smocked, piped or treated to give shoulder width, with its consequent waist narrowness. Lengths are to elbow, just below, and to wrist.

HATS Alpine and Hapsburg hats are starred for sports, the newest idea being one with centre pleat through crown and brim so it folds flatly. Little Florentine evening caps are worn on the back of the head so that the high laurel of flat curls shows in front.

Forget that you can't wear a high hat because your face is too thin or too pointy, or something. You'll wear one and like it, they're so nice this time, a Cossack, a fur cap rising to a point, a mediæval high hat, worn pushed back.

FABRICS Many of last year's bearded materials have been shaved. Smooth surfaces are the ones now, specially velvet, broadcloth and facecloth. Rough surfaces for coats have astrakhan effects in the weave, ranging from fine tracy lines to thick little tufts. The same with dresses. There is a drooly pattern just enough to see it's there on some silks, standing out like veins on others.

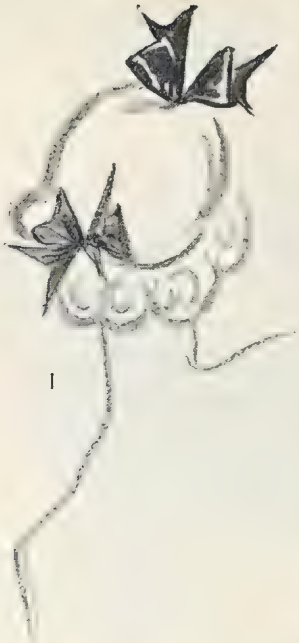
There are some tufted and hairy tweeds for sports, some run through with a broken checking of colourful uneven knotty yarns.

Velvet or satin merges with a flat material, say velvet with a cashmere-like cloth, satin with matt crêpe. Taffeta shirred in the weave and ottoman are afternoon and evening winners. Jersey, silk and wool, for days, duvetyn for suits and coats. Coloured facecloth makes bright dinner dresses often in the purple shades (remember Coronation is coming along). Evening suits, aping men's unto the full dress jacket, are facecloth. Dinner jacket suits are facecloth too, black or navy. For grandeur, there are brocades, some re-embroidered with silks and sequins.

(*Continued on page* 121)

Joan Burnup

Editor. Woman's Department.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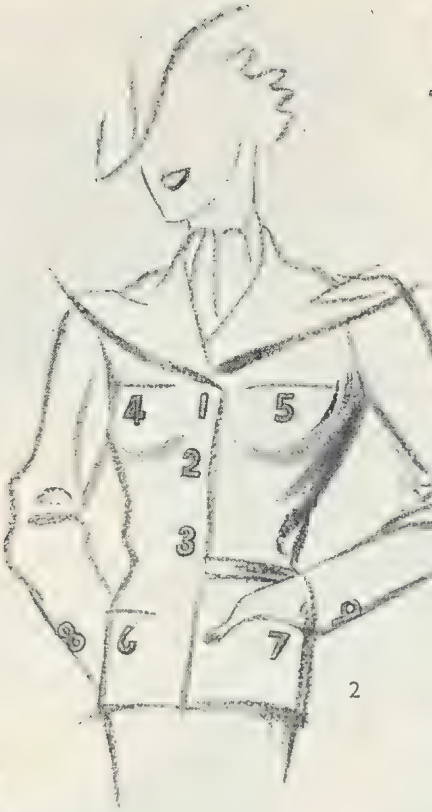

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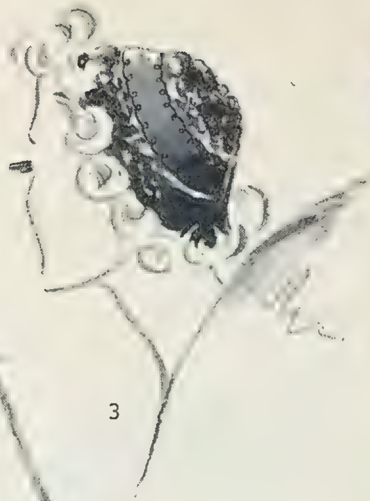
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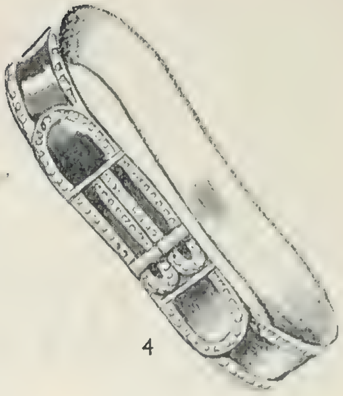
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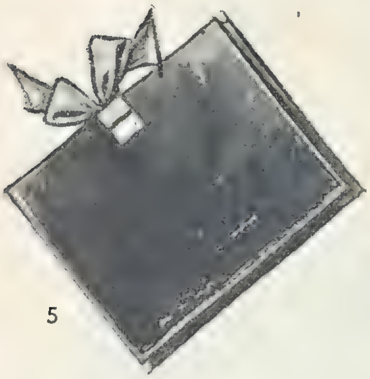
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FRIPPERIES

1. As though two bows had alighted on the hair, like butterflies. One is velvet, the other tulle, of the same colour, caught on to an elastic circlet matching the hair colour. Molyneux.

2. Metal Number buttons on a tailored suit. Creed.

3. Florentine cap made of felt and astrakhan. Heim.

4. Tunisian belt in blue velvet edged with a narrow pink and white braid. Schiaparelli.

5. Black antelope handbag, fastening with a blue velvet ribbon bow. Schiaparelli.

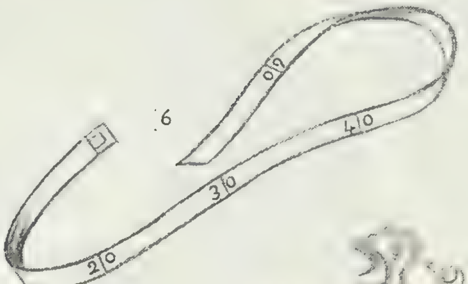
6. Tape measure belt, leather with little chromium figures. Molyneux.

7. No, not gloves, but pockets shaped like loose gloves. Marcel Rochas.

8. Crown sleeves—did we mention the Coronation ?—of black velvet, banded and bow topped with ermine. Paray.

9. Two diamond birds on a belt. Mainbocher.

10. A rope round your neck in scarlet or emerald wool, ending in a tassel. Molyneux.



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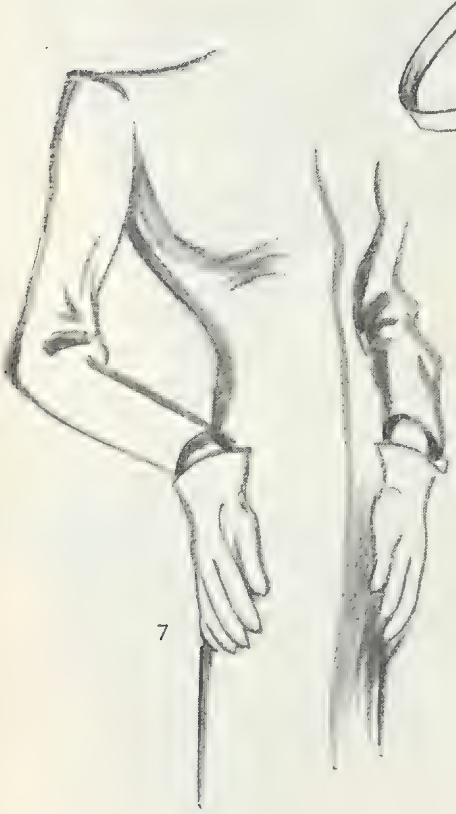
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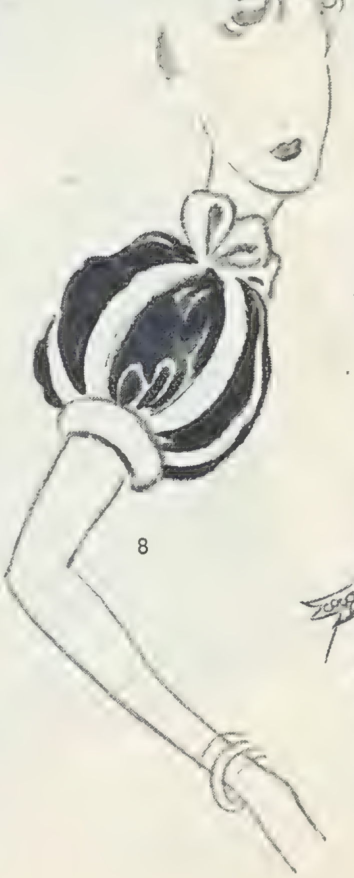
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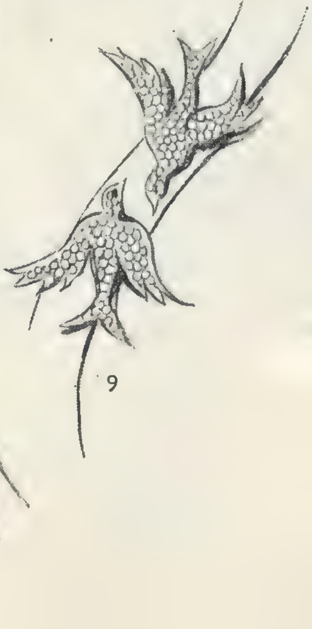
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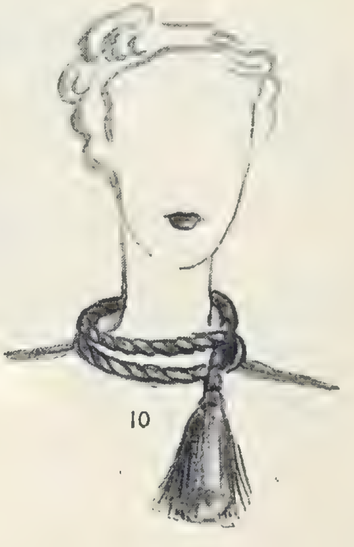
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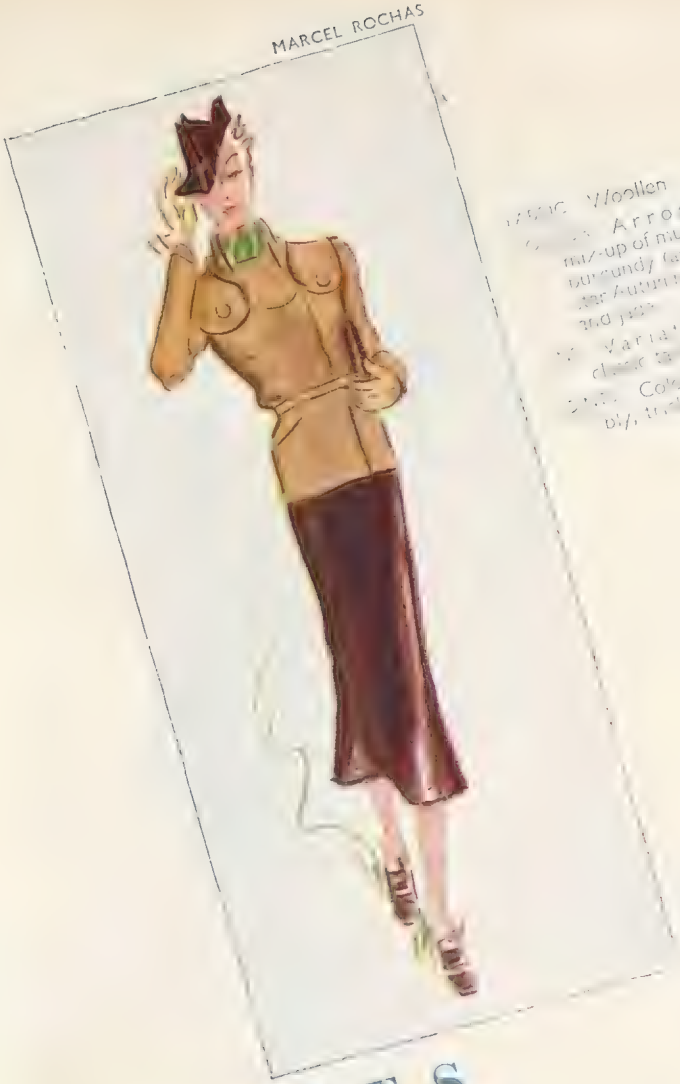
SUITS

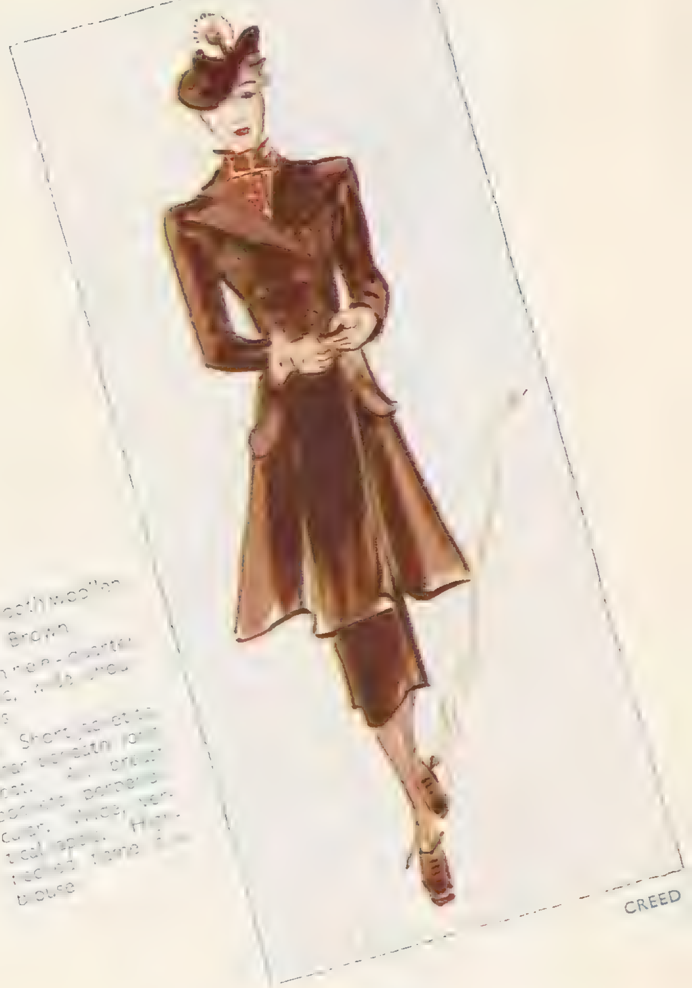

MARCEL ROCHAS

FABRIC Woollen

COLOUR Arrogant mix-up of mustard, burgundy (another Autumn shade) and [illegible]

LINE Variation of classic tailored

DETAIL Colour assembly, tricky yoke

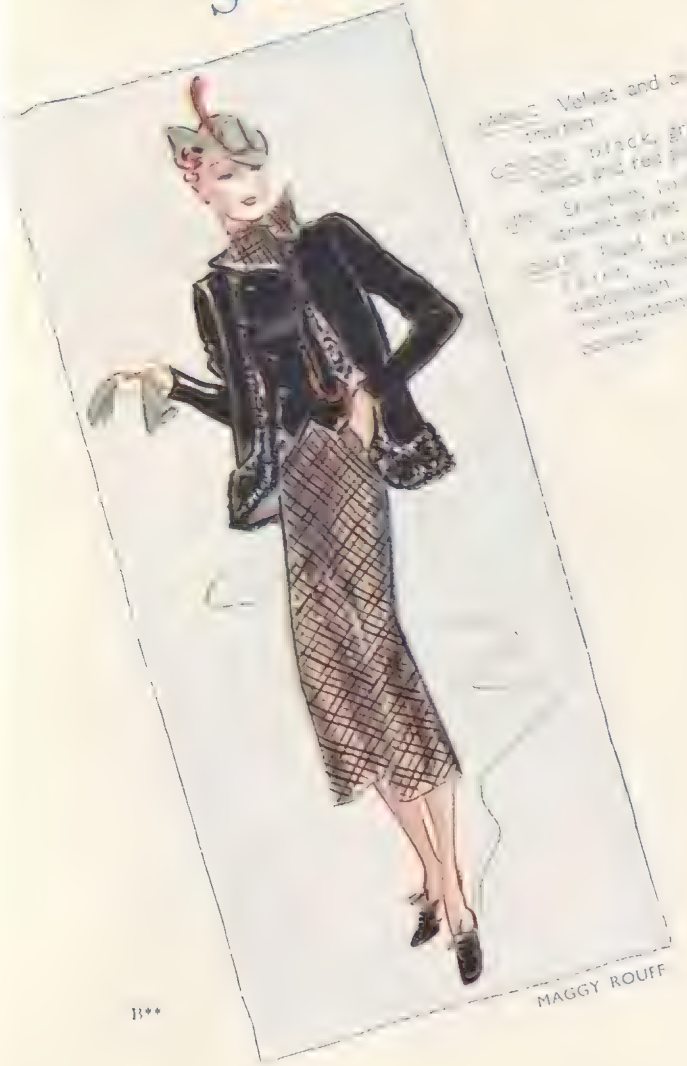

CREED

FABRIC Smooth woollen

COLOUR Brown

LINE Three-quarter tunic, wide shoulders

DETAIL Short jacket to wear beneath long coat. [illegible] pockets [illegible] vertical lapels. High-necked [illegible] blouse

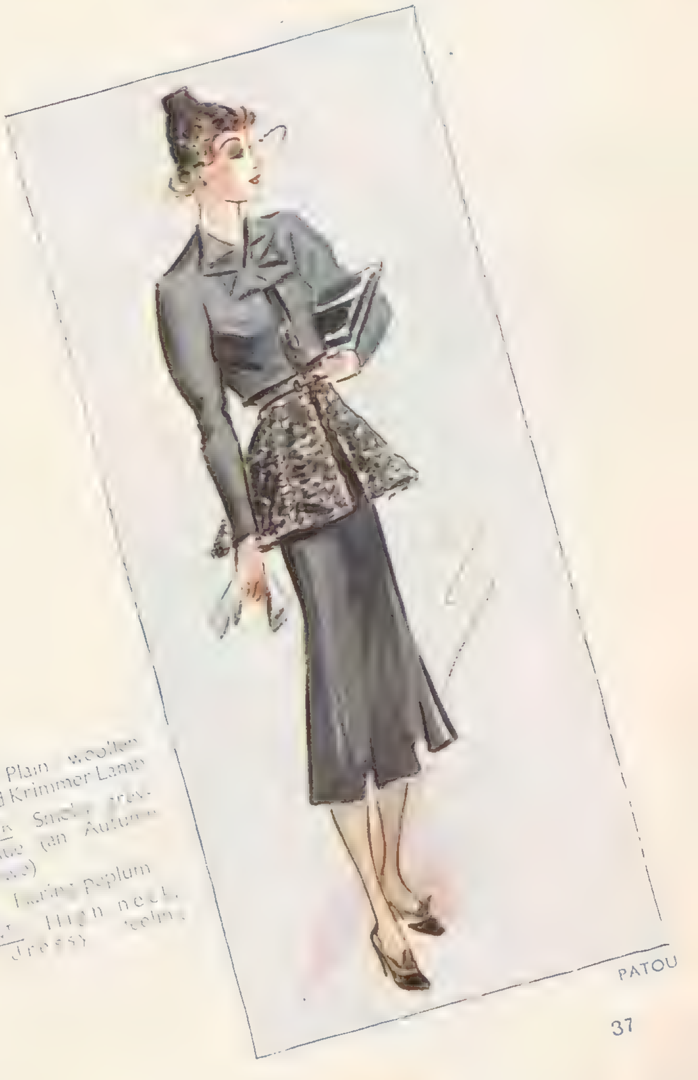

MAGGY ROUFF

FABRIC Velvet and astrakhan

COLOUR black, grey [illegible] red [illegible]

LINE Straight, [illegible]

DETAIL [illegible]


PATOU

FABRIC Plain woollen and Krimmer Lamb

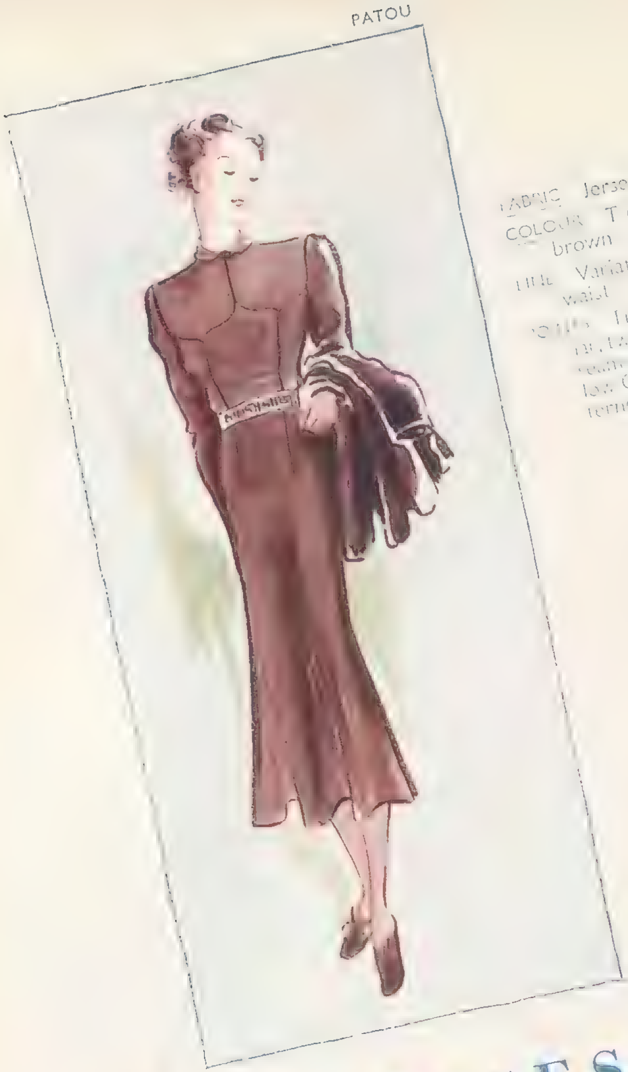
COLOUR Smoky grey-blue (an Autumn note)

LINE Flaring peplum

POINT High neck, dressy feeling

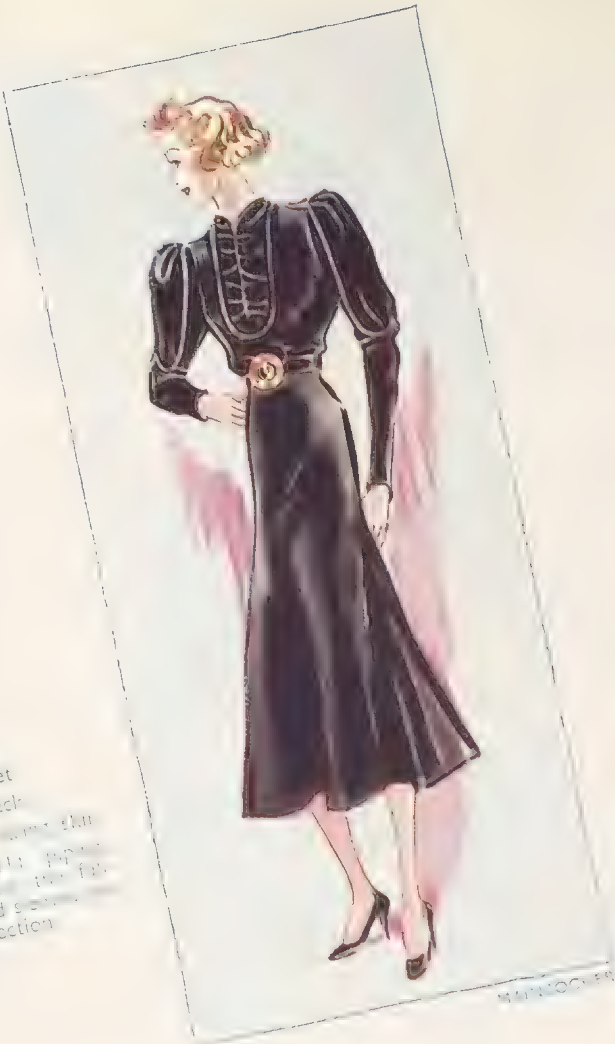
DAY DRESSES

PATOU

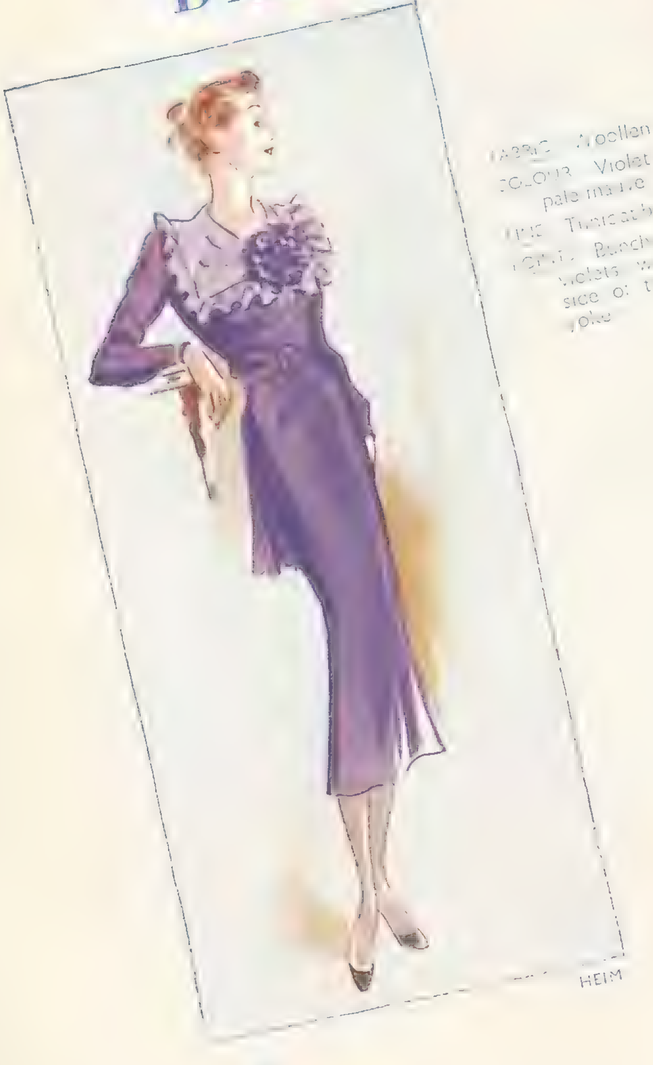


FABRIC Jersey
COLOUR Tobacco brown
LINE Variation on shirt waist
POINTS Tiny high collar, [illegible] with [illegible] running [illegible] low Greek-key patterned belt

FABRIC Velvet
COLOUR Black
LINE Full flared skirt
POINTS Satin piping outlining the [illegible] tened [illegible] bust section



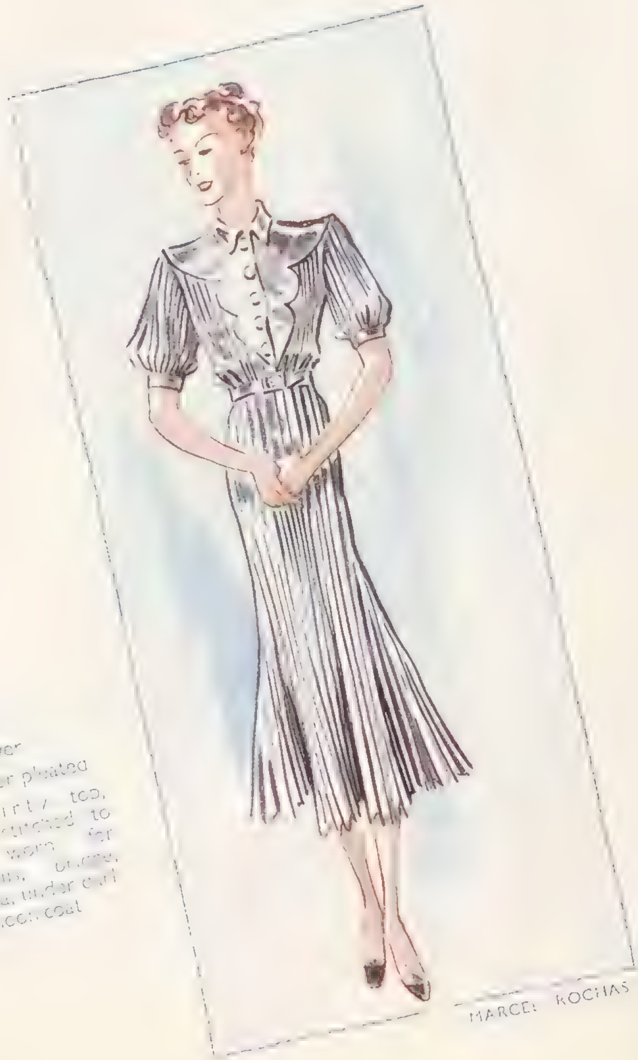
MAINBOCHER



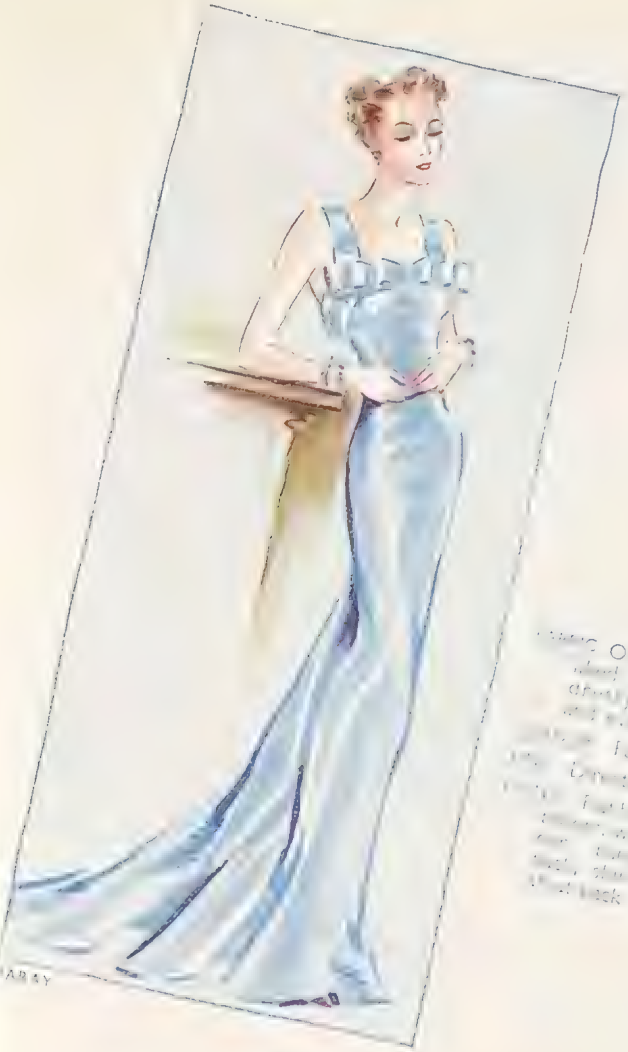
HEIM

FABRIC Woollen
COLOUR Violet and pale mauve
LINE Tunic at back only
POINTS Bunch of parma violets worn one side of the frilled yoke

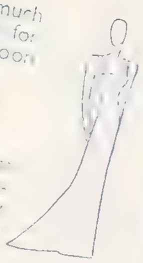
FABRIC Lamé
COLOUR Silver
LINE All over pleated
POINTS Shirty top, pleats stitched to hips, worn for cocktails, [illegible] dances under [illegible] afternoon coat



MARCEL ROCHAS



PARRY

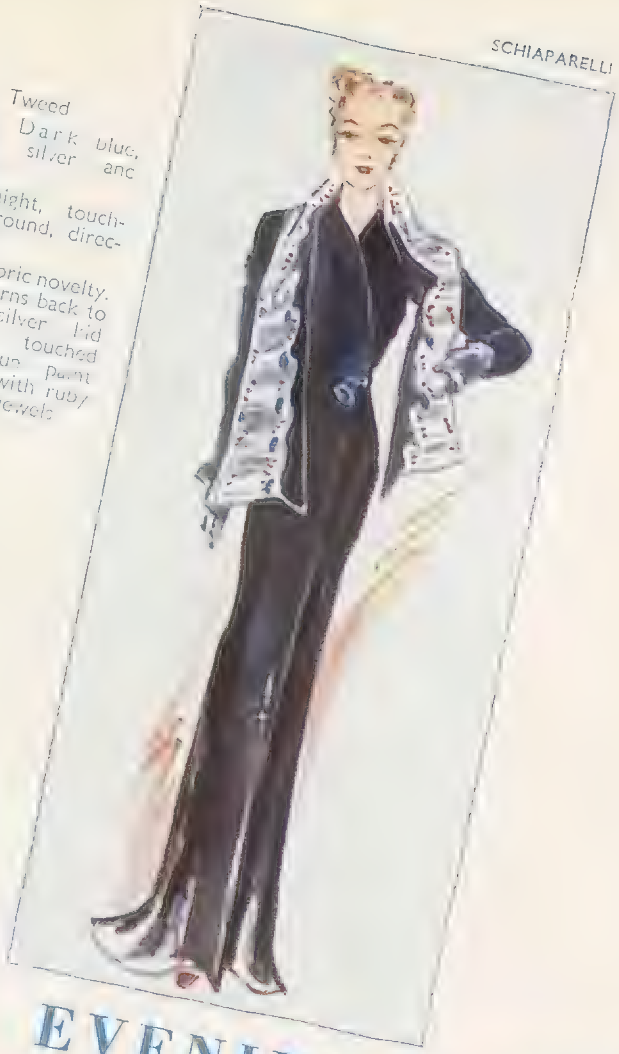


FABRIC Ottoman (much liked material for dressy afternoon and evening)

COLOUR Pale blue

LINE Directoire

POINTS [illegible] low back, skirt fulness at back



SCHIAPARELLI

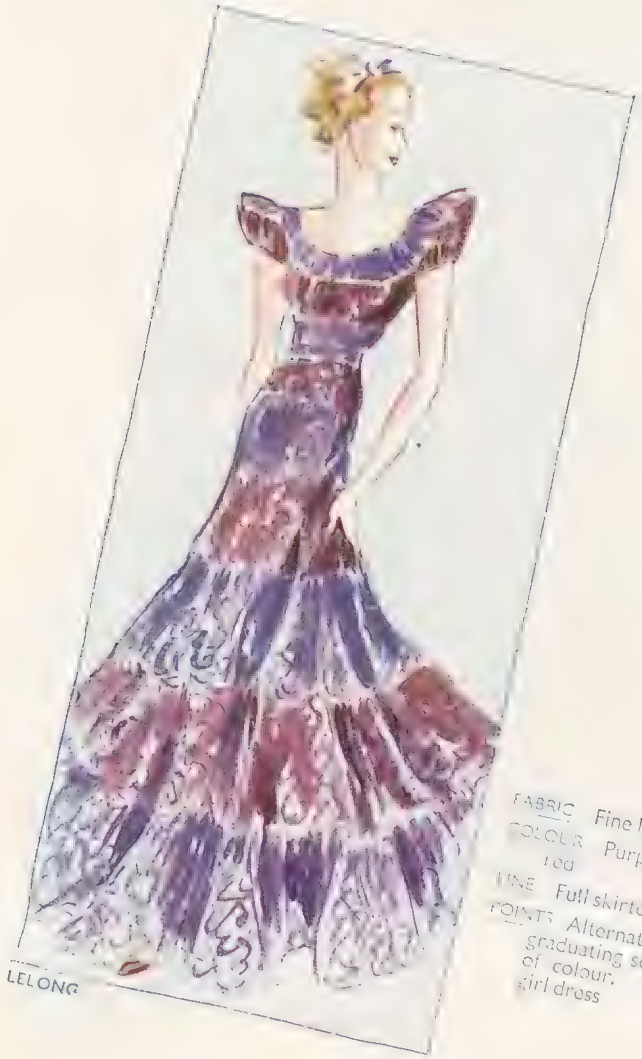
FABRIC Tweed

COLOUR Dark blue, with silver and ruby

LINE Straight, touching ground, directoire

POINTS Fabric novelty. Scarf turns back to show silver kid scrolls touched with blue paint studded with ruby coloured jewels

EVENING GOWNS



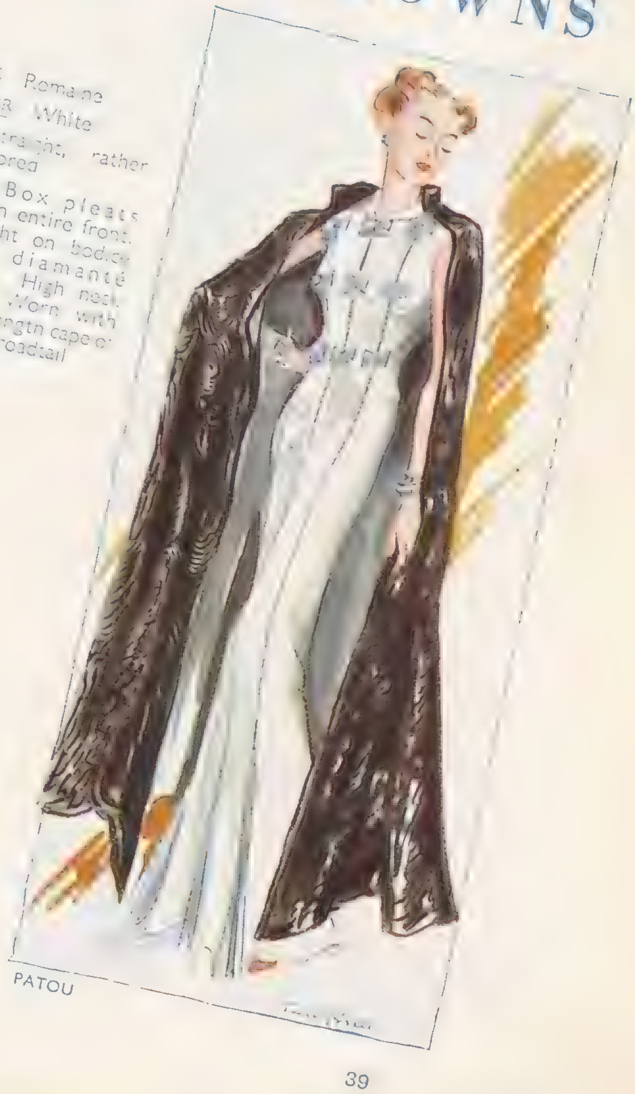
LELONG

FABRIC Fine lace

COLOUR Purple and red

LINE Full skirted

POINTS Alternating and graduating sections of colour. Young girl dress



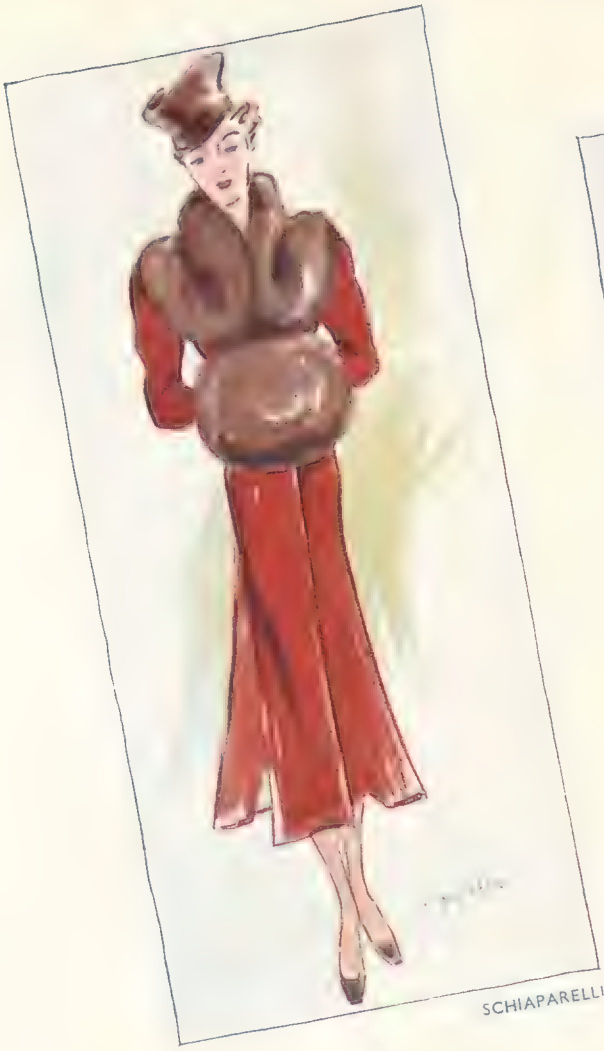
PATOU

FABRIC Romaine

COLOUR White

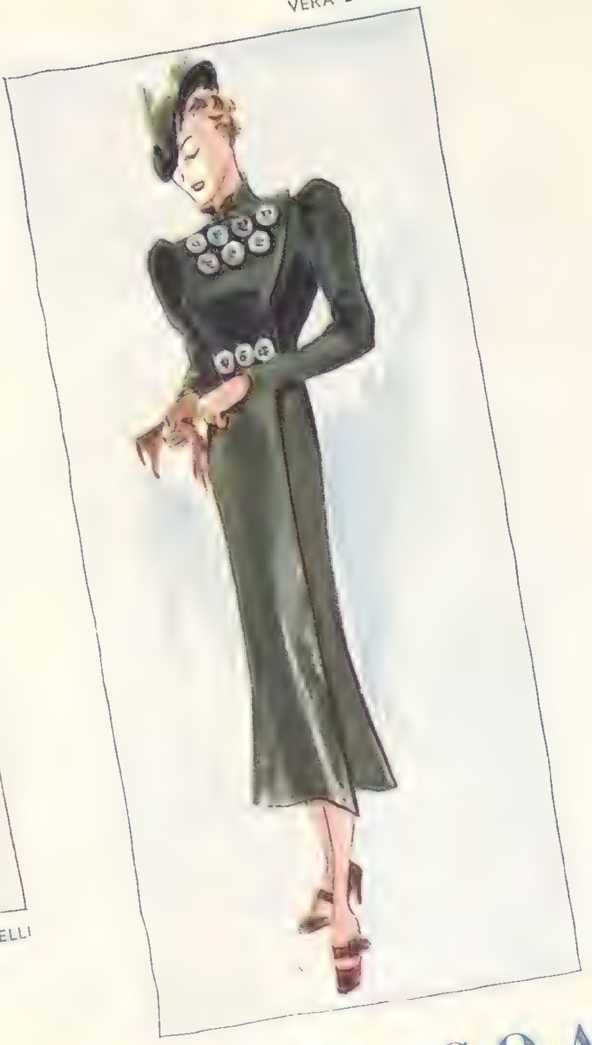
LINE Straight, rather tailored

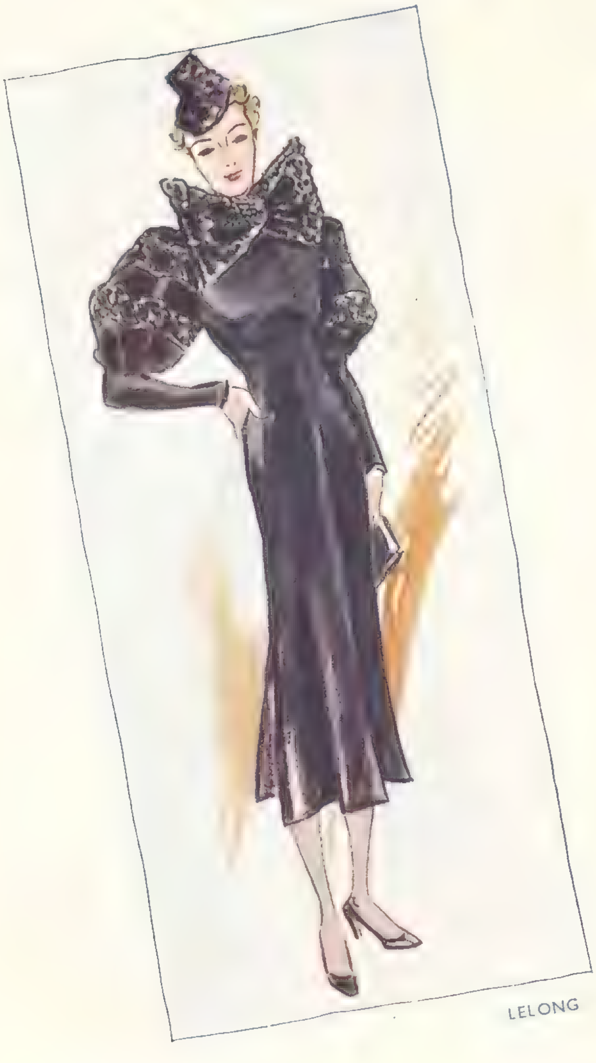
POINTS Box pleats down entire front. Caught on bodice with diamanté bows. High neck line. Worn with floor-length cape of black broadtail



SCHIAPARELLI

VERA BOREA





LELONG

WINTER COATS

FABRIC Woollen
COLOUR Green
LINE Directoire, wide shoulders
POINTS Fine astrakhan effect in weave of fabric. Light blue green porcelain buttons at straight, high throat-line and highish waist *Vera Borea*

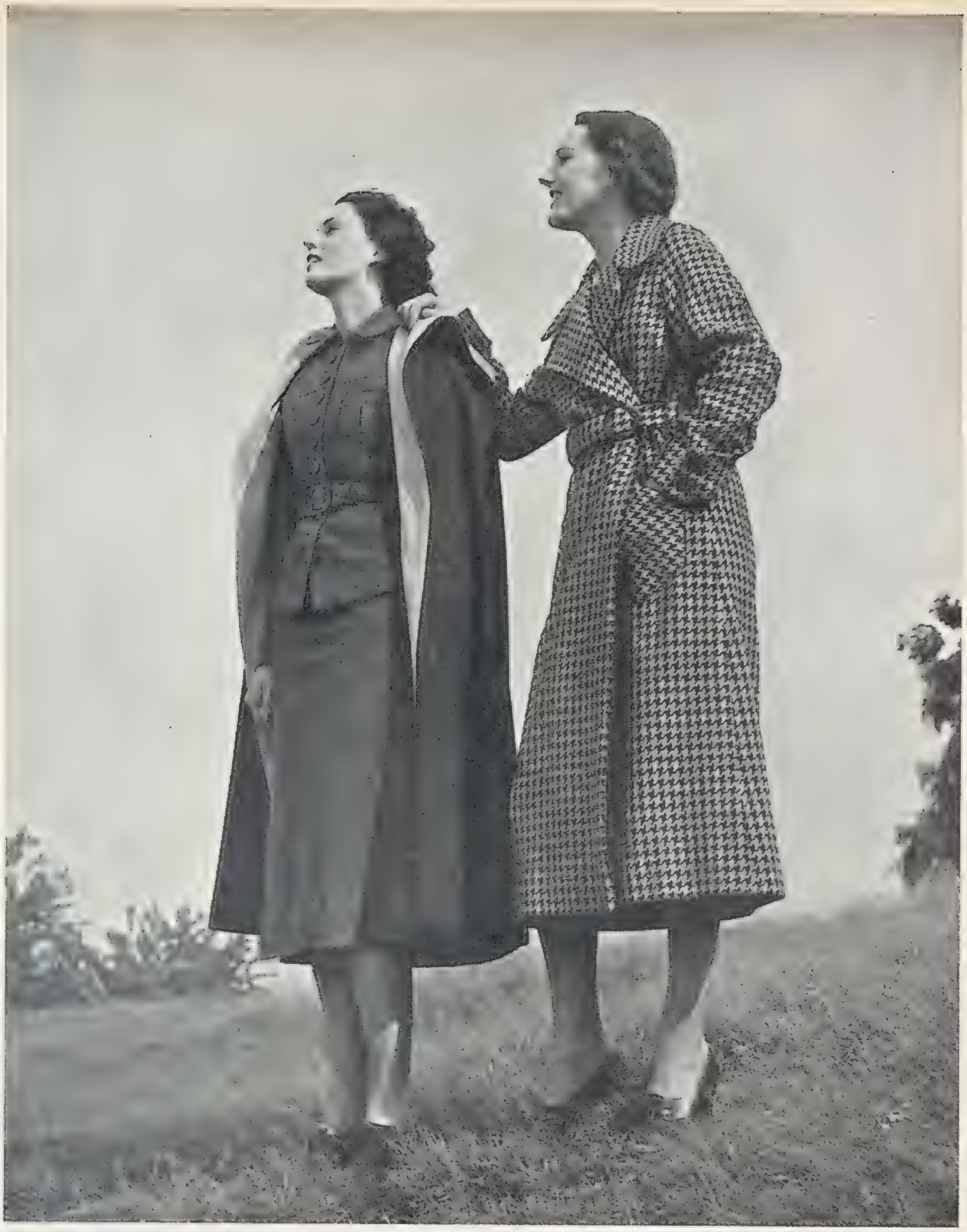
FABRIC Woollen and nutria
COLOUR Brilliant light red
LINE Full skirt, waisted
POINTS Luxurious nutria collar and muff, joined together *Schiaparelli*

FABRIC Woollen
COLOUR Black
LINE Waisted, unbelted, Tudor sleeves
POINTS Black Persian lamb tie, and bands on sleeve tops *Lelong*

If you can take your eyes away from that cape, look at the plain sports suit beneath it. It is tweed, cut à la Norfolk, yoked, with a three strapped back. In front, the collar buttons to the throat, there are four flapped pockets and a buckling belt. Burgundy is the colour. The cape—yes, we have a crush on it too—is reversible. One side the burgundy tweed, the other side, just Burberry. Whichever way you look at it, or wear it, it is smart and grand and serviceable.

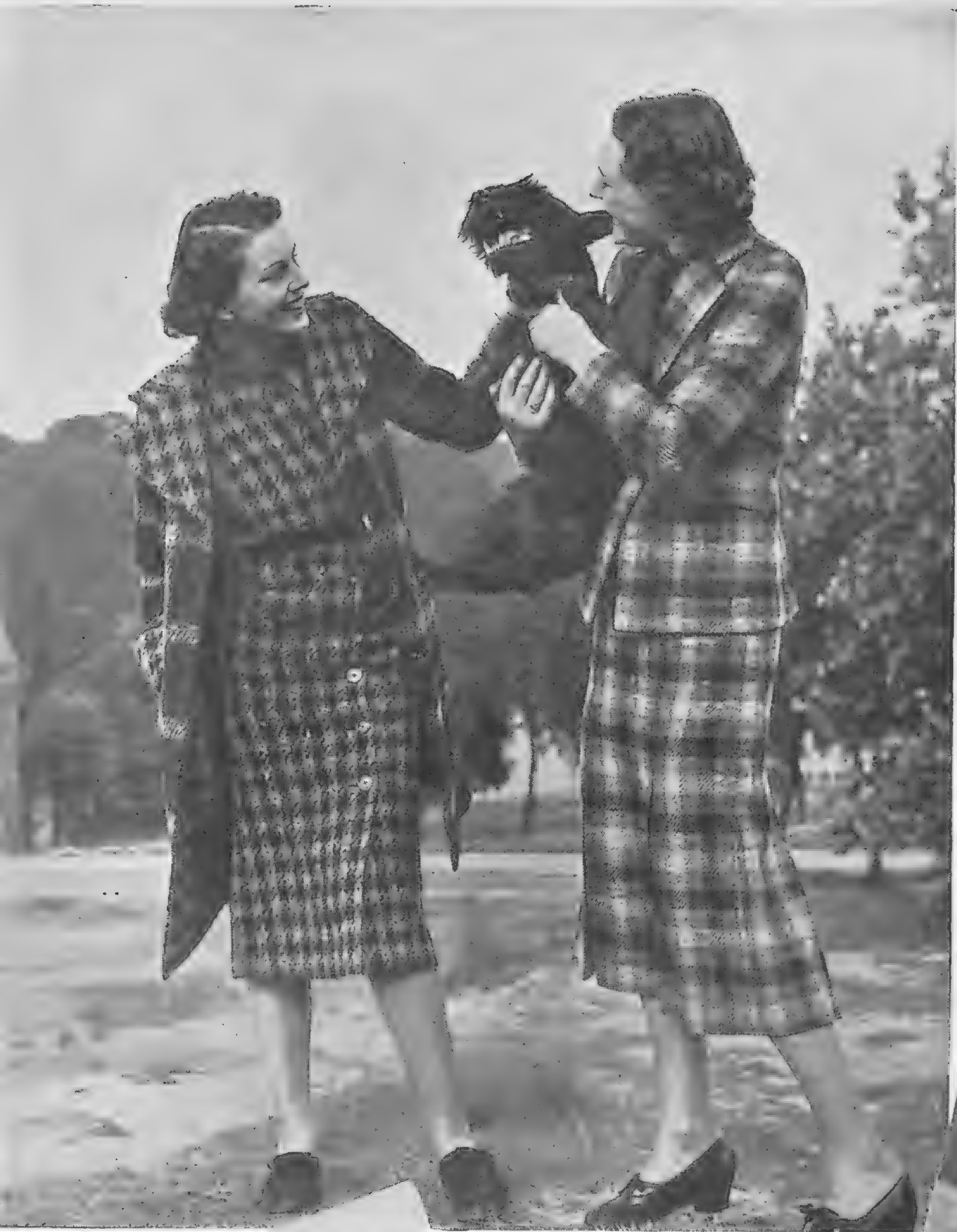
The coat is the sort of nice big country coat which is a credit to your wardrobe and your back. Happy, roomy, cosy, fine for travel, for looking country-elegant in, for sitting down on the grass in. It is dog's tooth check Scotch tweed, dark navy and white, with a big collar, generous armholes, useful pockets and something about the cut.

Both outfits from Burberry's, Haymarket.



COUNTRY DRESSING

COUNTRY DRESSING

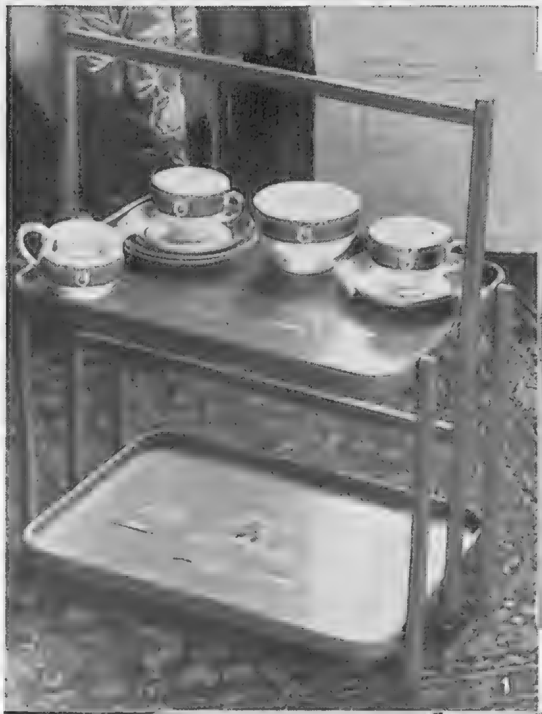


If you are the one who has trouble about a shirt not getting on well with a skirt at the waist line, here (on the girl at the left above) is what you have been sighing for, a pinafore skirt. It is a brown and beige check tweed, flecked with orange, yellow and scarlet. Cunningly, the pinafore top buttons on to the skirt, so you can discard at will. The straight, finger-tip length coat is a larger check, same colourings, with the skirt fabric for the revers, facings, cuffs.

Next door is a good-looking country suit, in tweed plaid, black, white and grey, worn over a short-sleeved black cashmere jersey, as soft as soft. Its features are novelty pockets fastened to the belt, and slits under the skirt's inverted pleats, not noticeable until you start stepping it out, then not only noticeable, but very comfortable

Both outfits from Jaeger, Regent Street.

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application, with stamped addressed postcard for reply, to Editor, Woman's Dept., Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4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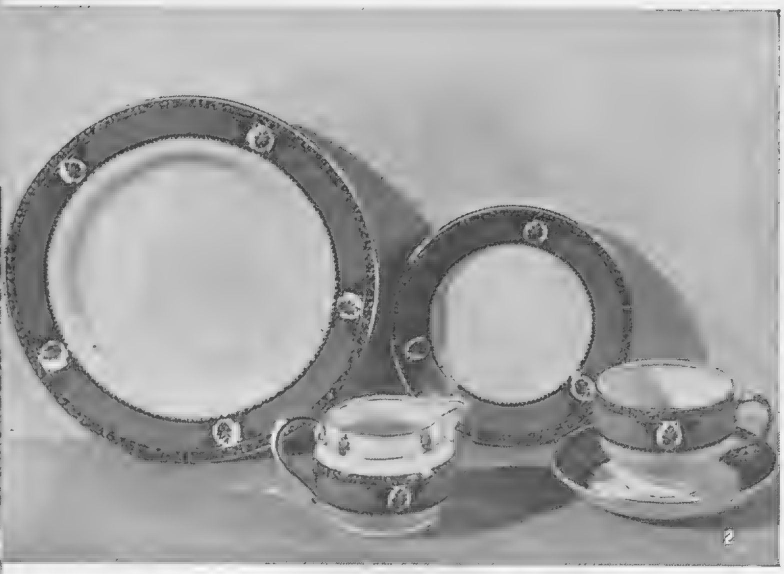
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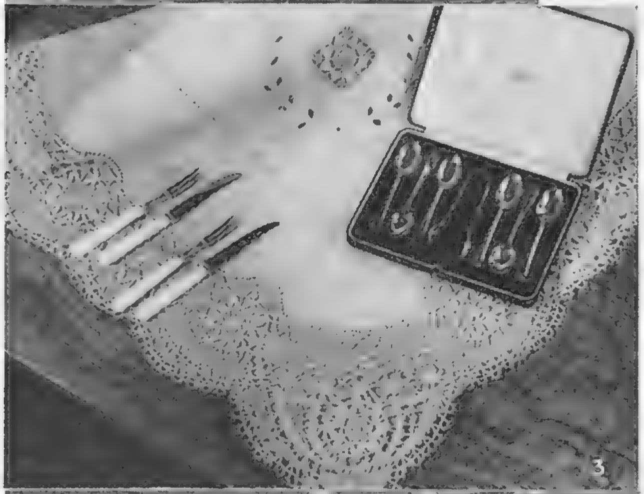
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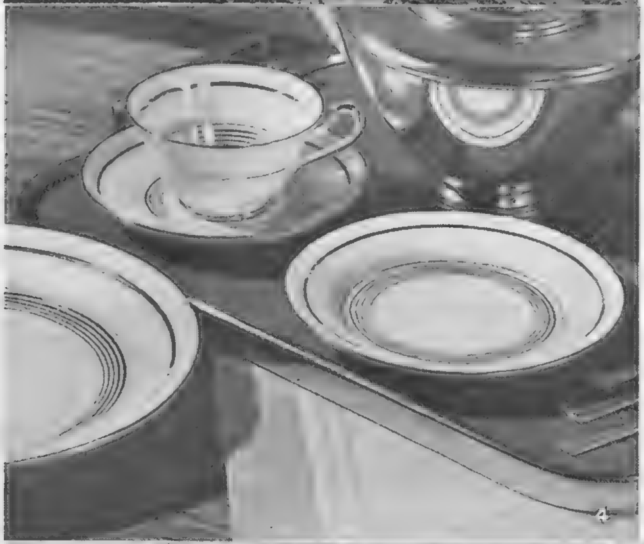
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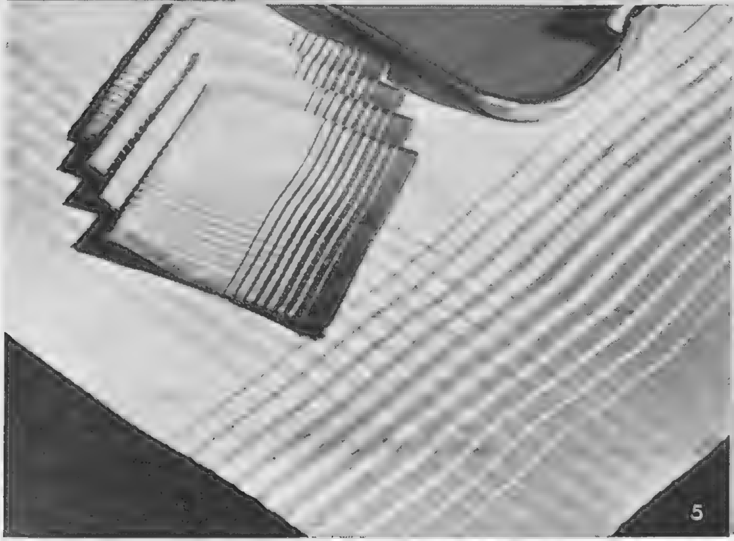
TEA TIME

1. Tray Stand, cellulose and decorated finish, 23/9. Stand folds flat when not in use. The same stand cellulosed, undecorated, 10/-.
2. The band on this China Tea set is mottled blue, the border and small motives old gold, with touches of green, blue and mauve. Twenty-one pieces, 32/6.
3. Hand-made Cluny lace and hand embroidery on a deep cream Irish Linen cloth, 25/-. Tea-knives, 13/9½ for six; Tea-forks, 16/3 for six; Spoons and Tongs, plated, 15/-.
4. Silver circles on purest White China, with a misty shading of green. 36/3 for twenty-one pieces.
5. Rayon Tea (or Breakfast) Set with four napkins, 3/3.
6. Green Servex Trays with chromium edges. 17/- for two, or can be bought separately.

Photographed by Elsie Collins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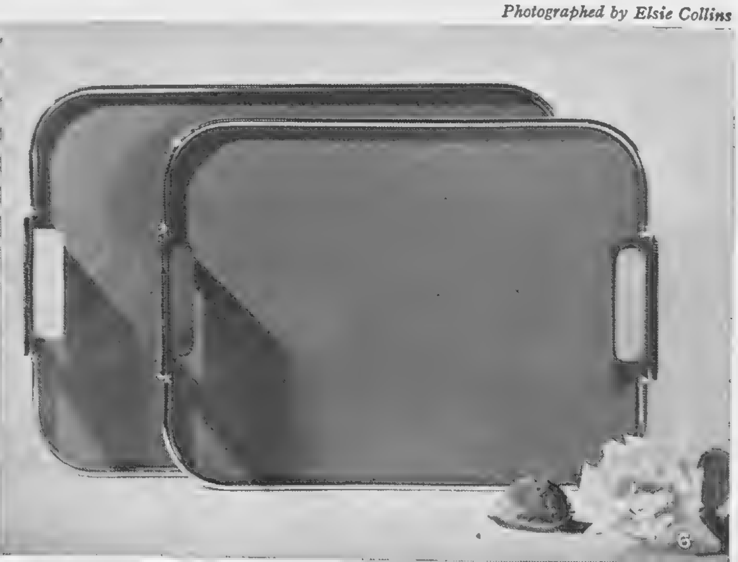
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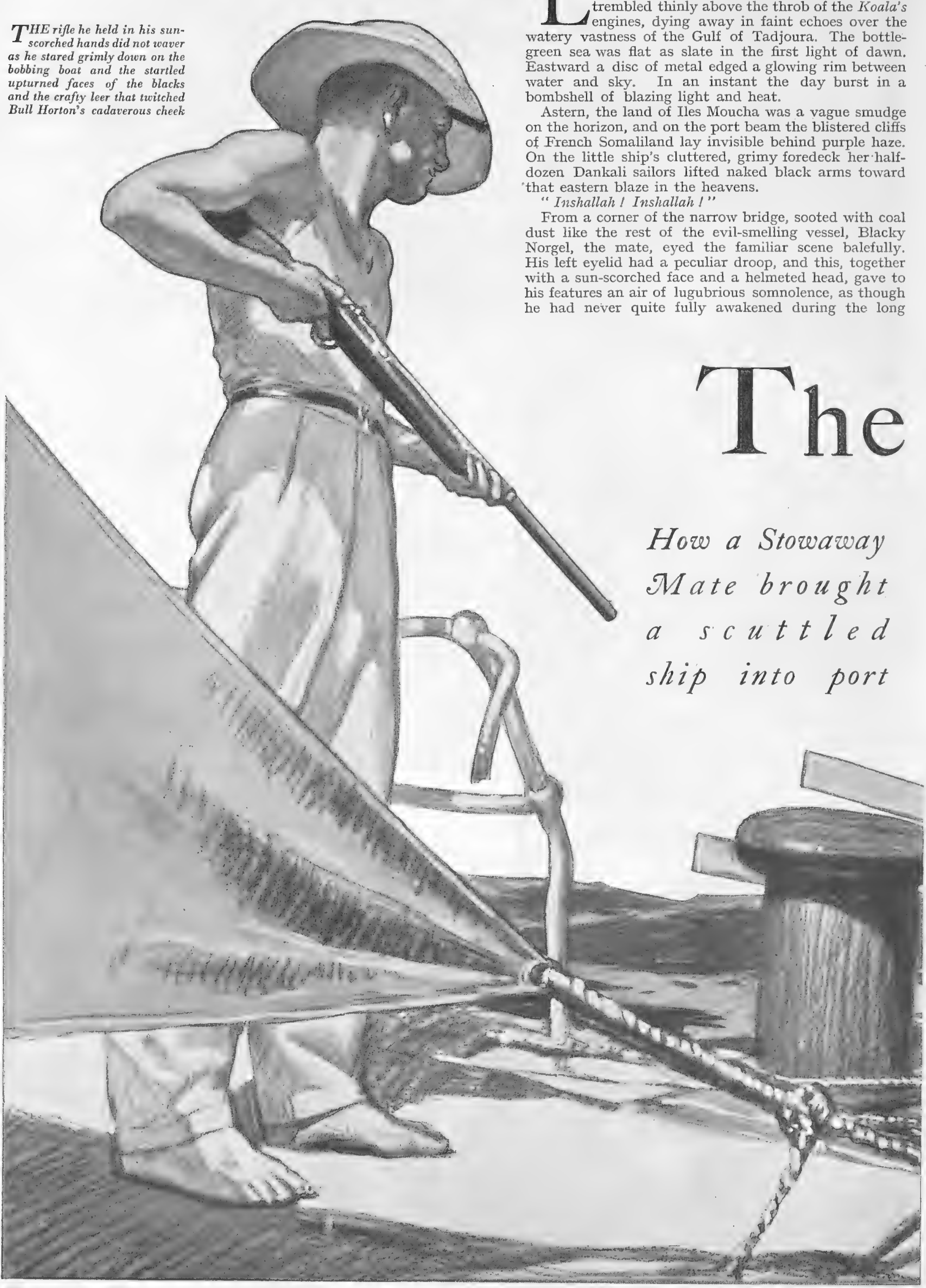
The

How a Stowaway Mate brought a scuttled ship into port



THE rifle he held in his sun-scorched hands did not waver as he stared grimly down on the bobbing boat and the startled upturned faces of the blacks and the crafty leer that twitched Bull Horton's cadaverous cheek

"*LA Illaha illa Allah!*"

The rasping, high-pitched call to prayer trembled thinly above the throb of the *Koala's* engines, dying away in faint echoes over the watery vastness of the Gulf of Tadjoura. The bottle-green sea was flat as slate in the first light of dawn. Eastward a disc of metal edged a glowing rim between water and sky. In an instant the day burst in a bombshell of blazing light and heat.

Astern, the land of Iles Moucha was a vague smudge on the horizon, and on the port beam the blistered cliffs of French Somaliland lay invisible behind purple haze. On the little ship's cluttered, grimy foredeck her half-dozen Dankali sailors lifted naked black arms toward that eastern blaze in the heavens.

"*Inshallah! Inshallah!*"

From a corner of the narrow bridge, sooted with coal dust like the rest of the evil-smelling vessel, Blacky Norgel, the mate, eyed the familiar scene balefully. His left eyelid had a peculiar droop, and this, together with a sun-scorched face and a helmeted head, gave to his features an air of lugubrious somnolence, as though he had never quite fully awakened during the long hours of his night watch. He leaned his skinny forearms on the rail, lips twisted in half a smile, apparently mindless of the stench of rancid butter—smeared liberally on the heads of his prayerful crew as protection against the blistering sun—that permeated the clammy atmosphere. The *Koala*, her wooden hull grimy and black from the years she had engaged in her surreptitious and nefarious trades, was ostensibly bound from the lagoon of Ras Ali on the Danakil coast to the Red Sea ports of Arabia north of Aden and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb with a cargo of holy pilgrims whose stench rose, with the outlandish jabber of Eastern tongues, from her open hatches. In reality, however, there was every possibility that the human freight would wind up very far from the holy goal of Mecca—on coffee and cotton plantations as labour " recruits."

Her engines throbbed asthmatically, trembling the ship's aged timbers as she pulsated eastward through the turquoise swells of the Gulf of Aden. And the dead air, having no power to dissipate the clouds of smoke and soot that belched from her funnel, left a black soil hanging over her like a pall.

The mate's stare lifted languidly from the foredeck and roved the horizon's lip. Suddenly he stiffened, his gaze fastening on a single spot. He blinked his good eye twice, then cursed under his breath. Without taking his stare from the water, he lifted the lid of the binocular box and clapped glasses to his eyes. For a long time he did not stir, his breath whistling through his teeth. Then he spun on his heel, ran to the other side of the bridge which was far aft on the poop, and stomped excitedly on the deck above the master's cabin.

" Hey, Bull ! " he cried. " Come up here. Quick ! "

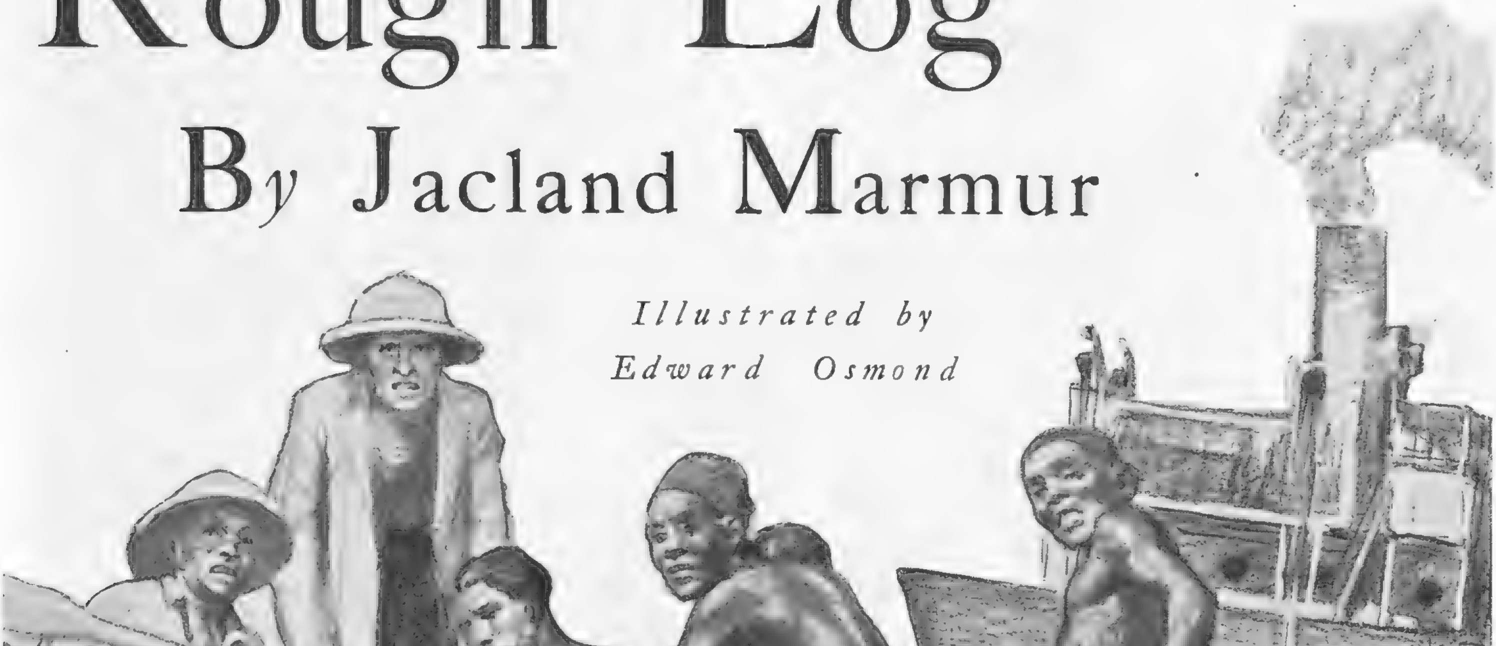
Turning, he barked an order to the Somali helmsman at the open wheel, mopped the sweat from his face with the loose end of his singlet, and, bracing his feet wide as the *Koala* lunged down to the change of course, he glued his glasses again on the distant speck that had first jarred him into such astonishing activity.

He still stood on that raised upper structure aft that served the ship for a bridge when Bull Horton, master and part owner with him of the *Koala*, dragged his sun-withered frame up the starboard ladder. He wore nothing more than a pair of dirty drill trousers and a soiled helmet, his bare feet making no sound as he shuffled across the deck planks thick with fish oil. For a moment he stood without speaking, his hirsute torso swaying to the roll of the ship, arms listless at his sides. Then the drooping pockets of his amber eyes narrowed and his head jutted forward on its bull neck sullenly, like a suddenly aroused beast.

Rough Log

By Jacland Marmur

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond



"What the . . . !"

Norgel lowered the glasses slowly and without a word handed them across. Bull Horton studied the strange craft toward which the *Koala* was moving steadily. Then, turning, he uttered one word.

"Derelict!"

Blacky Norgel's thin lips widened. His drooping eyelid gave to his grin the impression of a diabolic wink. The master puffed out his thick under lip and uttered a chesty grunt. On the foredeck the black sailors, becoming aware also of that apparition of the sea upon which the *Koala* bore down so rapidly, tucked *foutas* between their legs and stood at the rail, jabbering excitedly. On the bridge the two white men stared greedily at their find, visible clearly now to the naked eye.

She was a steamer of perhaps three-thousand tons, riding low in the sea like a waterlogged hulk, with an air of desolation and stark desertion upon her. Flying fish darted like glistening arrows before her rusted bows. Her hawse pipes gaped open and empty, shorn of both anchors. Her rigging and her empty boat falls hung in tattered shreds from her rails like the bedraggled hair of some drowned sea thing. No faintest air of smoke or steam was visible from her funnel. Her mainmast, snapped off above the deck, stuck up like a maimed thumb, and half her stern housing lay scattered in splintered wreckage upon the poop and after well deck. But the most amazing thing about her was the grimy tarpaulins that had plainly been hacked into the semblance of sails and rigged fore and aft from what was left of the mast. Long ropes had been rove for sheets and these were made fast to the rails, one amidships, the other on the forecastle head close by the capstan. In the dead air the grimy home-made sails flapped forlornly. Far down by the head, the derelict drifted aimlessly, the water washing her hull with a loudly possessive noise, her jury rig flapping as she wallowed in the swell.

On board the *Koala* Blacky Norgel nudged his partner. "Easy pickin's, Bull," he whispered gleefully.

Horton shot his mate a sharp glance, mopped his bald pate, and rammed his helmet down again.

"*Bostwick*," he read the craft's name. "Ho! One of Luftner's little hell ships."

"Know her, Bull?"

Horton grunted enigmatically. "Stop the engines!" he barked.

Norgel turned for the little telegraph and jangled it to stop. The *Koala's* engines sputtered and gasped and finally expired. The wash of water grew louder, then fell to a murmurous hissing as she lost headway and took to floundering in the swells.

"Get the longboat away, Blacky, an' a crew of them niggers o' yours. We'll have a look at her."

"Look, Bull!" The *Koala*, lifting on the crest of an oily roller, brought the mate's vision level with the derelict's forecastle head. He clutched Bull Horton's forearm with one hand, while he flung the other outward in an arresting gesture. "Look!"

Close to the anchor engine there, under the rail where the sheet of the improvised jibsail was made fast, a black shape could be seen distinctly now, the only human thing on that forlorn deck, sprawled out full length, face down, with the first rays of the blistering sun ranging back and forth across his back. Bull Horton, following the other's pointing arm, brought his brows down.

"Dead," he growled at last. "Dead's a drowned rat. Get the boat away, Blacky."

THE mate shrugged and dropped to the main deck, snarling orders. Half a dozen of the Dankali sailors leaped for the boat falls. Bull Horton growled an order to the helmsman and dragged himself after his mate.

The small boat took the water with a dull plop, Blacky at the tiller. The small craft cut the swells away from the *Koala's* side, the blacks wide-eyed and excited, Bull Horton and his mate greedily eyeing the scaly sides of their precious find. To their lusty pulling the boat ate up the distance separating the two vessels. Norgel put the tiller over, ready for landing. His mouth opened to shout the command to in oars. But before he gave the order a hoarse and startling cry brought the heads of the men in the boat up sharply.

"Stand clear!"

Norgel cursed. "Dead? He ain't dead yet!"

"No," the grim spectre above them shouted down. "I'm not dead yet."

Wild-eyed, he swayed drunkenly as the *Bostwick* heaved in the long smooth undulations. The full blaze of the sun was on his haggard face and battered body from which hung the shreds of a ragged singlet. His corn-silk hair, grimy and unkempt, drooped against a sweated forehead, and the heavy stubble of red beard gave to his youthful face the appearance of bitter desperation. His eyes burned in dark-ringed sockets like a man who has withstood overlong the torments of the damned. But the rifle he held in his sun-scorched hands did not waver as he stared grimly down on the bobbing boat and the startled, upturned faces of the blacks and the crafty leer that twitched Bull Horton's cadaverous cheek.

"Stand clear!" he ordered again. "Who are you and what do you want?"

Blacky Norgel started up. He wasn't the man to be held in restraint with such a prize in view. But Horton's clutch of his shoulder silenced him. Bull stood up in the sternsheets.

"I'm Captain Horton. This is my mate, Mr. Norgel. Pilgrim ship *Koala* bound for Red Sea ports," he called with uplifted face. "Looks like to me you're in a devil o' a stew. Where you been with the ol' tub? You mate o' her . . . or skipper?"

"Neither!"

"Well, we'll be comin' abroad then and—"

"I said stand clear!" The rifle's muzzle moved threateningly. "The first man lays a hand on a rope to board this ship get lead in his head!"

Bull Horton looked sidewise at his mate, then upward again to the deck of the strange derelict and that surprising fellow who held them at bay.

"You're adrift in distress," his harsh voice boomed. "If you ain't mate or master, the ship's a salvage and——"

"Nor for you she's not! I want a tow across the Gulf into Aden. Want the job?"

"Tow, hell! You think me a fool? Salvage or nothin'!"

"Nothing, then. Shove off!"

"You damned idiot! The ship's derelicted in distress. You can't do nothin' with her alone. We're boarding her for a salvage and——"

"There's no distress signal flying from this ship," the hard brittle voice came down to them. "And there won't be while I'm alive. She's mine. Understand? Mine! Put a foot on this deck and I shoot you down like pirates!"

"To blazes with the crazy fool, Bull," Blacky Norgel grated under his breath. "He's half dead on his feet. What can he do? Easy pickin's, I tell you! She's worth thirty thousand pounds as a salvage if she's worth a crown. Pull alongside!"

Almost imperceptibly Bull Horton nodded his head. Norgel snapped a terse Arabic command. The oars dipped with a blinding flash of reflected sunlight. The boat started forward: but at the second stroke of the sweeps the bitter-eyed man in the *Bostwick's* waist lifted his rifle and fired. The report echoed like a clap of thunder in the narrow cavern of ultramarine sea between the two drifting hulls, and the lead ball sent up a glittering jet of water where it struck.

"I said stand clear! The next time I fire . . . some one'll get hit."

A shriek of terror from the black men at the oars cut the boat's progress short. Once more she drifted in the shadow of the mysterious and half wrecked derelict. Norgel's head shot upward as the report died away.

"You crazy fool!" he fairly shrieked. "We'll——"

"You'll do nothing." The fellow's voice was calmly self-possessed, for all his exhausted condition. Captain Horton could sense the quiet determination of it. He meant what he said! "I want a tow into Aden. What do you say, Horton? I'll pay ten per cent. of the salvage money, whatever it may be. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"That blasted tub's half floundered under your feet right now!"

The man with the rifle nodded. "Right the first guess," he agreed. "What say?" I'll take my chances with her. Is it a tow across the Gulf for ten per cent. of the salvage money on Luftner's hell ship, *Bostwick?* It's that . . . or nothing."

Bull Horton hesitated, weighing possibilities. Then: "Who are you?" he called.

"Roger. Harry Roger, late of Liverpool . . . and the stinking dives of Port Said."

"Stand by, then. We'll go back aboard the *Koala* an' put a line aboard you for a tow. Lord, but you're a stubborn 'un!"

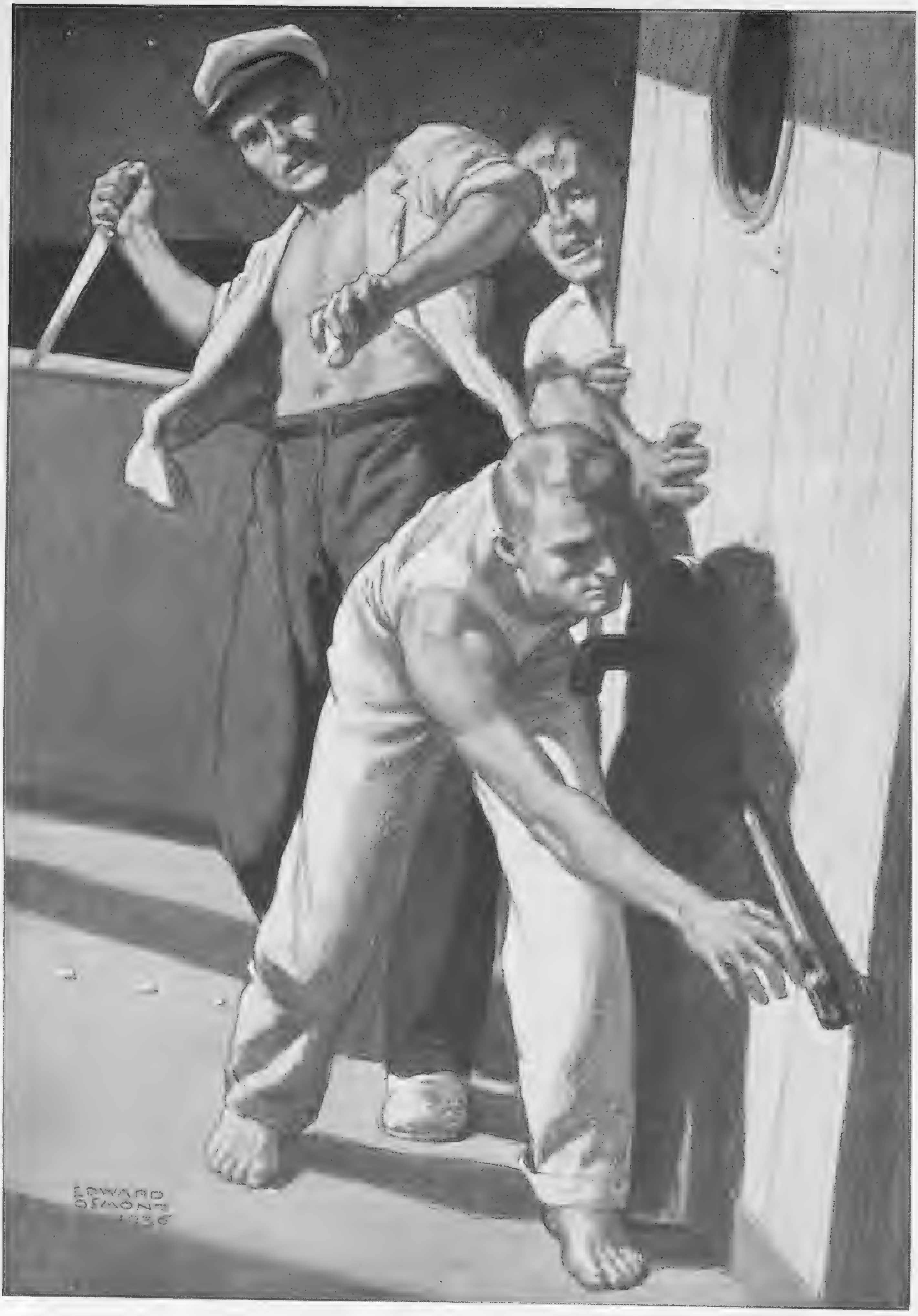
The man with the rifle merely nodded. He remained alert and unstirring as the small boat turned back toward the wallowing, dirty hull of the *Koala*. In the sternsheets Blacky Norgel glared at Horton in undisguised disgust.

"Gone soft, that's what!" he spat out. "We could have rushed him and no one the wiser. One flip and he'd be overside wi' the sharks. Who'd know the difference? How in blazes can we tow that thing into Aden . . . with what *we* got below our hatches?"

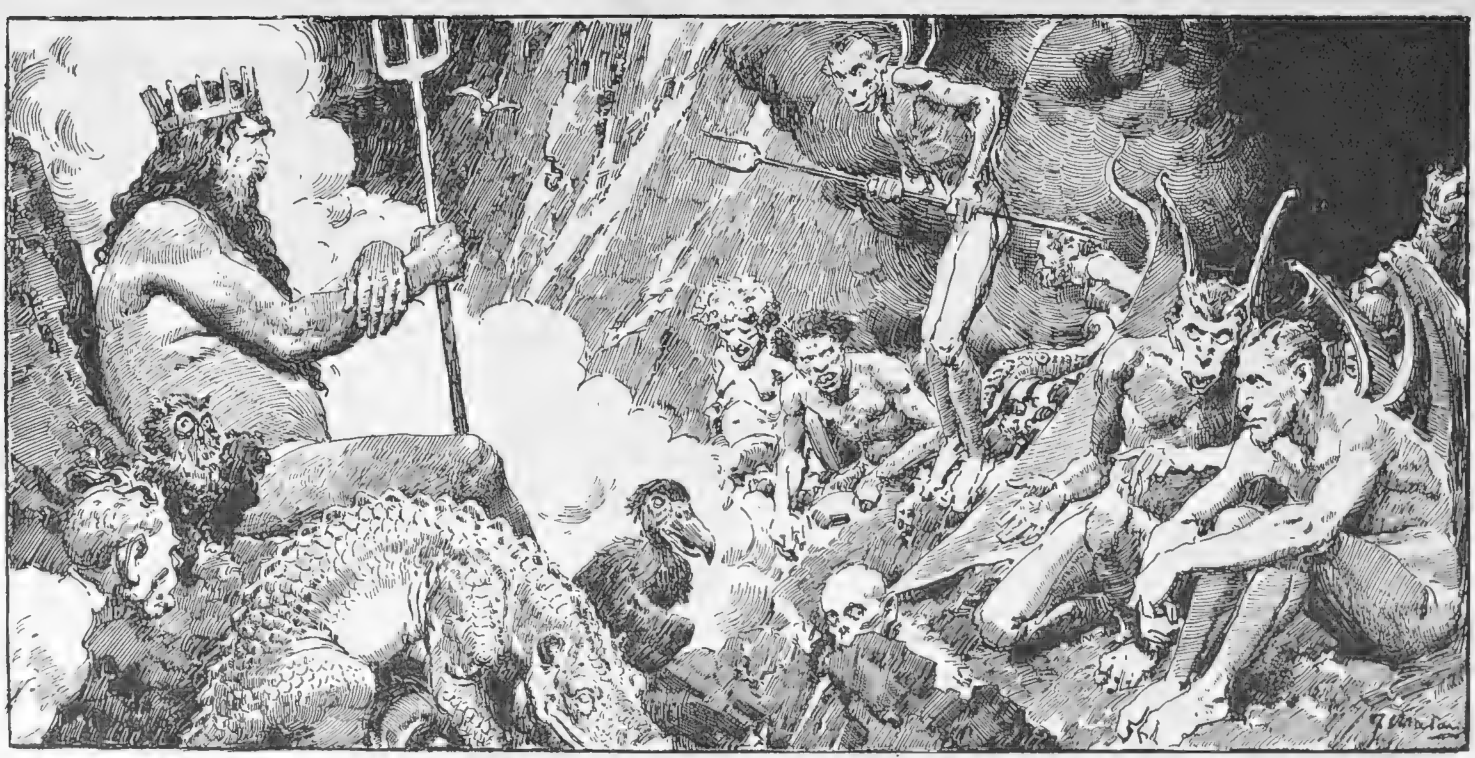
"Easy, Blacky, easy," Bull Horton whispered, grinning a sly grin. "Who says we're goin' into Aden? We're towin' the *Bostwick*—some place. An' when we get there . . . no one has to know we found any one alive in her. Do they now?"

Norgel looked at him in silence for a moment. Then gradually his lips split wide. "Easy

(*Continued on page 122*)


EDWARD
OSMOND
1936

THE djembia came out of his belt. His bare arm drew back swiftly. And as he straightened up the steel blade whirred through the air like a flash of light



Old Tales Re-told

"The Dæmon's Wife" : by Niccolo Machiavelli

Translated and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE prodigious literary output of Niccolo Machiavelli included works of practically every denomination. In addition to his historical records, State papers, letters, essays, poems and plays, there exists also a short story which is remarkable for the originality of its theme and treatment. It is, unfortunately, practically impossible to convey in a translation that delightfully humorous, airy style which distinguished the Florentine writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But in itself the story is worthy of a place beside the Decameron of Boccaccio ; and I offer it as a diverting change from the usual subjects in this series.

IN many of the ancient tales of Florence there is mention of a venerable holy man who, having achieved abstraction of the mind from the body by dint of incessant prayer and meditation, beheld a portentous vision. He saw an endless procession of souls which, outcast from heaven, were on their way to hell. As they went on their doleful way, they lamented most bitterly ; and in all cases the burden of their recriminations was identical. Each one ascribed his present predicament to his folly in having contracted the tie of matrimony.

When these poor souls reached the nether regions, Minos and Radamant and the other judges of the Infernal Tribune were much astonished to hear this general chorus of accusation against the fair sex. At first they refused to believe it, but when they heard that the number of complaints was increasing every day, they reported the whole thing to their king, Pluto.

The matter appeared to be of some importance, so the king decided to call a meeting of all the princes of hell, in order to examine the position from every possible angle.

His Majesty addressed the council in the following words : "My children,—although I possess neither celestial nor earthly power, by divine and irrevocable command I am the ruler of these infernal regions. I wish to set an example of fairmindedness to all my subjects by conferring with you on a matter which, if neglected, may seriously impair the reputation of our Empire. I am informed that every man who has forfeited his soul and has therefore been compelled to seek protection under my ægis, attributes the reason for his downfall to his *wife*. I myself am loth to uphold such universal condemnation, but I foresee that a rash judgment either way may call down upon us the libellous criticism of being too harsh or too hasty. I appeal, therefore, to your wisdom to preserve for this kingdom in the future the fair name which it has always had in the past."

Every member of the Infernal Court realised the importance of the matter and agreed that it was worthy of the most careful consideration. But opinions differed as to the best means of ascertaining the truth. Some advised sending a reliable demon on to the earth in human form, so that he might make personal inquiries. Others were against taking so much trouble and suggested that a few souls should be put to the torture and a confession obtained from them of the actual state of affairs.

Eventually the scheme of sending a demon on earth was decided upon. But the idea of visiting this world proved rather distasteful, and no one would volunteer for the enterprise. So they decided to draw lots.

Out of the urn came the name of the archdevil Belphagor—he who had been an archangel fallen from heaven.

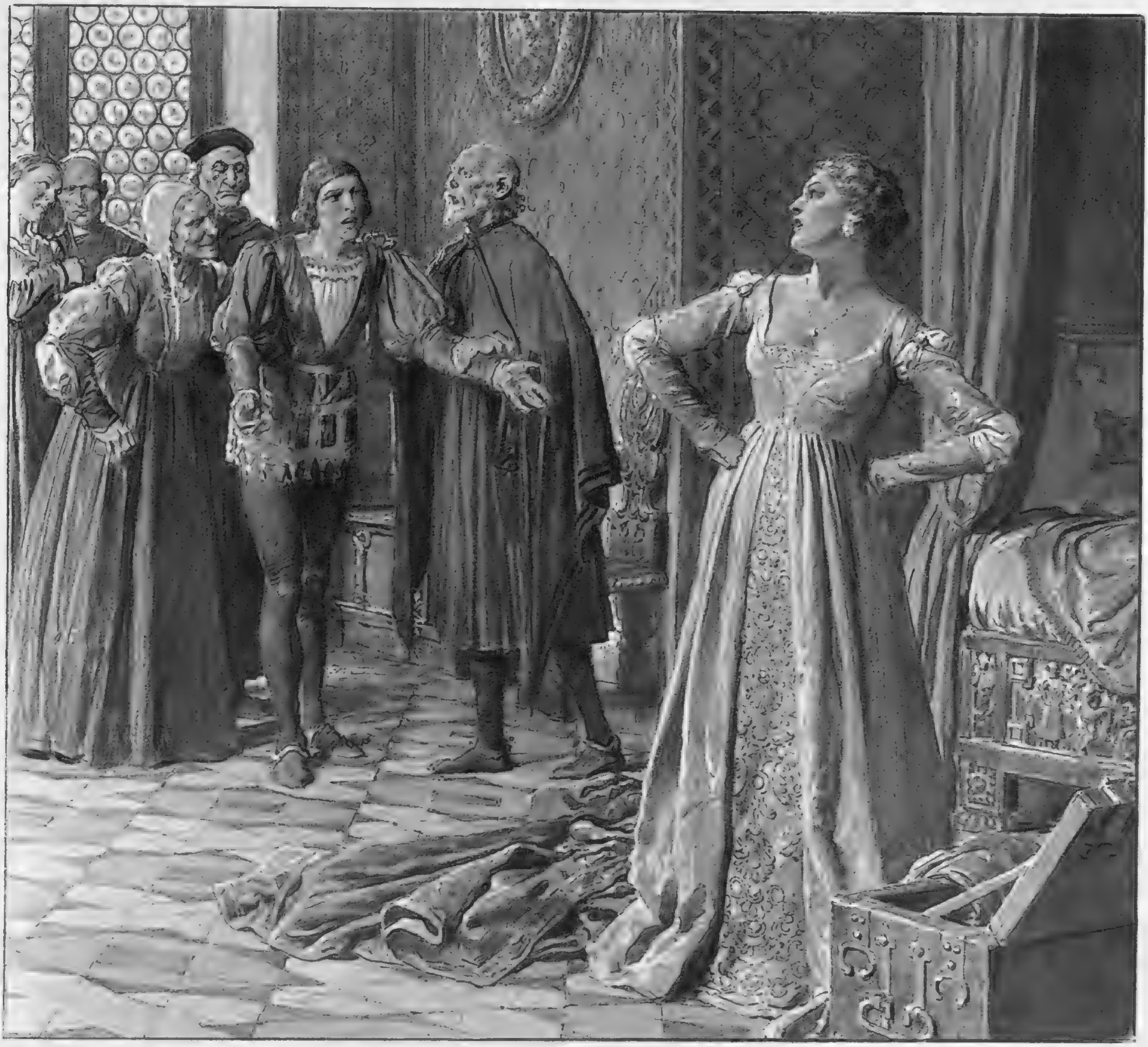
Very unwillingly Belphagor submitted to his fate and agreed to follow the council's instructions. The plan was that the appointed demon should assume the shape of a man, that he should be provided with a hundred thousand ducats, come on to the earth and take a wife. He should live with her for ten years, after which, feigning death, he should leave the world and return to hell to make a report on the burdens and disadvantages of marriage.

It was decided, also, that he must be subject to every trouble with which humanity is afflicted. Poverty, imprisonment, disease—he should be liable to them all ; but he might employ his natural cunning and resourcefulness in order to escape from such of them as he could.

Armed with these instructions and the hundred thousand ducats, Belphagor arrived on earth and had soon provided himself with horses, servants and a full equipage fit for the entry of an important personage into Florence.

He had chosen that city because it was one in which the trade of the money-lenders flourished, and in which therefore he might invest his money most profitably. He assumed the name of Roderigo di Castiglia, and rented a house in the Borgo d'Ognisanti.

His story was that he had left Spain when still a child, had been brought up in Aleppo, and had journeyed thence to



Every quarrel provided an occasion for the intervention of the father-in-law, the brothers, sisters, and other relatives, who all tried to make peace between them

Italy—the most civilised of countries—for the express purpose of choosing a wife suitable to his birth and social standing.

HE was an extremely handsome man of thirty years of age. Within a short space of time his wealth, his generosity and his personal charm attracted the attention of several noble citizens with many daughters and little money.

Out of many eager candidates, Roderigo's choice fell on a beautiful girl called Onesta, daughter of Messer Amerigo Donati. This gentleman, who had three more daughters to marry off, and two sons needing a start in life, was of the highest lineage but, on account of his extensive family, extremely poor.

The marriage was celebrated with all the magnificence afforded by Roderigo's wealth, and everything augured well for the future.

We must point out, however, that when Roderigo left his infernal abode, he lost the high qualities of respectable demonhood. In assuming human shape, he assumed also every human passion and weakness. Soon he began to gloat over the honours bestowed upon him and to enjoy every worldly pleasure. He loved praise, even to the point of spending large sums of money in the gratification of his vanity.

During his honeymoon he fell so much in love with his young wife that he would become tortured with grief whenever the smallest unhappiness clouded the brightness of her lovely eyes.

But alas, it presently began to appear that the charming Monna Onesta, on taking up her duties as mistress of Roderigo's household, had become somewhat overwhelmed by the pomp and importance of her position. She developed, indeed, an arrogance which, in the unassailable judgment of Roderigo himself, could only be compared with that of Lucifer. And when she perceived the blind passion which she had aroused in her husband, she assumed a complete ascendancy over him. She ordered him about and, if he denied her the smallest thing, she did not hesitate to lash him with her virulent tongue. Nothing could have been more painful to the patient Roderigo, especially since every quarrel provided an occasion for the intervention of the father-in-law, the brothers, sisters, and other relatives, who all tried to make peace between them. They would point out the obligations of holy matrimony, trade upon his love for her, and invariably assist Monna Onesta to terminate the dispute by procuring her own way.

Enormous expenses were incurred. She was particularly extravagant in her dress, for the fashions in Florence were continually changing. And later on, in proof of his desire to please her, Roderigo even assisted her father to marry off the other daughters, by providing each one with a generous dowry. But even this was not enough. The two brothers must have their start in life. Roderigo accordingly set up one as a merchant in drapery and the other as a stockbroker.

There were also the carnival festivities, during which Monna Onesta's banquets and receptions surpassed all others in splendour.

Costly as these burdens were, however, Roderigo would have borne them uncomplaining had they ensured even a modicum of domestic peace. But alas, so overbearing was the nature of this beautiful virago that there was never anything but trouble. No servant would remain for more than a few days, and soon it became impossible to get one at all. Roderigo had originally brought with him several demons, who served him in human shape ; but when these had had some experience of the nature of their mistress, they too departed, observing, with all due respect to their master, that they preferred to go back to the eternal flames rather than remain in the service of such a woman.

With all these extravagances and upheavals, Roderigo soon found himself penniless. His only hope lay in the interest due on the capital he had laid out on his brothers-in-law. Relying implicitly on these investments, he began to borrow money in order to keep up appearances.

But, once in the clutches of the usurers, he found himself embroiled with all the rest of the pernicious swarm of bloodsuckers and unscrupulous lawyers with which Florence abounded.

And then news arrived that one of the brothers-in-law had gambled away every ducat that he had been entrusted with, and the other had lost his life when his ship, full of uninsured merchandise, was wrecked in a storm.

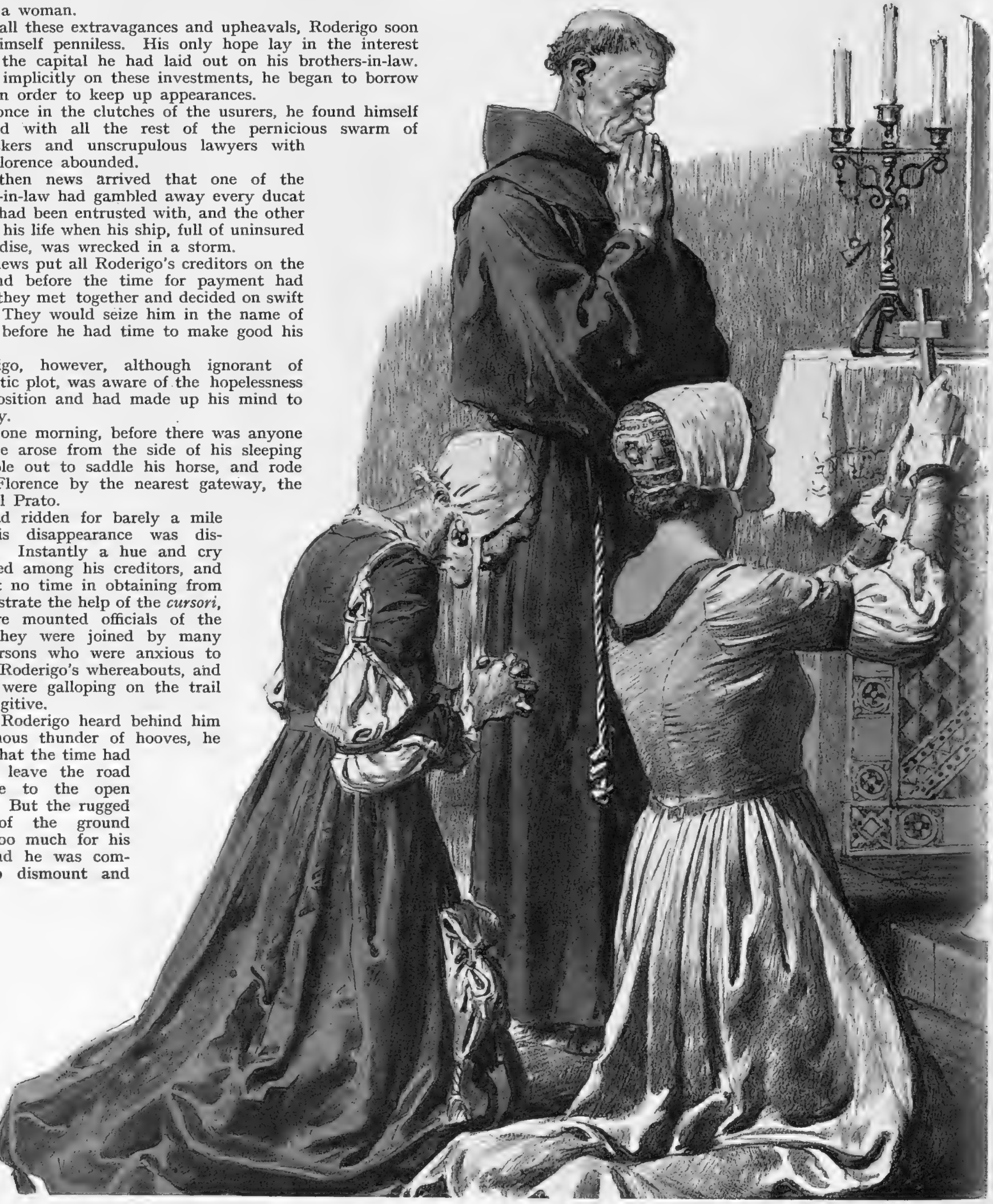
This news put all Roderigo's creditors on the alert, and before the time for payment had expired they met together and decided on swift action. They would seize him in the name of the law before he had time to make good his escape.

Roderigo, however, although ignorant of this drastic plot, was aware of the hopelessness of his position and had made up his mind to run away.

Early one morning, before there was anyone about, he arose from the side of his sleeping wife, stole out to saddle his horse, and rode out of Florence by the nearest gateway, the Porta del Prato.

He had ridden for barely a mile when his disappearance was discovered. Instantly a hue and cry was raised among his creditors, and they lost no time in obtaining from the magistrate the help of the *cursori*, who were mounted officials of the law. They were joined by many other persons who were anxious to discover Roderigo's whereabouts, and soon all were galloping on the trail of the fugitive.

When Roderigo heard behind him the ominous thunder of hooves, he realised that the time had come to leave the road and take to the open country. But the rugged nature of the ground proved too much for his horse, and he was compelled to dismount and seek safety on foot. Running, stumbling, leaping the shallower declivities, and taking cover at every sound, he eventually reached the village of Pretola in a pretty state of exhaustion. He stopped at a farm, where he saw a man feeding his oxen. Engaging him in conversation, he learned that his name was Gio Matteo del Bricca, and that he was in the service of Giovanni del Bene. He explained his predicament to Gio Matteo, and added that if he would save him from the hands of those who would throw him into a debtor's prison to die, he would make a rich man of him.



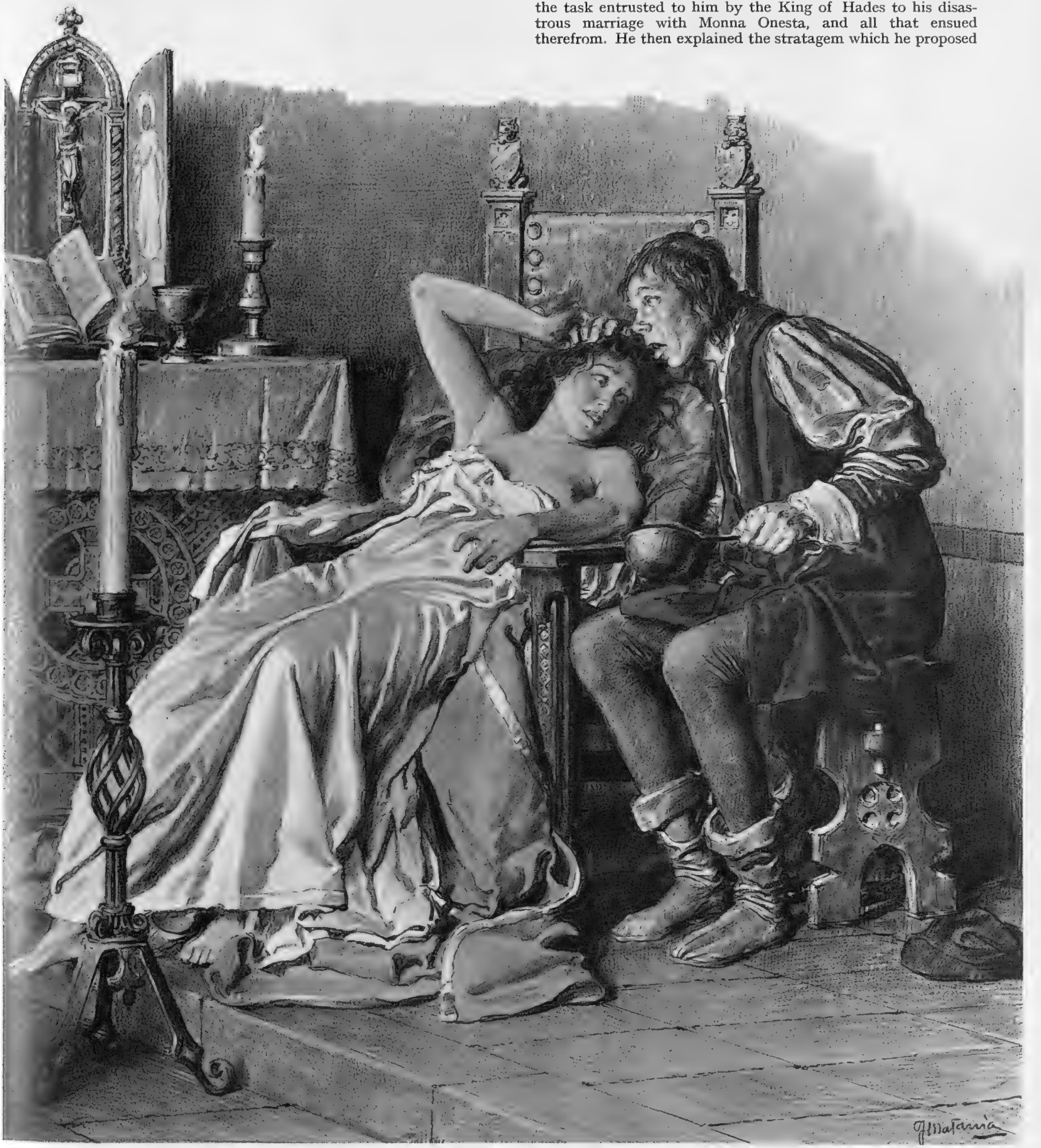
HE ordered mass to be performed and, in order to create a
invention. Then he whispered in his patient's ear the

Furthermore, he said, should he fail to fulfil this promise, Gio Matteo would have the right to hand him over to his pursuers.

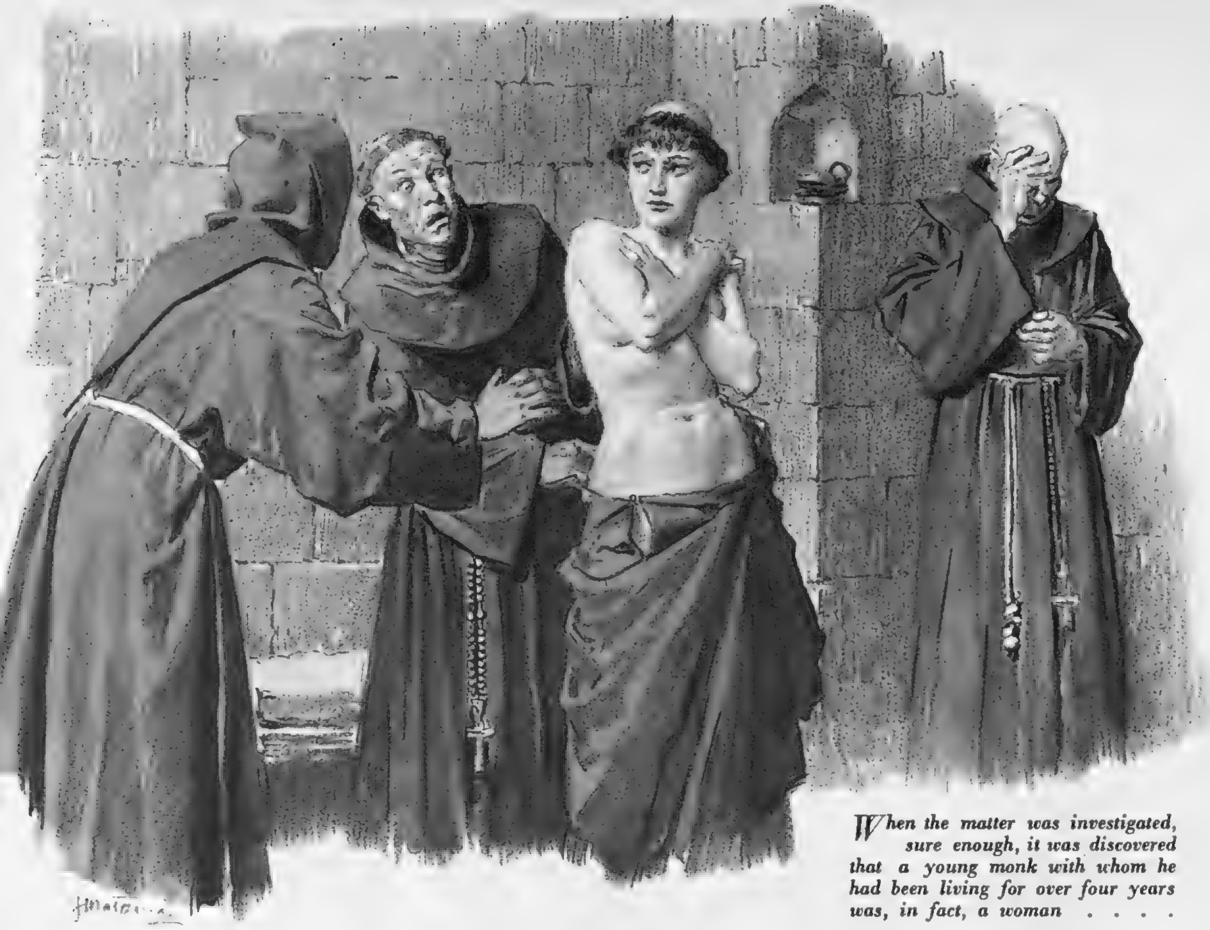
The countryman was shrewd enough to realise that he had nothing to lose by trying, so he accepted the bargain and pushed the desperate Roderigo under a heap of manure and dry branches which were stacked ready for burning. Scarcely was the fugitive hidden than his pursuers rode up to the spot.

They submitted Gio Matteo to a harrowing examination, threatening him with every sort of penalty if he lied; but they could get no information out of him, and presently, after a vain search of the premises, they turned back towards Florence, weary and chagrined.

THE danger being safely past, Gio Matteo demanded the reward which he had so richly deserved. To which Roderigo replied: "My good brother, I am enormously indebted to you. Rest assured that I will fulfil my obligation, whatsoever may be the means I shall adopt in order to bring it about. Do you know who I am?" And here he made a frank and complete confession of all his adventures, from the task entrusted to him by the King of Hades to his disastrous marriage with Monna Onesta, and all that ensued therefrom. He then explained the stratagem which he proposed



greater impression, he went through certain ceremonies of his own following words: "Roderigo, I am here. Keep your promise, now"



When the matter was investigated, sure enough, it was discovered that a young monk with whom he had been living for over four years was, in fact, a woman . . . .

to adopt in order to make Gio Matteo a wealthy man. The plan was to be carried out in the following manner.

Gio Matteo would hear in due course that a certain woman was possessed of a demon. He would understand at once that it was he, Roderigo, who had entered her body, and that he would not relinquish possession until Gio Matteo came forward to exorcise her; after which the patient would be freed of the demon, and Matteo would be credited with having effected a miraculous cure and could ask for any reward that he thought fit.

With these words Roderigo took leave of the dumbfounded Gio Matteo and went his way.

Ere many days had elapsed, it was being rumoured all over Florence that Messer Ambrogio Amedei's beloved daughter, recently married to the wealthy Buonaiuto Tebalducci, was possessed of a devil. The distracted relatives had exhausted all the remedies that were generally used in such circumstances, including enveloping the girl in the mantle of San Giovanni Gualberto and putting her head in the skull of San Zenobi. But Roderigo had frustrated all their efforts.

In order that the complaint could not be attributed to any other than the demoniacal cause, he made the girl talk fluent Latin. He enabled her to discuss intricate problems of philosophy and, most amazing of all, he made her bring to light the private delinquences of many hitherto blameless persons. Amongst other things, she denounced a certain monk for keeping a woman in his cell, and when the matter was investigated, sure enough, it was discovered that the young monk with whom he had been living for over four years was, in fact, a woman, whose seductive charms had been successfully hidden under the holy cassock!

All this created general astonishment, but brought the patient no nearer a cure, and the unhappy father had almost given up hope, when Gio Matteo knocked at his door. He gave a firm undertaking to succeed where everyone else had failed, asking in return a reward of five hundred florins, so that he could buy a farm at Pretola.

The condition was immediately accepted by Messer Ambrogio, and the countryman set about his task.

He ordered mass to be performed and, in order to create a greater impression, he went through certain ceremonies of his own invention. Then he whispered in his patient's ear the following words: "Roderigo I am here. Keep your promise, now."

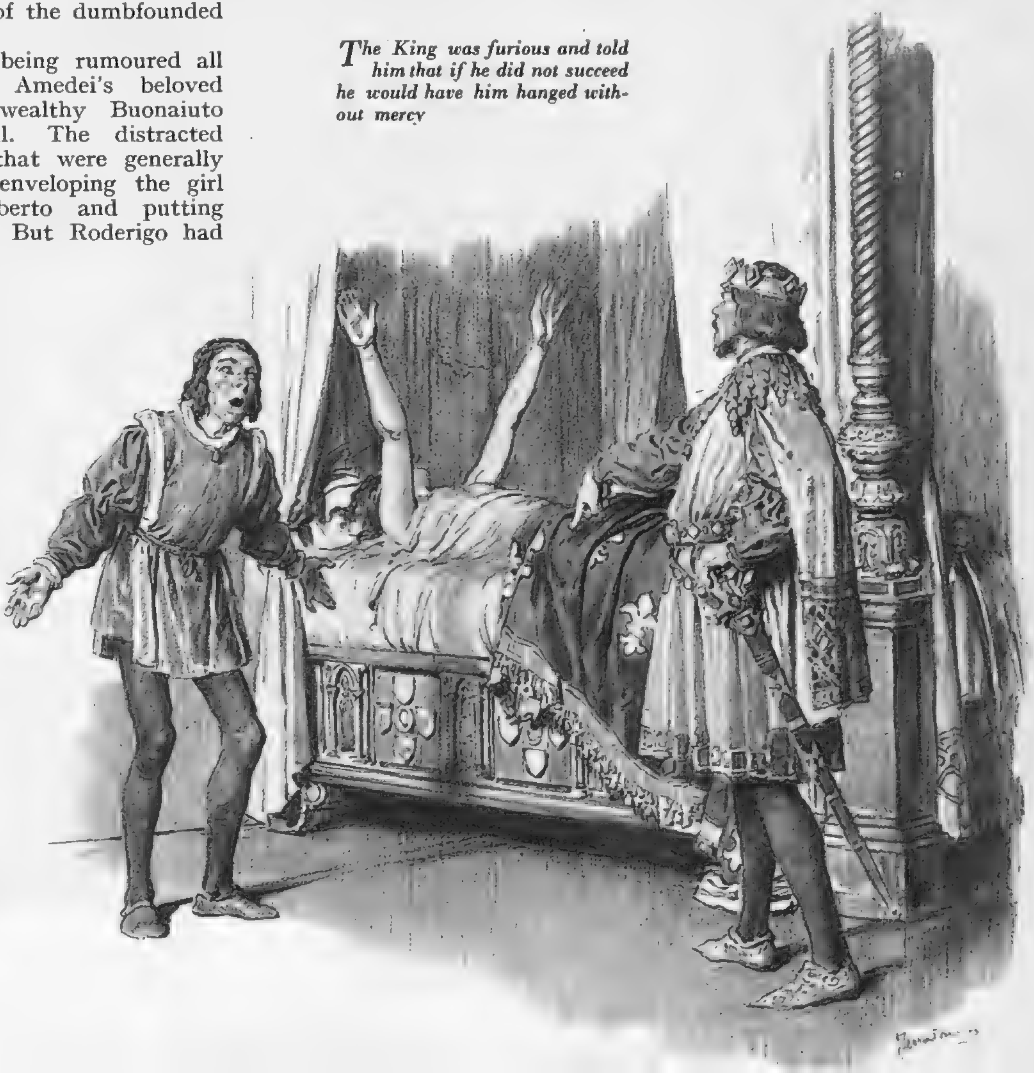
To this Roderigo replied: "I am glad you came. But what you have asked is not sufficient to make you a rich man, so, when I leave this girl, I will enter the body of the daughter of King Carlo of Naples, and there I will stay until you come. For this cure you can ask a much larger recompense. *But you are to make no further calls upon me.*"

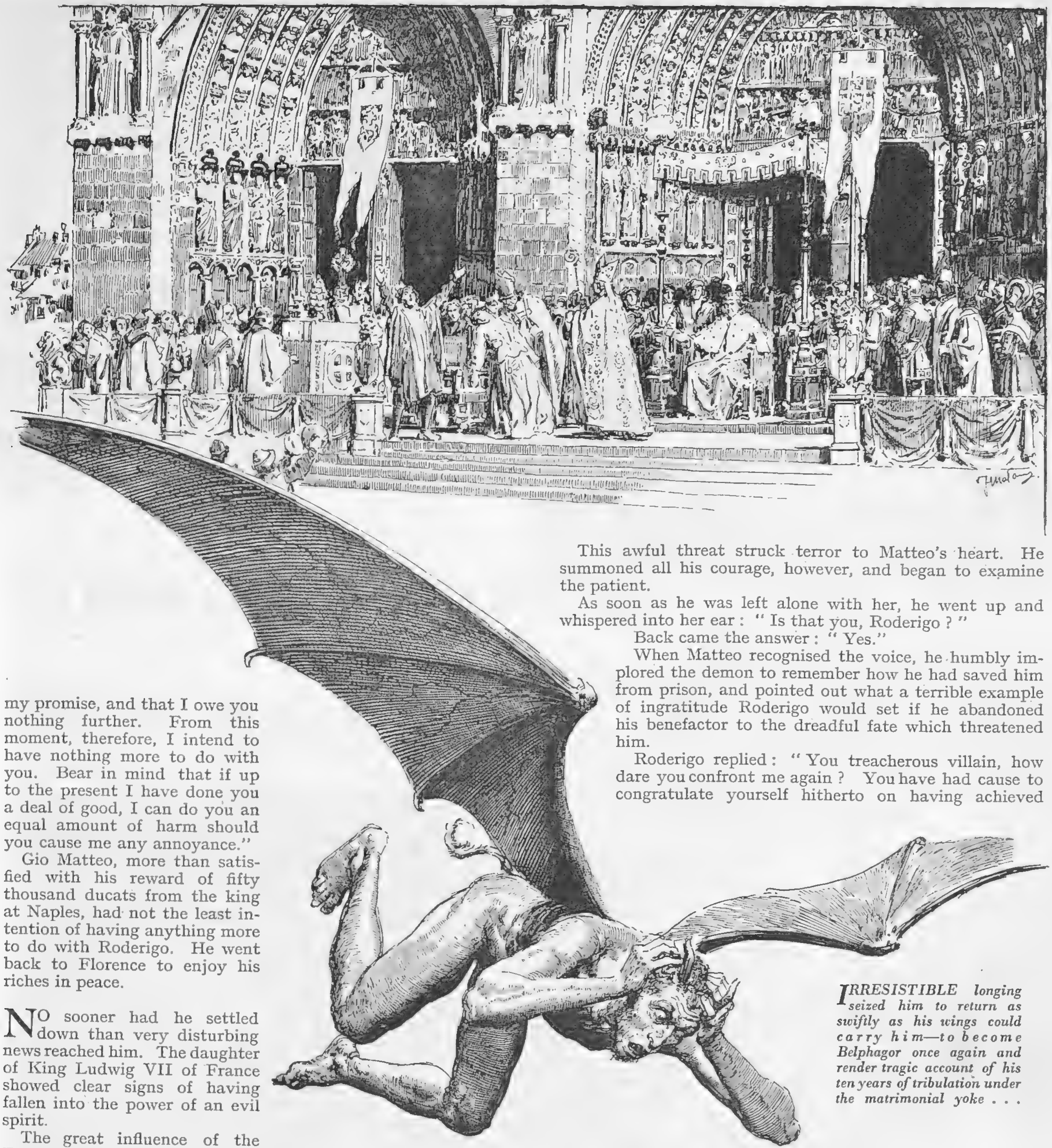
The patient became straightway free of her terrible affliction and returned safe and sound to her overjoyed family, while Gio Matteo found himself the most sought-after man in Florence.

SOME time after this the news spread all over Italy that the royal princess of Naples had fallen victim to a terrible illness very similar to that of Messer Ambrogio's daughter. The clergy had been helpless to combat the diabolical seizure. So King Carlo, who had heard about Gio Matteo, sent to Florence, requesting him to come and treat his daughter.

Matteo travelled to Naples in the utmost luxury, where he went through the same procedure as before. He achieved a success that seemed nothing short of a miracle, but Roderigo, before taking his leave, managed to whisper to him the following warning: "You will agree that I have now redeemed

The King was furious and told him that if he did not succeed he would have him hanged without mercy





IRRESISTIBLE longing seized him to return as swiftly as his wings could carry him—to become Belphagor once again and render tragic account of his ten years of tribulation under the matrimonial yoke . . .

my promise, and that I owe you nothing further. From this moment, therefore, I intend to have nothing more to do with you. Bear in mind that if up to the present I have done you a deal of good, I can do you an equal amount of harm should you cause me any annoyance."

Gio Matteo, more than satisfied with his reward of fifty thousand ducats from the king at Naples, had not the least intention of having anything more to do with Roderigo. He went back to Florence to enjoy his riches in peace.

No sooner had he settled down than very disturbing news reached him. The daughter of King Ludwig VII of France showed clear signs of having fallen into the power of an evil spirit.

The great influence of the French king throughout all Italy, together with Roderigo's ominous warning, caused the mind of Gio Matteo to be greatly agitated. And his fears were more than justified. His fame had reached France, and one day a special messenger arrived from the king summoning him to proceed to Paris, there to apply his famous treatment to the princess and thus relieve the anxiety of the country. The frightened Matteo refused to go, pleading indisposition as an excuse. But the king appealed to the Signoria of Florence, so Matteo was compelled to obey.

In a state of the utmost trepidation he went to Paris.

When brought before the king, he tried to explain how, notwithstanding the cures he had previously effected, he could not be certain of success in every case. He pointed out that sometimes the devil concerned was so stubborn that he defied exorcism and the rituals of all religions. He would do his best, but in the event of failure he could but throw himself on the king's clemency.

The king was furious at this non-committal attitude and told him that if he did not succeed he would have him hanged without mercy.

This awful threat struck terror to Matteo's heart. He summoned all his courage, however, and began to examine the patient.

As soon as he was left alone with her, he went up and whispered into her ear: "Is that you, Roderigo?"

Back came the answer: "Yes."

When Matteo recognised the voice, he humbly implored the demon to remember how he had saved him from prison, and pointed out what a terrible example of ingratitude Roderigo would set if he abandoned his benefactor to the dreadful fate which threatened him.

Roderigo replied: "You treacherous villain, how dare you confront me again? You have had cause to congratulate yourself hitherto on having achieved riches through my assistance; but now I am going to show you that I can take away as swiftly as I can give. In fact, I shall see to it that you are properly hanged."

Poor Gio Matteo was indescribably distressed. Unable to move the demon by his entreaties, he asked to have the royal patient taken away in order that he might essay a different expedient. He then approached the king and spoke as follows: "Sire, as I have already explained to you, there exist certain spirits of outstanding malignancy, and your daughter is in the clutches of one of the worst kind. However, I intend to conduct a new experiment. If I succeed, Your Majesty and I will have obtained what we so greatly desire. If not, I am at your mercy. But if your judgment be a fair one, you will surely treat me with compassion.

"I wish, Sire, to have a big dais erected in front of the Church of Notre Dame. This is to be luxuriously decorated with gold silk. Then I desire Your Majesty to summon all the clergy and the princes and barons of the court. In the middle of the dais I should like an altar to be prepared. When all this is ready I would request that, on

(*Continued on page* 100)

DECORATION IN OTHER

By WINIFRED

EVEN if you've travelled abroad, the chances are that you have seen very little of the domestic conditions of the countries you visit.

Travelling is like that. You go from one hotel to the next and, whether it's Czechoslovakia or Miami Beach, hotels are pretty much alike.

You're very lucky if your travels abroad permit you a glimpse into the homes of the people. We housewives are avid for knowledge and we can learn a lot from the housewives of other countries.

Decoration abroad is as varied in its character as the manners and customs of the peoples themselves.

In Europe, modernism in design and interior decoration flared up with a suddenness that startled a world still rather partial to aspidistras.

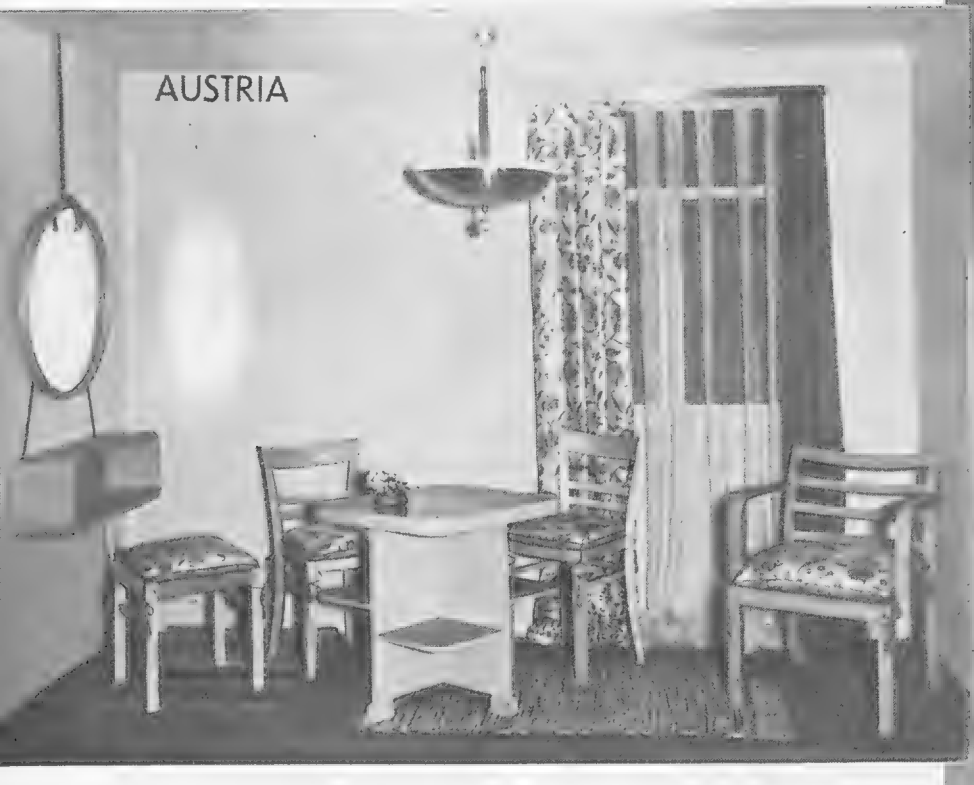
In Germany, the very birthplace of eccentric modernism, a more subdued tone has crept in, and in the opinion of most the change is acceptable.

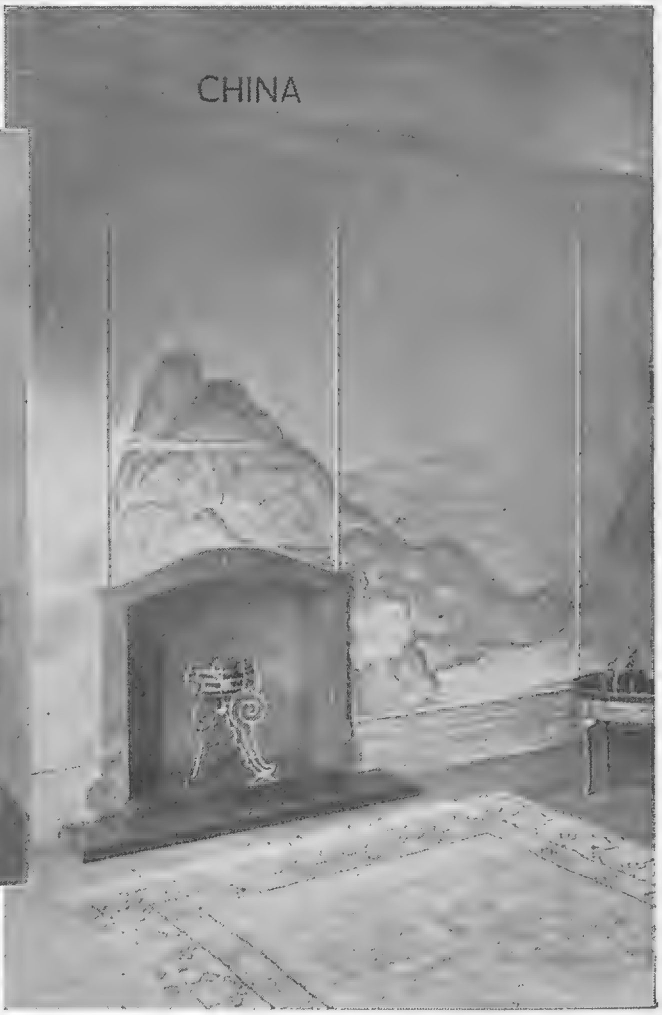
Now, new homes in Germany are generously equipped with fitted furniture, and in Munich not long ago an exhibition of newly built and completely furnished houses in the modern style at an inclusive price was so successful that all the exhibition houses were soon sold and occupied.

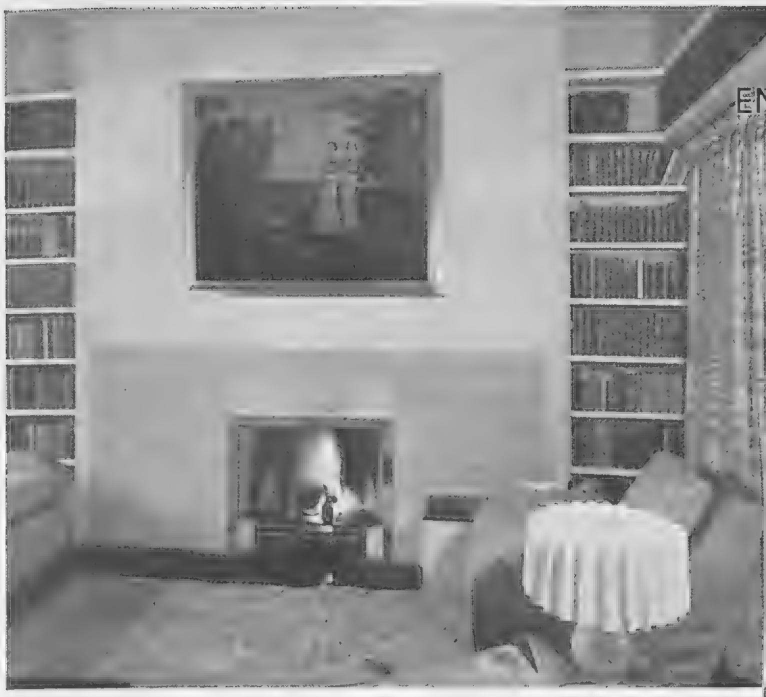
The health mania which afflicts Germany's youth to-day has its expression in every new home. Rooms are practically created round the windows, and glass is used extensively to admit air and sunshine as well as for purely decorative effects.

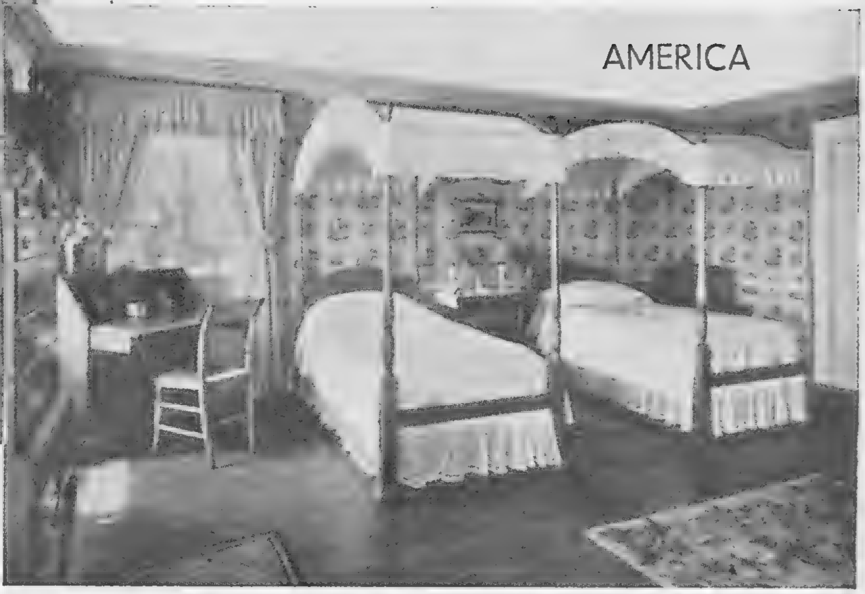
The general impression of the modern German home is one of health first and homeliness afterwards.

Austria follows closely after Germany in the character of decoration. Some furniture illustrated on this page typifies their love of scientific comfort (*Continued on page* 98)



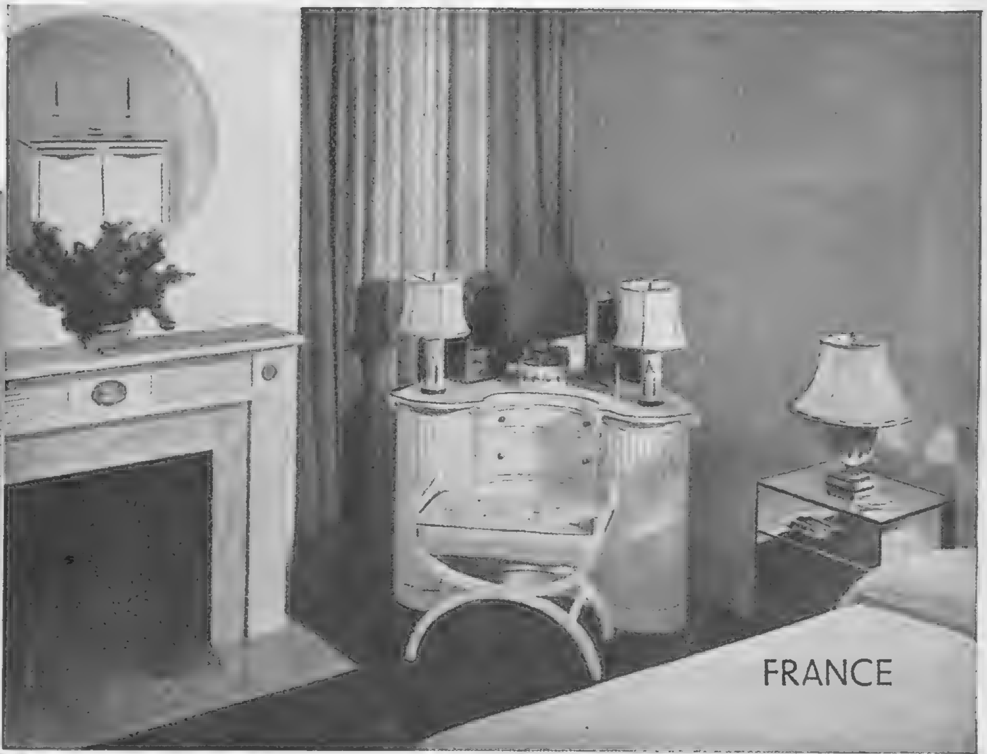


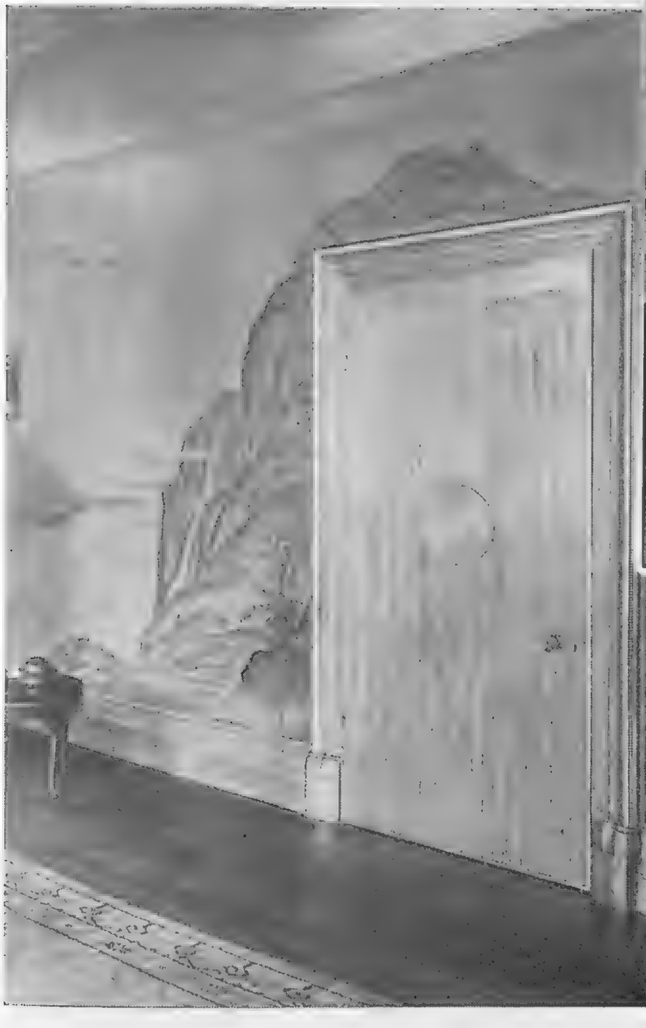




COUNTRIES

LEWIS





In England, modern design is symmetrical and eminently comfortable, as shown by the room at the top of this page by Doris Howard Robertson. Period decoration is equally favoured, provided the period chosen is Adam or Regency. A lovely example is at the top of the facing page. In America, modern decoration closely follows our own except where the ever popular Colonial style is used. This period is typified in the room at the top right of this page. European decoration is exemplified on the extreme left by the group taken in a Viennese home. Bright colouring and scientific comfort are the keynotes. France has its own individual style—a blend of period elegance and modern practicability. The bedroom shown above here is all white with Wedgwood blue for relief. Finally, left, a Chinese interior. Here the doors are covered with aluminium leaf, lightly coloured to tone with the room, which is pale straw, satinwood and amber with touches of sharp green and blue. The furniture is of Chinese teak and lacquer.

TABLE TALK

IF history is correct, table manners came a long time after tables. But if our forefathers were slow in appreciating the niceties of eating they were quick enough to appreciate the decorative value of the table.

It is doubtful if any other piece of furniture of the same utility is as decorative. Artists in design, of all periods, have lavished attention on it. From the massive workmanship of the refectory table to the gossamer delicacy of a Sheraton piece, all have a practical value as well as a purely decorative one.

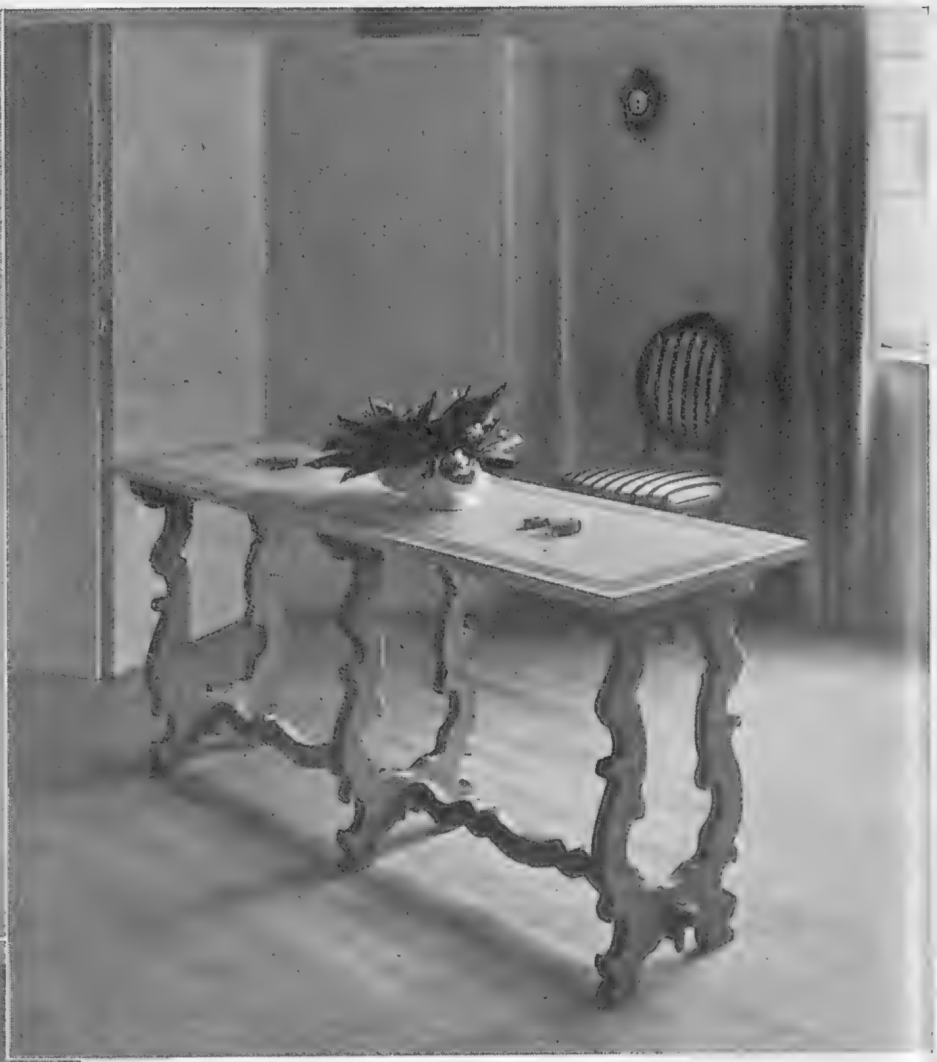
The modern designer depends more upon the use of exotic woods for the effect of his tables. Contours are severe in most cases, but the mediums used are flamboyant.

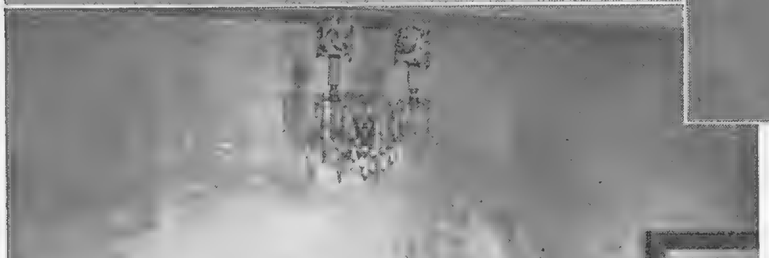
Recently, spartan severity of outline has shown signs of decreasing, and the refectory shape dining table with wrought iron legs and painted top threatens to supersede the severely simple all-wood table in popular favour.

On this page we show different types of tables and their decorative uses.

A shapely little table with an artistic grouping of pictures in close proximity can be one of the "high spots" of a scheme, and even the despised occasional table, if carefully chosen, has its value in assisting the balance of a decorative scheme.

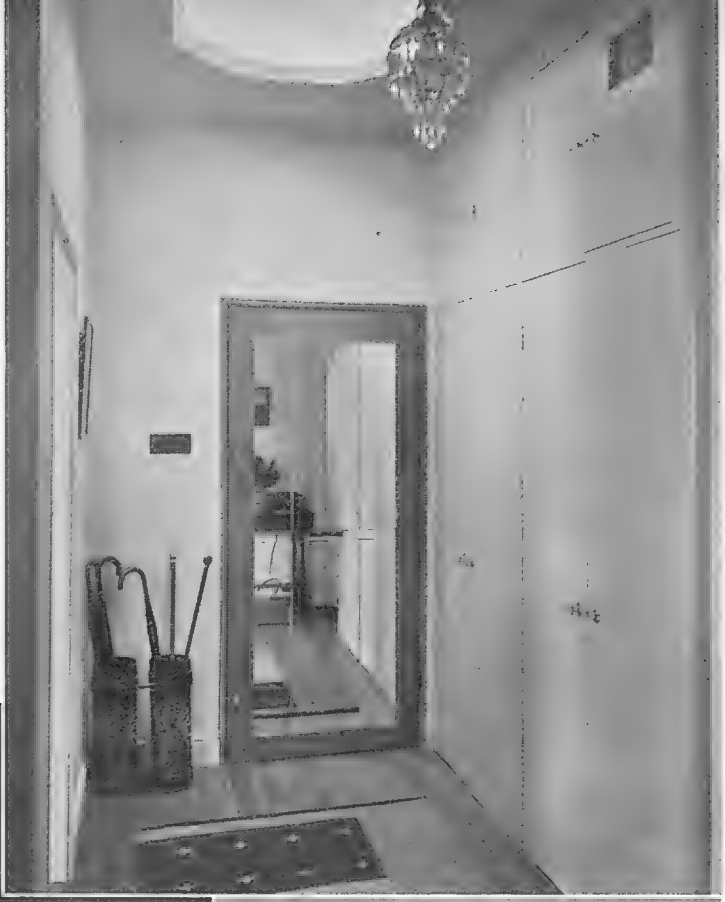
Look to your tables, and see to it that they do justice to the tradition of usefulness and beauty which is theirs.

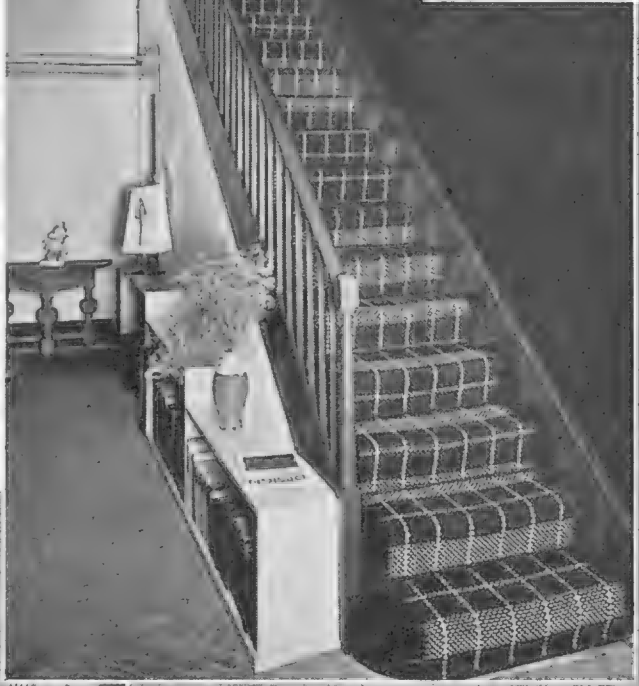




(Above): This modern dining-table has certain features of the past with its gracefully wrought legs. The top is painted and the underpart is of pickled oak. The charmingly graceful mahogany console table on the right is perfectly displayed against walls papered in silver, and below is a little Sheraton work-table perfectly grouped with other decorative trifles in a fireside recess

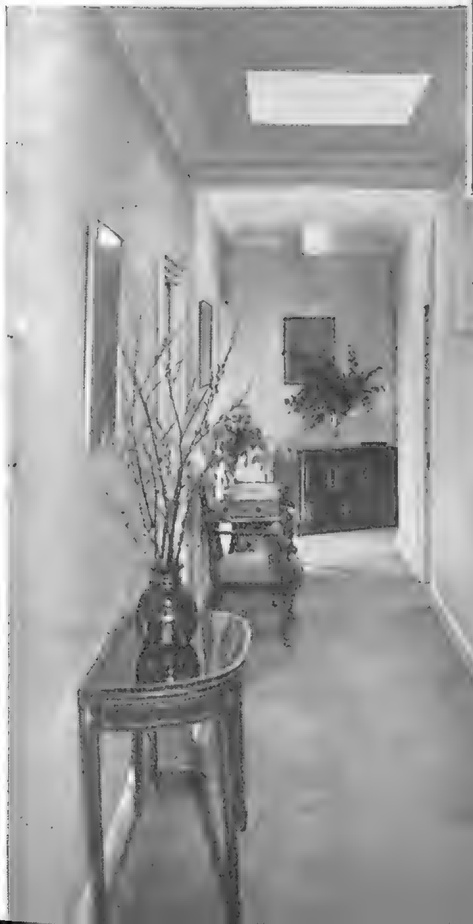
Step Inside





(Below): An entrance passage showing the effectiveness of a one-colour scheme in giving breadth and spaciousness to a long, narrow passageway. In this hall the walls and woodwork are ice-blue. The skylight conceals a daylight lamp and charming colour prints give interest to the walls. The fitted carpet is an unusual blue-grey

(Above): A box entrance, made interesting with an illuminated skylight, a mirror glaze lining to the front door and spacious built-in cupboards. On the left is an entrance hall with white walls where the wall facing the stairs has been painted black. The balustrade is green and an original check fibre matting in black, white and green covers the stairs



IT is quite understandable that in designing the modern flat, architects should have practically swept the entrance hall out of existence.

With so little space at their disposal and so many important uses for what there is, the entrance hall is naturally the place to suffer, but, for all that, it is still true that first impressions are lasting, and I defy anybody to feel complacent about inviting callers into a dingy hall, if it's the gas collector or the doctor about Johnnie's tonsils.

So what can be done about it ?

A light colour scheme helps a lot. White walls are not really as bleak as they sound.

Mirrors are worth their weight in gold in the dark hallway. They attract light and give life to the surroundings. Note the mirror glass lining to the front door in one of the photographs on this page.

In the larger hall experiments with colour, if successful, will make up for any lack of architectural splendour. The staircase pictured here is an example.

In the lower part of the hall the walls are white. On the staircase the wall-face is painted shiny black. Stair treads are black, also, but the balustrade is jade green.

An unusual and inexpensive fibre matting in black, white and green serves as stair carpet.

Imagine this entrance treated in a more conventional way and you will easily realise what colour alone can do to the humblest entrance hall.

ROSALIND WADE, author of "Men Ask for Beauty," a pleasant to read story of London life

NIGEL BALCHIN, whose new novel "Lightbody on Liberty" is a very amusing satire on the world of stunts and publicity and propaganda

BOOKS:

BOOKS, like people, often succeed for the wrong reasons, or at least for their weaknesses and not their strengths. It may well be that Mr. Nigel Balchin will be a little confused by the congratulations which he is likely to receive for his new novel, *Lightbody on Liberty* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), since those congratulations will usually be accompanied by a leer and a wink and a reference to the cruelty and humour with which, under the title of Sir Joseph Steers, he has caricatured a certain public figure. Oh, yes, everyone will recognise Sir Joseph, and everyone may easily be wrong. I can see Mr. Balchin being deeply embarrassed by too-knowing friends. Actually, when a novelist possesses Mr. Balchin's firm powers of characterisation, it is never safe to assume that he has chosen any one man or woman for his model. The chances are strongly against it. However, leaving these considerations aside, I can recommend *Lightbody on Liberty* as a very amusing satire on the world of stunts and publicity and propaganda. A good-tempered tale, it smilingly reveals depths of degradation which will make even hardened readers feel that the bloom of innocence is still thick upon them. Such, at least, was my experience; and very pleasant it is, too, to be made to believe that one is not as battered as one thought. An enjoyable book, with an honest hero to keep our standards steady.

Mr. Richard Strachey, the author of a novel called *The Golden Heart* (Secker and Warburg, 7s. 6d.) is a nephew of the late Lytton Strachey. It is a double-edged heritage that he possesses; he has much of his uncle's ability, but he seems troubled by a determination to uphold the family reputation for brilliance. He need have no fears. He is "brilliant" enough; there are many pages in his novel which reach a very high standard indeed. He could not bore us if he tried. But this restless, vivid story is not free from artificiality, from posturings and posings. Mr. Strachey is far too good a writer to be handed over to the Bright Young public, and I wish he would write a novel meant to please only one person—himself. It would certainly be a charming, probably a lovely, thing. Not all readers, if only he will believe it, want to punctuate their readings with shrill shrieks and communal gasps.

THE title of Mr. Neil Bell's new novel, *Crocus* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), does not refer to the little forerunners of Spring, with their shining morning faces, but to a very different form of creation. In the language of itinerant circus folk and Fair performers, a crocus or croakus or, in Romany, drabengro, is a quack doctor or even less—an iron-throated vendor of spurious remedies. What Mr. Wells once called, if my memory serves me right, "slightly injurious rubbish sold at sixpence a bottle." Mr. Bell's crocus, however, has a heart of gold untouched by his cynical profession; and he has also a little workhouse boy as an adopted son. Perhaps a circus story should be sentimental, but when it includes a poor waif the dice are almost too heavily loaded. However, there's something about a caravan that makes the strongest chin wobble, and as Mr. Bell knows his subject and his job, his admirers may look forward to happily mingling their laughter and their tears. I nearly forgot to say that there is a faithful dog, but I daresay you would have guessed it.

Not too narrow . . . not too deep (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Richard Sale's first novel; and a striking one, too. He tells extremely well an exciting story of the escape of a band of

Around

"Gangways and Corridors," *by Winifred James*

(Philip Allan, 12s. 6d.)

WINIFRED JAMES

MISS JAMES, author of *Letters to My Son*, is a woman who has lived in many parts of the world, and she here gives us her impressions and recollections, during the war years and subsequently, of the United States, Mexico, Spain and Central America, with shorter glimpses of our own land (during a cold spell) and France. Her impressions are those of an active, brisk, highly capable woman, not very patient, not at all shy, quick to make up her mind and frequently rather

Charlotte Haldane, whose novel "Melusine" is a scholarly thriller of an uncommon type

Arthur Stringer, author of "Tooloona." The author, in this novel, stresses the charms of Eskimo maidens, and one of them provides the title to his book

New Novels Worth Reading

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

convicts from a penal settlement. The action is swift, the characterisation vigorous and adequate, and the invention lively. Mingled with this satisfactory narrative is some fairly—but only fairly—convincing mysticism. It is not profound enough to add significance to the book, nor definite enough to reveal what the author had in mind, and it therefore fails to be more than an arresting but not very worthy ornament to the tale. Mr. Sale's novel is very well worth reading. His next effort will be awaited with unusual interest, and a few doubts. Mr. Sale may easily become a very successful novelist. If he doesn't succeed too easily, he might even be a good one. The two paths lie before him, and the signpost is exceptionally clear.

I HAVE never travelled in the Arctic zone, and so I cannot really tell whether Mr. Arthur Stringer is or is not justified in stressing the charms of Eskimo maidens. His *Tooloona* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) is named after a girl, dusky vivid and true enough to satisfy Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stringer's Eskimos certainly have their points. It is too late to do anything about it this year; but if, when the holidays come round next year, Europe is still in such a deplorably unsettled condition—however, there's time enough for that. And, long before then, Hollywood may have sent us its version of *Tooloona*. It would make a good film, and if (I go so rarely nowadays) captions are still used, the scenario writers will find them ready and waiting in plenty in Mr. Stringer's pages.

His novel is easily classed with what certain observers and analysts of literary tastes have called "novels of escape." Almost all creative art offers, obviously, a new world in which to roam, but some novelists set themselves deliberately to provide such an opportunity. Mr. Stringer's hero, as if to leave us in no doubt of the author's intention, is a rich man married to a beautiful and loving wife; he forsakes both wife and home because they are too cloying and threaten his independence, or, if you prefer it, his soul. Mr. Sale's novel is in the same category, though for a different reason. Here the author has chosen, with doubtful wisdom, to create a character with mystic and even divine, powers, and the influence of this man upon the fugitive criminals (escape, again!) provides a second story within the first, and a hint of spiritual and physical perfection for readers already much addicted, as English men and women, to seeking short cuts to health. So with the other novels discussed so far—in varying ways their authors assume that ordinary life being sometimes hard to bear, people wish to turn their backs upon it. The assumption may well be correct, and most plays and almost all films are based upon it. There is, however, another view expressed by Mr. Balchin in the first book noticed in these pages. It believes in housework, not holidays. It is the view that, if humbug were exposed and truth generally made clear, much that is false and ugly, in our lives and in society as a whole, would disappear. The two views involve a number of æsthetic considerations which I have ignored, confining myself to their commercial and their moral aspects, which happen to be unusually well exemplified in the three or four novels referred to.

Miss Rosalind Wade's new book, *Men Ask for Beauty* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is a story of London life pleasant to read, but not very easy to estimate. There are passages of real insight and understanding mixed with pages which are disappointing from an appearance of amateurishness due to the author's rather insensitive use of the English language. Miss Wade is so shrewd and level-headed that there (*Continued on page* 95)

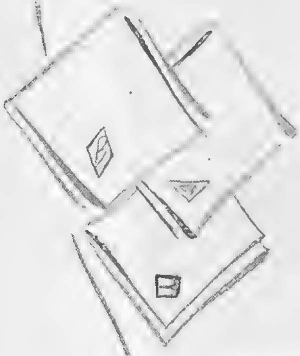
summary in her judgments. She has written a pleasant and companionable book, containing no great refreshment for the spirit but considerable amusement for the mind. It is illustrated with reproductions of eight snapshots.

"Tankard Travels," *by Gordon Beckles.*

(Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

WITH the laudable notion of telling the truth about the "real" England and the views of "real" Englishmen, Mr. Gordon Beckles has been all over the place; but whether he will ever reach his destination is still uncertain. He is a Canadian, and no doubt believes that, as a member of the British Empire, he can pass easily and unremarked in any part of that Empire. His belief may be nearly true; but actually, in the outlying island where the whole trouble started, there are slow thinking people who will not immediately recognise his nib with padded shoulders and his habit of writing out of the corner of his mouth as marks of a cockney or even a yokel. Mr. Beckles does not know this, of course, and it is rather a shame to mention it. But since his book purports to unlock the palpitating heart of England to the gaze of the world, one simply must point out that—well, it doesn't, don't you know. But on the so-called "fruit machines" and other signs of westernising influences, he writes very well and amusingly.

TO CURE YOUR COLD



ASK any doctor, any chemist, how you are to prevent the cold you feel is coming on. He will pose a dozen questions and describe a dozen different kinds of colds, until you and I will scarcely recognise the old familiar devil which lays us low towards the end of October, leaves us liable to 'flu in January, and makes a general nose misery of winter.

Actually colds fall into three broad categories:

A. The germ picked up from someone in the house, the office, or even from the person you sit next to in the tube, if and when you are over-tired.

B. Chills resulting from damp clothes, draughts, and sleeping in unaired sheets.

C. The sudden development of a sore throat and nasal catarrh which has been coming on for weeks. This is a clear sign of body house-cleaning; for a cold is one of the most effective means by which the body can cast off long-stored poisons.

The preventives for cold A are:

1. Rub the soles of your feet with camphorated oil, slightly heated, after every bath. This impregnates the system with camphor, which is the finest *anti*-'flu-and-cold-germ.

2. Use linen handkerchiefs and, if you know you have to sit next someone with a cold, sprinkle them with eucalyptus or Vapex.

3. Irrigate the nose, by douche or spray, before you go out and, if you have been near contagion, when you come in; also before you go to bed. Irrigate with a good inhalant; I have one made-up from the prescription of a Harley Street specialist, which soothes the inner surfaces of the nose and is an excellent antiseptic.

If, in spite of these precautions, the germ does catch you, then the best cure is to attack it violently and *suppress* the cold with:

A half-glass of neat rum, or a glass of whisky with one quarter lemon and boiling water, drunk when you have already stepped into bed.

Or two aspirin tablets with tablets of ammoniated quinine. Or chlorodyne—use only Dr. Collis Browne's—twenty drops after well shaking the bottle, every three hours. (Myself, I find chlorodyne the quickest *suppressive* remedy for colds and sore throats.)

Then there are pills with arsenic (for tonic action), quinine, atropine (for drying up the mucus) and camphor. And a potent drink of camphor and ipecacuanha wine. *All of these are lightning remedies.*

Take Syrup of Famel—a creosote preparation—for coughs. There is also a wonderful herbal remedy, specially good for children as it contains neither opium nor morphine, which soon relieves chest tightness and discomfort and rapidly disperses phlegm. And, of course, inhale Friar's Balsam and a few drops of menthol, as soon as you are in bed.

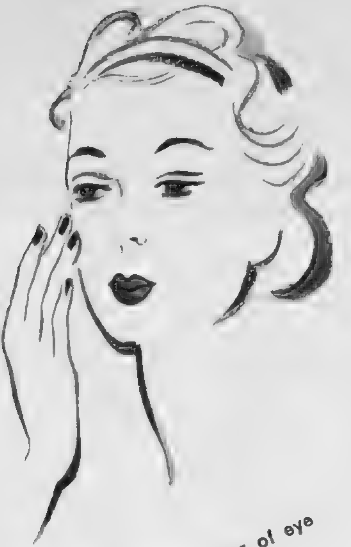
For cold B or a chill, the treatment is rather different. Remember that the chances of catching this type of chill or cold are also minimised if you rub your soles with oil of camphor, and if you take half a teaspoonful of Kruschen salts every morning in a glass of hot water with your early tea.

Kruschen introduces into the body the right quantity of saline to act as an antacid. It is the acid condition that fosters chills and colds.

In this type of cold the organs of the body become numbed and clogged. A warm bed is the place, with a light diet to stimulate the liver and (*Continued on page* 98)

papworth

GET GLAMOUR



Apply rouge under outside corner of eye

THE recipe for charm to-day seems to lie more than ever in a combination of mature sophistication with the appearance of perennial youth.

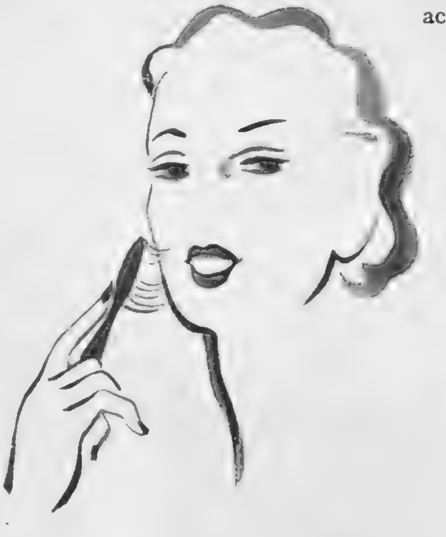
Were I to place the ideal age for the glamour-woman of to-day, I would say thirty-six, but she should not look more than twenty-five; for to look younger and younger adds piquancy to sophistication. Good health keeps you looking young. The right make-up helps too. So here is some advice.

Always apply your rouge—and it is better that this should be a cream rouge over your foundation, as only the very young girl can use a dry rouge dabbed over powder—just under the outside corner of the eye. Vividly, right against the eyelash, as this is the point where the cheek sags and shows fatigue.

Then flash it down and out towards the ears before you sweep it in chinwards just above the jaw-line.

Now fill in across the cheek towards the bridge of the nose if you have a narrow face. Accentuate the colour towards the lobes of the ears if you have a broad face.

Rely on double powdering, first with a darker powder than your natural skin and then with a lighter powder, to damp down any boiled-lobster effect and leave a natural *pristine* glow without any sign of demarcation. Eye-sockets and crow's-feet will disappear from view by this means of rougeing.



Baby hair-brush for after powdering

Choose eye-shadow to tone-in with your rouge rather than to match your eyes, as this gives *oneness* to your complexion.

Never emphasise the top lines of your upper lip, or it will appear to be inflexible, deadening your smile and removing all play from your mouth when speaking.

Choose pinks and reddy bronzes rather than yellow powder. A brown eyebrow-pencil—even for the darkest brunettes—is preferable to black.

Remember, furthermore, that many faces look younger and better-looking without eyebrow-pencil or eye-shadow.

These tips were given me by Hollywood's face-maker, as he is called; a man who has been over here advising film-studios on make-up, and advising stars on how to look glamorous when they lunch and dine out. For a star's appearances in the flesh are an important part of her publicity.

He also introduced me to a *lightning cleanser* which positively floats the dirt off the face and leaves it ready for bed or a fresh make-up in much less time than I'm taking to tell you, which is very soothing to the temper.

Then, before making up it is better to wipe the face over with a disinfectant which will keep it free from any surface infection during the day. Such an application, which is more or less in the nature of a powder foundation, appears to me to be a boon for town-dwellers during this autumn-tide of soot and grit flying. Autumn and winter always see a flare-up of impetigo and other skin-surface epidemics.

Lastly, if you want the perfect protective make-up basis, you will smooth-in a vegetable extract while the disinfectant is still wet, and this will keep your skin soft during the roughest weather. Besides it will provide you with a peach-bloom make-up, because this vegetable oil merges with the subcutaneous body oils and consequently never transpires in those tell-tale patches round the nostrils or in the chin-furrow.

These are the three finest beauty-aids I have come across in a long while.

Now there is one to cure a red nose, whatever the cause of it. Of course, you have to take something to regulate your circulation, but there is also a preparation you rub on morning and evening which discourages that unsightly flow of blood to the surface. The remedy was discovered by a British chemist—most timely, I call it.

He has also devised a form of synthetic skin which completely obliterates scars, burns and birthmarks, lasts as long as three days, is undetectable, and washes. So, if you've had an accident or are suffering from some temporary disfigurement, there's no need for you to stay home while it heals.

A great number of women I know make a fuss over a mere brown stain. Well, a stain is a blemish on a fastidious and exquisitely groomed woman, and there's no need to use synthetic skin for it, either, when a good bleach will fade it to nothingness.

Let me remind you also that a bleach is often a wiser compromise in the case of superfluous hairs than the continual use of a depilatory, especially if it's a matter of down on the arms. And now, here are four things that no glamour-woman can be without:

1. A reliable and delicious water-softener. One that does not merely soften the water, but is actually beneficial

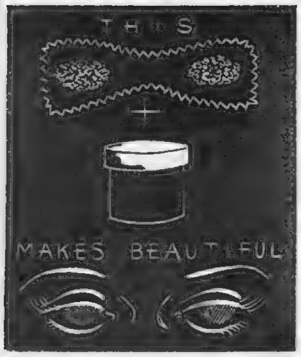
(*Contd. on p.* 98)

By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A bleach is good for hair or legs and arms

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW



GETTING ready for a dress-up party is almost as much fun as the party, especially if you have the luxury of time on your hands, to be spent on a little extra lovelifying.

My pet pre-party rite is an eye-drill. First a bath in a good eye-lotion to soothe and clean. Then gently, gently, pat around the eyes with a glorious, delicate eye cream. Follow with the pretty little thing drawn at the left, a herbal eye-pack. Dip this into warm water, place it on your closed eyelids, and lie still for six minutes. You open your eyes, they feel grand. Last, saturate narrow strips of cotton wool with an eye astringent lotion, and place again over closed eyes, two strips below the eyes, too. This is to contract and firm the skin after the relaxation.

Did you say you came in from work or a day's shopping or running around, with tired, aching eyes, and dark shadows threatening? Don't be silly. Look in the glass now after this twelve-minute treatment. Your eyes are clear, fresh, strong, with eyelids smooth as glass.

If your eyelids are inclined to crêpey-ness, or fine lines have come to stay beneath the eyes, use the eye-cream regularly. It does magic.

TRICKY, curly coiffures are losing to smooth heads, with a few flat curls and rolls, the whole looking unwaved, simple, easily manageable. Looking manageable, yes, but the very simplicity means your head must be groomed to a hair. Each infrequent curl must be set just so, the upward rolls have to be exactly in place, or your hairdressing is a caricature of itself.

You 'll need to re-set your own hair much oftener than you 've the time or money to call at the hairdresser's. So the first requisite is a really good setting lotion; the second, a certain nimbleness of fingers. Watch your hairdresser's movements, imitate them.

There is an excellent lotion, with a spirit base, which dries reasonably quickly but won't dry up the hair. Set your hair, not too wet, directly you get up. By the time you 're dressed, it is dry, ready to be combed into place. Don't do this daily, of course, only when the night's sleep has really disturbed the set.

I USED to know a red-haired girl, very lovely, very voluptuous. In the revolting manner of women, who, while admiring them, can't help regarding lovely red-haired women as menaces, it gave me particular feminine satisfaction to learn that she was of the unfortunates who had to adhere to a rigid drill of diet and exercise for fear of putting on weight.

You could almost see it, the shadow of over-weight, peeping round the corner of each beautiful curve. Anyway, there was her mother as evidence, also lovely, also red-headed, but forty-five and fat as a barrel. This girl liked sweet things immoderately, yet daren't even touch a cake or chocolate.

Well, in case this should catch her eye—because, for one reason or another, we no longer speak—I 'm heaping coals of fire and telling her that there 's a chocolate she can eat all day long if she wants to, and it won't put on as much as a quarter of an ounce. It is, in fact, a slimming chocolate.

PRACTICALLY nothing gives a woman such a feeling of luxury as bath essence. Bath salts are lovely, but not at all the same thing. Here is a ritual . . . unstoppering the bottle, sprinkling in the bath (just a drop more for extravagance), sniffing up the lovely perfume when it mixes with the water, feeling the velvety softness it has given the water, having the fragrance on your body all the day through. . . .

Now there comes to you all this luxury—long lasting, because you need so little—for three-and-six a bottle. You can get it in most of the nice flower scents. Gardenia specially commended.

ANY time I get annoyed by a man's amused annoyance at woman's illogicalities, I stop and think of elbows, and realise he 's so right. For there, half an arm below the elbow, is a hand on which time and trouble is spent, a hand softened, smoothed, flattered, massaged, manicured, and what-notted. Half an arm above is an elbow, never, after little-girl stage, very beautiful, and gradually, as life goes on, getting sharper, coarser, rougher, stretched, wrinkled, discoloured.

Probably one woman in five hundred looks after her elbows. Yet it 's a simple business—just a few seconds' nightly cream massage.

If, so far, you have left your elbows to care for themselves, an ordinary nourishing cream won't be active enough. You want to use a particular hormone cream which has already had a staggering success in making the ageing skins of necks and faces young again.

In very bad cases, spread the cream on a piece of lint, then cover with oiled silk, and keep in position with adhesive plaster strips.

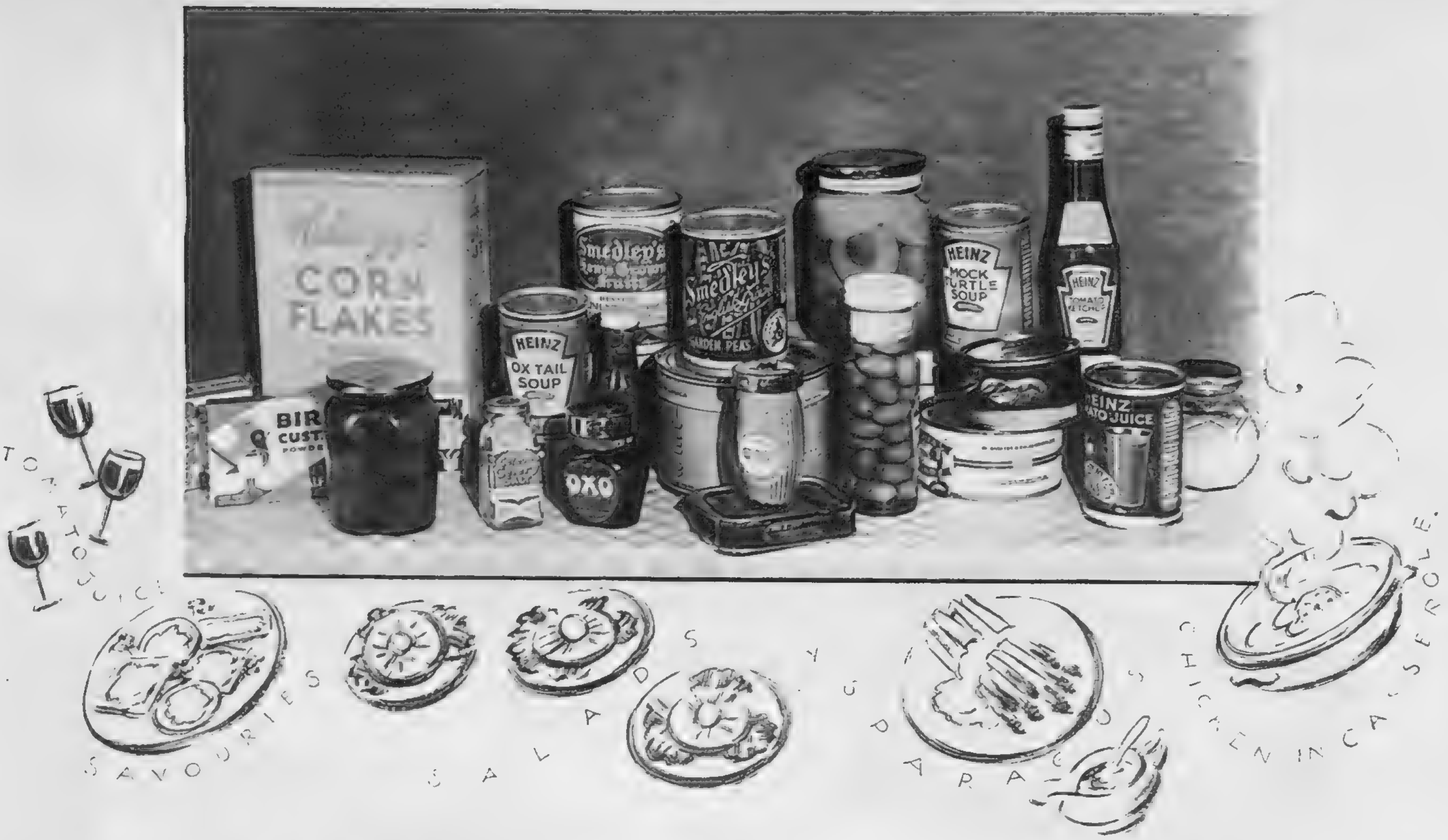
STOCKING troubles make the whole world of women kin. The woman who bores you to distraction normally seems almost a dearly loved friend when you get together on runs the first day on, wearing them inside out—"my-dear-they 're-marvellous-for-three-and-eleven-where-did-you-get-them?"

Probably you are not so anxious to belong to this universal kin club. So let me tell you about some stockings which simply give no cause for worry. That way, there 's nothing to get kinny about.

These stockings are just about what you 've been looking for, and as perfect as any you 'll get for the price—four-and-eleven. Fine as fine, tailored, with glove-like ankle fitting, strong but never thick toes, and pretty little heel patches that give grace to ankles.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.



EMERGENCY SHELF

An emergency shelf is an essential in every household. It should be placed where it is not too convenient, otherwise there is a great temptation to rob it for the everyday family menu. As its main function is to provide an impromptu meal for the unexpected guest, or to supplement the menu in an emergency, it should never be raided until it is really needed.

Thought must be given to the organisation of this shelf if it is to be of any real value. Foods, tinned and bottled, home-made sauces, pickles and chutneys prepared in their proper season, fruits and vegetables preserved or bottled at home, should all be stored and adapted to any particular emergency.

When buying tinned and bottled foods, get a reliable brand and tins of a convenient size, so that none of the contents will be wasted. It is also advisable not to keep supplies for an indefinite period. An occasional absorption into the family menu will keep the shelf fresh and up to date.

There is no better test of a cook's capacity than the manner in which she deals with an emergency meal. To disguise tinned and bottled foods and to take away that hurried look of preparation is a fine art.

Accessories really make a meal distinctive, so shopping for the emergency shelf should be done with imagination. The staple tinned foods are necessities, but a few of the more unusual varieties take away the pot-luck look from a meal.

Hors d'œuvres, for instance.

There are pickles and olives, anchovies and pearl onions, thinly sliced smoked salmon and tunny-fish fillets, all tinned or bottled ready for use. Sardines have an important place on this small but important section of the shelf, and terrines of caviare or foie gras are specialties which look good and eat well with simple accompaniments.

Then there are the important bottled juices. Tomato and passion fruit, served ice cold in glasses, will start off a menu well.

Fish or fruit cocktails, quickly prepared from lobster, crab or mandarins, and nicely garnished, make the table take on a definite party air; while individual salads on glass plates, put together in a twinkling, with tinned-pineapple wheels or water-melon rind and a ball of cream cheese, are extremely decorative.

When appetisers are served in the sitting-room, for the sake of marking time to allow the dining-room and kitchen arrangements to be reshuffled, Shippams provide a variety of meat and fish pastes for these miniature sandwiches which go so well with sherry or cocktail.

A tin of Huntley and Palmer's or Peek Frean's savoury biscuits should also find a place on the shelf, as they are most convenient for serving on such occasions.

Nothing, perhaps, can equal the convenience and goodness of tinned soup as a first course to a winter's menu. Served in individual cups, with a little fresh garnish and a blob of cream on top, it is attractive and stimulating.

Heinz produces these soups to perfection, ranging from the delightfully clear consommé to the more substantial cream soup or vegetable broth. The cream soups are doubly advantageous, as they can also be used as velvety sauces to serve with cutlets, fish, or made-up dishes.

The fish course is a more difficult problem, the choice being rather limited. Tinned salmon you know; also herring and mackerel, lobster and crab, prawns and shrimps added to the list can, with a little imagination, be made into really delicious dishes.

For the entrée, it will be found that practically everything sold by butchers and poulterers can be got in tins.

Ham loaf, served in succulent slices with a salad of tomatoes and mayonnaise, or browned in the oven with a coating of sugar and crumbs, is delicious. Tinned tongue, served cold and dressed up with tomato, celery, and egg salad, accompanied by rolls and coffee, makes an excellent supper dish.

If preferred hot, it can be done up in a casserole, stretched out with a few bottled mushrooms and an Oxo gravy, flavoured with onion and celery salt and made piquant with Green Label chutney.

Then there is the chicken which comes to us complete, all ready cooked in a tin, requiring only to be reheated, when it can be served with the full glory of bread sauce, bacon rolls, gravy and green peas.

The more delicate tinned chicken-breasts can be fricasseed in a good white sauce, or, if diced and blended with the sauce, they make a good filling for patty-cases of pastry or mashed potatoes.

Accompanied by a dish of tinned asparagus done with melted butter, and potatoes heated in the tin, even an epicure would fail to find the least suggestion of emergency.

As for vegetables, Smedley's bring us the whole kitchen garden in tin and bottle.

Spinach, tomatoes, celery, carrots, peas and stringless beans are the cook's stand-bys, but the aristocratic asparagus, artichoke fronds and celery hearts are more luxurious for a company meal. Besides accompanying meat dishes, they have other possibilities. A left-over cup of tinned tomatoes or asparagus, well seasoned and combined with plenty of grated cheese, will make a snappy

(Continued on page 100)

ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

1

4

AIR SERVICE
BELFAST

GENUINE
EDISON BELL
RECORD

5

2

3

1. *Some Village Pole Heads used by the old Friendly Societies, and now in the Plymouth Museum.* (Courtesy Charles Carter, M.Sc.)

2. *Silver—the most easily obtained metal—had small value to the South American Indians, who made their cooking-vessels of it. To-day the lovely soft metal is eagerly sought by collectors. From the collection of Mr. Rose-Innes.*

3. *Attractive modern glass, like this from the Whitefriars people, serves utility as well as collectors' mania.* (Courtesy Messrs. James Powell.)

4. *For the traveller, there is great fun in collecting book-match covers: here are a very few. Then again, the art of binding books is worth study, if you, like the author, collect small books in lovely bindings.*

5. *These, from the collection of Mr. Jack Allan, are old cylindrical "records"—early memories of the first canned music.*

6. *A fascinating, essentially modern collection is that of Air Service Time Tables. Here are some from the author's collection.*

7. *Contrary to beliefs, Period Glass is not expensive to collect in a small way. Arthur Churchill arranged this group from his collection to illustrate the remark that "from 15s. to £400" is a price for the collector.*

AIR SERVICE
GLASGOW & ISLAY
AIR FRANCE
AIR FRANCE AIR FRANCE

6

7

COLLECT SOMETHING

IT is great fun being a light-hearted collector to-day. It may also end by being profitable. For instance, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the interest shown to-day in early railway tickets and time-tables will extend to the first *air* " time-tables " and folders.

There are already those of us who look with some pleasure and pride at our earliest relics of air-travel: time-tables, ticket-covers, labels, and brochures telling us of then unheard-of speeds and innovations, such as meals in the air and night-flying.

Often the amateur collector finds an entirely new world in one of those things so casually called hobbies. " My old glass " ; " my modern silver " ; " my collection of witch-balls " ; " my modern quilting "—all these can be first an excuse and then a reason for research, business acumen, artistic appreciation and, since literature on new hobbies seems to have a vogue, a motive for writing, also.

What do people collect light-heartedly ? I am not thinking of those formidable persons who have " perhaps the most valuable collection known " of Japanese prints, Sheraton furniture, Irish glass, Chinese porcelain, Russian ikons. I am thinking of people like us, who get a tremendous amount of fun in collecting beer-mats, match-covers, quaint bindings to books, tankards, penny dreadfuls, valentines, old film programmes, old wartime posters, book-match covers.

Not long ago a famous store had an exhibition of just such collections. At this, a famous firm of food manufacturers were listed as collecting—wish-bones. Other odd collections were railway, tram and omnibus tickets ; antique razors ; door-knockers, and four-leaf clovers.

The supply of suggestions for to-day can take inspiration from the past : the *objets d'art* made by our French prisoners of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are delightful, and are now collectors' pieces. Bone, wood, straw and ingenuity were their ingredients—these and endless idleness. But who has yet started collecting the toys made by our own unemployed ? There are the beginnings of a toy industry in one of the special areas where they have certainly the ingenuity, and unfortunately the leisure, that the dead and gone French prisoners possessed.

This is the golden age of the needle in actual fact. There are modern samplers to collect, and, reverting again to things that are happening around us, the quilting work of the distressed areas of, for instance, Wales and Durham.

Twentieth-century quilting, done as it is on the basis of the traditional styles, may well have an " antique-of-tomorrow " value ; much as Elizabethan work had its present-day uses and its tremendous legacy values.

Obviously, it is impossible to generalise about the form of collecting that is suitable or desirable. You get interested in a subject spontaneously, rarely for a cold ulterior motive. Once that is done, it becomes a matter of the fun of the chase.

The amateur is well served. The antique shop, the junk shop, can provide a pretty play of wits. There is as much satisfaction in detecting a fake as making a find.

There comes the fun of visits to provincial sales. The large farm that is, alas ! to be sold ; the historic country home ; a small town sale : these lure the interested. My own finds of books, clock-case and Welsh cabinet are typical of the luck of the real amateur.

A lot of junk comes your way at first, for a few shillings. But it was apparent junk in the form of mahogany Victorian furniture that first gave a noted decorator the idea of " pickling " it pink and producing some really lovely pieces.

Back to the question of cash we come inevitably. What does it cost, for instance, to collect match-cases ? Here I can best quote from the current catalogue (as I write this) of a noted collector :

Old Peruvian Wrappers, printed on thin card, ready to fold into small boxes. In use about 1880-90. *Show portraits of old-timers, such as Lily Langtry, and Religious Subjects. . . .* 60 *different portraits, Five Dollars* (20/-)

This delightful extract is from the broadsheet of Curtis, of Hove.

There is, as most people know, a regular small " Exchange " for cigarette-cards : it is a serious subject for amateur collectors.

After all, fireside, tea-time and collector's gossip are two of autumn and winter's compensations. As I write this, I look at my own collection of small,

A light-hearted hobby that may end in profit

HOW MUCH DO THEY UNDERSTAND?

By LEN CHALONER

"BABY 'S so little he can't understand if you talk to him. . . ." Hundreds of mothers and nannies slip into this belief without stopping to think, at least until he is well able to talk, and often long after that.

In the first weeks after a baby's arrival he is actually protected from a fear of his own helplessness by being quite unaware of it. He is quite uninterested in those around him and for a time focuses them imperfectly.

For all their admiration and attention, the people around him may go or stay for all he cares, and to disturb this protective mechanism by expecting a response of precocious "taking notice" would be extremely bad for him.

From this point of view he most certainly does not "understand." But babies, right from the very beginning, are definitely sensitive to sounds. A very new baby will frown portentously or jump in anxiety at a sudden loud noise, while even in the earliest days, when the maternity nurse is bathing him, her quiet voice talking to him seems to give him reassurance during the disturbing moments of being dressed or undressed or taken out of the soothing warm water.

Obviously words and people mean nothing to a baby at this stage, but the tone of a voice is something that he vaguely senses.

A voice becomes something comforting unless it is loud or angry, so that comfort is built up for him by, say, the sound of his mother murmuring to him when he cries for a feed, or because of some little discomfort he is experiencing.

"Mother 's just coming to you . . ." or "Your bottle 's coming in a minute, darling," will make him stop crying because he learns to associate the soothing words with what follows—the feed or the comforting presence of his mother.

A person who is naturally inclined to speak sharply and quickly needs to be very watchful in dealing with tiny children.

A cross voice may produce anxiety in a baby. A sharp "Don't! You 'll fall!" or "Don't touch that, now, you 'll break it!" to a small child, are, as likely as not, to precipitate the identical accident.

By contrast, if the mother or nurse says quietly: "Steady; go slowly by the steps," or "Hold it carefully, baby, it will break if you drop it," this will often produce surprising achievement in negotiating new pitfalls or handling safely and gently books or china or glass to which the little child has felt attracted.

His response is to the reassuring voice, but also to the appeal that something is fragile or precious. (The child's own toys, it may be added, should have no less respect from the adult if any really progressive education is to be reached.)

As the child begins to learn words and they gradually grow more numerous, his understanding and capacity are growing also, but it does not follow that a child who is slow to express himself in words is equally slow to understand.

Often his slowness may be due to the fact that he finds no particular inducement to talk; most of his wants are anticipated. Or he spends a good deal of time alone in his pram, or, again, he may resent a rather boring insistence on the repetition of words in teaching him to talk.

It is this sensitivity to the tone of one's voice that early influences children, giving them a greater understanding of ourselves than we are probably aware of.

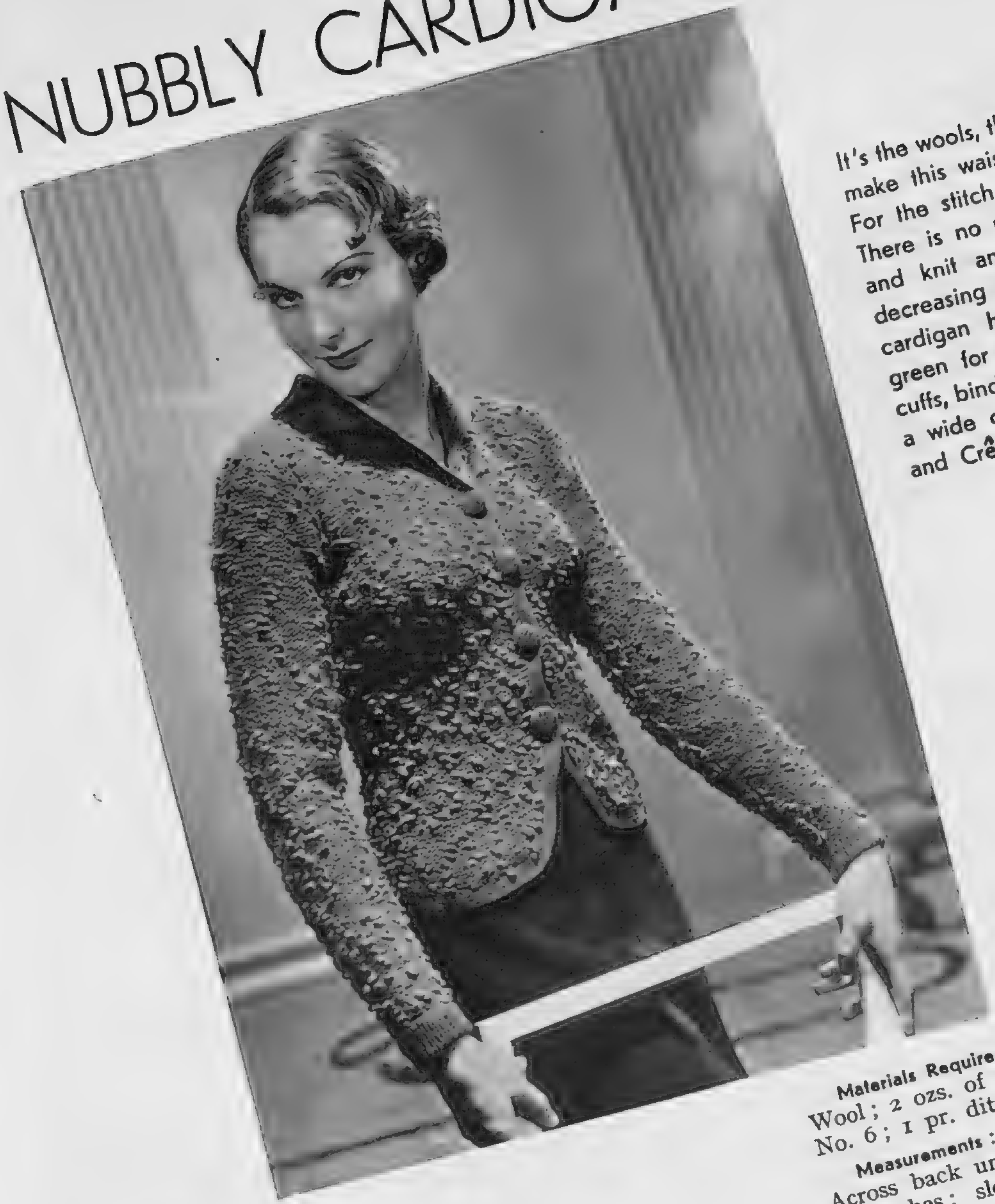
A detail that mystifies many grown-ups is the way in which a very small child will pick out a gramophone record from a pile as one that he knows and likes. Obviously the title is Greek to him, but he finds marks on the label that are recognisable, and he rarely makes a mistake.

In the same way he notices meticulously tiny bits of coloured wool or pins on the floor.

To watch children of this age at all carefully is to dismiss forever the idea that they are not intelligent in the sense that grown-ups are intelligent, or to imagine that they do not understand. They are hampered only by their inexperience, so that they fail sometimes to foresee cause and effect and have, at first, only the haziest conception of time and place. If they seem unreasonable, it is usually because the one time that matters is now and the one place is here.

NUBBLY CARDIGAN

It's the wools, the shaping and the colour mixtures that make this waisted cardigan so chic, so professional. For the stitch is simply our old friend, stocking stitch. There is no pattern to work out. You can just sit and knit and talk. All you have to watch is your decreasing and increasing, for, to look good, this cardigan has to fit good. Our colours are blue-green for the body and petunia for the collar, revers, cuffs, bind and buttons. But Munro's wools give you a wide choice of lovely colours. Their Heatherglen and Crêpe wools make a particularly happy duet.



Designed
by
Bonella

Materials Required: 13 ozs. of Munro's Heatherglen Wool; 2 ozs. of 2-ply Crêpe Wool; 1 pr. Stratnoid Pins No. 6; 1 pr. ditto, No. 11. Button Moulds.

Measurements: From shoulder to edge 20 inches; Across back underarms, 17 inches; Across each front, 10 inches; sleeve length from shoulder, 21½ inches; Tension, 9 sts. to 2 inches.

Abbreviations: K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; K. into the back of all cast-on sts. to give a firm edge.

BACK: With No. 6 Pins cast on 79 sts. Work in Stocking St. for 4½ inches. Next row. * K.6, K.2 tog., K.5. Repeat from * to last st. K.1 (73 sts.). Work ½ inch. Change to No. 9 Pins. Work 2 inches. Change to No. 6 Pins. Work 1 inch, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every tenth row following until 79 sts. Work until 14 inches from start. **Shape Armholes:** K.2 tog. each end of every row until 63 sts. remain (a decrease of 8 sts. each side). Work 6 inches. **Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next six rows. Cast off remaining 21 sts.

RIGHT FRONT: With No. 6 Pins cast on 34 sts. Work in Stocking St., increasing 1 st. at front edge on 3rd and every 4th row following until 41 sts. Work until 4½ inches from start. Next row. * K.8, K.2 tog. Repeat from * to last st. K.1 (37 sts.). Work ½ inch. Change to No. 9 Pins. Work 2 inches. Change to No. 6 Pins. Work 1 inch, then inc. 1 st. on next and every eighth row following, at armhole edge, until 41 sts. Work until 14 inches from start. **Shape Armhole:** K.2 tog. every row at armhole edge until 33 sts. remain. **Shape Front Edge:** K.2 tog. every alternate row at front edge until 21 sts. remain. Work to shoulder level. **Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 7 sts. every armhole end row three times.

LEFT FRONT: Work as for right front, with all shapings at opposite edges.

SLEEVES: With No. 6 Pins cast on 38 sts. Work 3 inches, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every sixth row following until 60 sts. When sleeve measures 18 inches (or length required) cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

BIND: With No. 11 Pins and Crêpe Wool cast on 2 sts. Work in K.1, P.1 rib, increasing 1 st. at one edge every alternate row until 10 sts. Work 65 inches, then decrease 1 st. every alternate row (starting at short edge of work) until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

LAPELS: With No. 11 Pins and Crêpe Wool cast on 2 sts. Work in K.1, P.1 rib, increasing 1 st. at one edge every alternate row until 40 sts. Cast off in rib. Work another lapel with shaping at opposite edge.

CUFFS: With No. 11 Pins and Crêpe Wool, cast on 54 sts. Work in K.1, P.1 rib for 3 inches. Cast off.

COLLAR: With No. 11 Pins and Crêpe Wool cast on 80 sts. Work 2½ inches K.1, P.1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

BUTTONS: With No. 13 Pins cast on 13 sts. Work 14 rows Stocking St. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP: Press carefully on wrong side of work with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in Sleeves. Sew bind to edge of garment very neatly. Leaving ¾ of an inch spaces for buttons. Cover the button moulds with the small knitted squares gathering them at the back. Sew on Buttons.

UNDER THE GRILL

By A. H. Adair

I ALWAYS think it a great pity that people do not make more frequent use of their grill. Grilling is such a clean and easy method of cooking and, when you want something not too rich, gives quite the best results with either fish, flesh or fowl.

Many people I know are almost afraid of using the grill for anything other than making toast, and as I think it is chiefly because they do not really understand the process of grilling, I am giving a few simple rules which I hope will tempt them to try one or two grilled dishes occasionally.

First of all, and most important, you must make the grill really hot before you start, so turn it on full, light it and wait until it is as hot as it possibly can be before you start cooking.

In this way you will be able to " close " the outside of your meat or fish immediately, which keeps in all the goodness while the outsides are really browned and crisp : in fact, they should be very slightly charred.

The grid on which you rest your meat should be hot also, and painted with either butter or oil—this to prevent the meat from sticking to it. When you do this, you must take care not to pierce the meat with a fork as you must not allow any of the juices to escape.

So having made the grill hot, season your fish or chop or steak with salt and pepper, paint with butter and put it on the grid, also greased. Now hold the grid right up in the flames of the grill so that the outside of the meat is slightly burned. Put back the grid in its normal place for a minute or two, then turn the meat and repeat the process.

It is impossible to give times for grilling as so much depends on the size of the thing to be grilled, and in the case of red meats it becomes a matter of taste ; but here are a few hints :—

To see if fish is sufficiently cooked ease away the flesh from the bone very gently with two forks in the thickest part. You can then very easily see if it is done.

Chops and steaks should be pressed gently with the finger, and when you find that the raw feeling has gone the meat will be done.

Whether you like your steak underdone or not, it should be crisp and charred outside but quite juicy inside.

A whole chicken, split in two and flattened would take anything from a quarter of an hour to twenty-five minutes, according to size, while chicken legs would be done in about ten to twelve minutes. Here are a few recipes for various types of grill.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR. For this you should have a live lobster, kill it and cut it in two lengthways.

The flesh should be seasoned with salt and pepper and the two halves grilled slowly for about eighteen minutes, starting by holding the flesh side to the flames then turning to expose the shell side. If you use a cold boiled lobster the preliminary grilling is not necessary.

Remove the flesh (in either case) and cut it in thin slices ; put them in a saucepan with a little melted butter, prepared mustard to taste, a small glass of cream and a glass of dry Sherry or white wine.

Bring to the boil, cook for a few minutes and put back the pieces of lobster in the shells. Pour the sauce over them and glaze quickly under the grill.

GRILLED STEAK MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL. Having grilled your steak in the manner described above serve it with a *maître d'hôtel* butter prepared as follows :—

For four people take about two ounces of butter and pound it with the juice of a lemon and a great deal of chopped parsley.

Work well together, keep in a cool place until wanted, and only put the butter on top of the steak at the last possible moment, just before it is going to the table.

You can also add a little chopped shallots if you like the flavour.

SAUCE BÉARNAISE. Put two tablespoonfuls of vinegar in a small saucepan, with two shallots very finely chopped. Let this boil until almost all the liquid has evaporated, then add the yolks of two eggs and a drop of cold water.

Put a few tiny pieces of butter all round the saucepan and work them into the eggs, whipping all the time over a slow fire. Go on adding butter, whipping meanwhile, until you have sufficient sauce, the process being exactly like adding oil to yolk of egg for a mayonnaise.

Season with salt and pepper and mix in some chopped parsley. This sauce is equally good with grilled fish.

GRILLED CHICKEN LEGS. This is a most useful dish, as it permits you to serve the day before, an elaborate arrangement of wings of chicken for a dinner-party.

Make a few cuts in the thickest part of the legs, rub in a little salt and mustard and paint with butter. Roll the legs in white breadcrumbs and place a few tiny pieces of butter on them.

Have the grill very hot and grill the legs, turning them several times so that they are really well browned and crisp outside. Serve with a mustard sauce or with grilled rashers and grilled tomatoes.

TWO-WEEK MENU PLAN

WHAT shall we order for lunch, for dinner? What can we have to-morrow or the day after?

I know this to be one of the most harassing tasks of the busy modern woman. So I hope my little plan will help. I have arranged luncheon and dinner for a fortnight, to give you some new ideas and to show how, by planning in advance, you can save both time and money and enjoy a variety of dishes which are beneficial to health and happiness.

	LUNCHEON	DINNER
MON.	*Grape Fruit* *Mixed Grill* *Fried Potatoes* *Baked Apples*	*Tomato Soup* *Moules Marinière* *Roast Chicken, and Vegetables* *Plum Fool*
TUES.	*Sardines on Tunny Fish* *Pilaff of Chicken* *Salad and Cheese*	*Chicken Soup* *Filets of Beef Sautés, Horseradish Sauce,* *Grilled Tomatoes* *Welsh Rarebit* *Fruit*
WED.	*Ham Omelette* *Vegetable Salad* *Junket and Cream*	*Fillets of Sole* *Braised Partridge, with Cabbage* *Chocolate Soufflé*
THURS.	*Potted Shrimps* *Calf's Liver and Bacon* *Mashed Potatoes* *Fruit Tart*	*Clear Soup* *Roast Saddle of Mutton* *Red Currant Jelly* *Vegetables* *Cheese Croquettes*
FRI.	*Beef Salad* *Grilled Turbot* *Béarnaise Sauce* *Steamed Potatoes* *Cheese and Fruit*	*Grape Fruit* *Pheasant en Casserole* *Crème Caramel*
SAT.	*Curried Mutton and Rice* *Salad* *Stewed Fruit*	*Clear Soup* *Baked Ham* *Spinach and Pickled Peaches* *Angels on Horseback*
SUN.	*Roast Beef,* *Baked Potatoes,* *Cabbage* *Creamed Rice* *Cheese*	*Game Soup* *Cold Ham and Tongue* *Sauté Potatoes* *Salad* *Jam Puffs*

	LUNCHEON	DINNER
MON.	*Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms* *Cold Roast Beef* *Pickled Walnuts* *Potatoes* *Chocolate Pudding*	*Boiled Fish* *Hollandaise Sauce* *Grilled Cutlets* *Peas* *Tomato Sauce* *Apple Fritters*
TUES.	*Fish Cakes* *Vegetable Curry* *Custard Tart*	*Vegetable Soup* *Braised Sweetbreads* *Steamed Potatoes* *Baked Pears*
WED.	*Grape Fruit* *Cottage Pie* *Junket and Cream*	*Soft Roes on Toast* *Whitebait* *Wings of Chicken* *Cream Sauce* *Poached Cucumber* *Cheese Pancakes* *Fruit*
THURS.	*Anchovies, Olives* *Grilled Legs of Chicken* *Fried Potatoes* *Apple Dumplings*	*Bouillon of Chicken* *Lobster Thermidor* *Roast Partridges* *Chip Potatoes* *Coffee Mousse*
FRI.	*Tomato Omelette* *Grilled Herrings* *Mustard Sauce* *Ginger Pudding*	*Vegetable Soup* *Poached Turbot* *Hollandaise Sauce* *Steamed Potatoes* *Sweet Orange Salad* *Anchovies on Toast*
SAT.	*Fish Pie* *Grilled Steak Maître d'Hôtel* *Fried Potatoes* *Cheese and Fruit*	*Tomato Soup* *Roast Pork* *Baked Potatoes* *Cauliflower* *Fruit Fool*
SUN.	*Steak and Kidney Pudding,* *Cabbage* *Creamed Rice* *Cheese*	*Mixed Hors-d'œuvre* *Cold Roast Pork* *Bubble and Squeak* *Pickled Peaches* *Lemon Cheese Tart*

FIRST WEEK

Moules Marinière are very quickly made. Put the mussels well washed and scraped in a saucepan, with a little white wine, pepper, chopped onion and parsley. Shake them over the fire for about eight minutes. Serve in a deep dish with their juice.

Tuesday's Pilaff is made with the remains of Monday's chicken, the carcase being used for the soup in the evening. You make enough clear soup on Thursday to last two days, serving it again on Saturday, while the boiled beef from the soup makes a very pleasant *hors-d'œuvre Salad* with potatoes, gherkins, tomatoes, etc., for Friday's luncheon. Sunday's game soup is made with the carcase of the pheasant you had on Friday.

SECOND WEEK

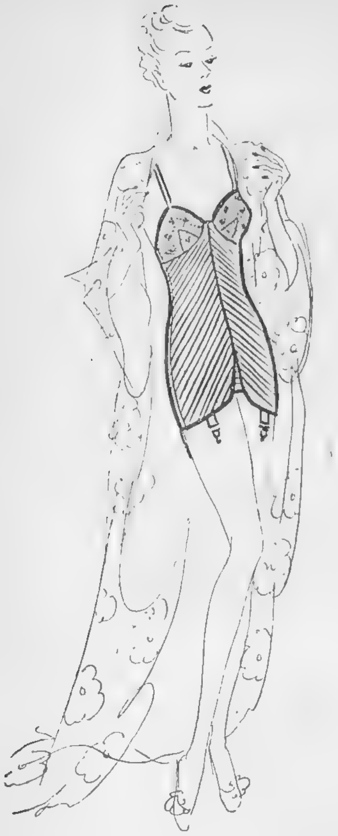
You finished the first week with a traditional English roast on Sunday, which left you with some cold meat for Monday and for a Cottage Pie on Wednesday.

Boiled fish twice for dinner during the week leaves you with enough for luncheon dishes. Either of the menus of Wednesday or Thursday would do for a little dinner party, and although you were extravagant on Wednesday, serving only wings of chicken, the rest is used very pleasantly. On Thursday you serve the legs grilled for luncheon and the carcases make your *bouillon*.

The wings of chicken, by the way, are not at all difficult to cook and make quite a good show for a party. You melt some butter in a pan, cook the wings of chicken on both sides, browning them nicely. Remove and keep them hot in the serving dish. Add salt and pepper to the pan, a pinch of paprika and a glass of cream. Bring to the boil and cook for a few minutes to reduce and thicken and add a few tiny pieces of butter, shaking them into the sauce off the fire.

Pour the sauce over the wings and garnish with pieces of cucumber, which you have peeled, cut in slices about two inches long and cooked in boiling salted water. Drain them well before putting them round the dish.

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED



ALL women, excepting the extremely fortunate and the superlatively conceited, are conscious of some sort of figure faults. For this large majority the makers of the Berlei True-to-Type Foundation Garments have prepared a novel and instructive free booklet.

Advice is given about the correct foundation garment for those with a tendency towards wide hips and thighs, the correct one for those whose shoulders and bust line are wider than their hips. In fact, the writer of the book prescribes the most suitable foundation for every type of figure.

This booklet is copiously illustrated with different kinds of Berlei models, one of which is drawn here. It also includes an illustrated guide to exercises and correct posture to reduce stomach fat, diaphragm roll and overcome some of the more common figure faults.

Berlei have a new, beautifully made girdle which comes up, with cunning light bone control, a few inches above the normal waist line, thus eliminating the usual girdle trouble of flesh rolling over the waist.

A CREAM mascara in a tube with a specially formed nozzle through which it is squeezed on to a brush, a cream which dries on the lashes, is completely waterproof, tearproof and will not run in any circumstances, it sounds too good to be true, but these are in fact the attributes of Tattoo Mascara.

This cosmetic contains no dyes or other injurious substances and so never makes the lashes brittle nor causes the eyes to smart or irritate. It colours each hair smoothly and evenly, and does not bead the lashes together.

It comes in three colours—black for brunettes, brown for blondes, and medium blue for evening use. It is neatly packed with a brush in a rubber-lined case, and costs 2s. 6d.

THE ever-increasing popularity of the Bourjois "Evening in Paris" series has now led them to extend the series to embrace every toilet need. You can get complexion milk, astringent lotion, cleansing cream, rouge, face and talcum powder, soap, bath cubes and Cologne, all in attractive midnight blue and silver wrappings.

Coffrets range in price from 2s. to 35s., and the newest gift novelty is a bottle of the seductive "Evening in Paris" perfume, concealed in a beautifully modelled Bakelite oyster shell. This is only 1s. 9d.

THOSE who appreciate the excellent toilet aids sponsored by Jane Seymour will be pleased to know that a very special Eau de Cologne is the latest addition to her series.

It is delightfully refreshing and definitely lasting, a characteristic of the special formulæ being the fact that it leaves no sickly perfume behind as the full strength wears off. The smoked glass bottle, shown at the right, containing approximately 5½ ounces, costs 6s. 6d.

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products

BIG money prizes are offered in a Knitting Contest organised by Wolsey, and the conditions of entry are particularly lenient. Garments need not be original designs, they may be made up from Wolsey instruction leaflets.

Inexperienced knitters have every chance of winning a prize, as entries will be judged, not on complexity of design, but on finish and uniformity of stitch and good taste in colour harmonies.

The competition is divided into three sections—men's, women's, and children's garments, and in each section there is a first prize of £50, a second prize of £20, a third prize of £5, and ten consolation prizes of £1. It opens October 5 and closes on November 20. Wolsey will be pleased to send full details and conditions of entry to all who are interested.

IF you are at all interested in modern decoration and settings, you must go to the Exhibition of Modern Fabrics at 10, Lower Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. It is on until October 24.

This represents the getting together of a manufacturer of fine modern fabrics and a star interior decorator (Old Bleach Linen Co. and Duncan Miller, Ltd.) to show us how best to use these fabrics in our own homes.

There are outline settings for seven rooms, the fabrics chosen and the settings designed and arranged by Mrs. Miller.

Among the interesting new materials shown is a linen and wool tapestry, printed linens designed by famous modern artists like Nicholas de Molas, Paul Nash, Marion Dorn, kitchen curtains of red linen with kitchen utensils appliquéd in white, white linen sheets with navy borders.

You can get all the fabrics, during and after the exhibition, at Duncan Miller's.

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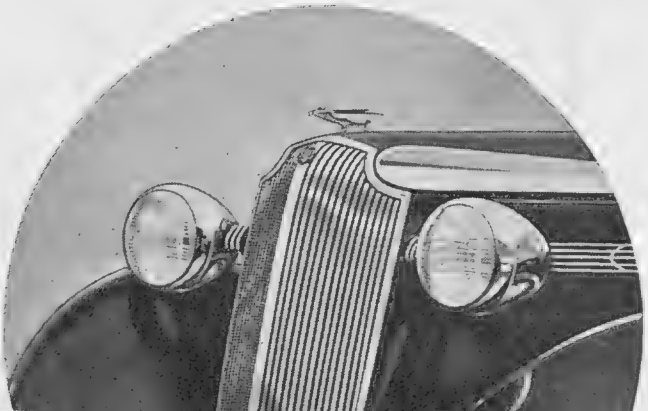
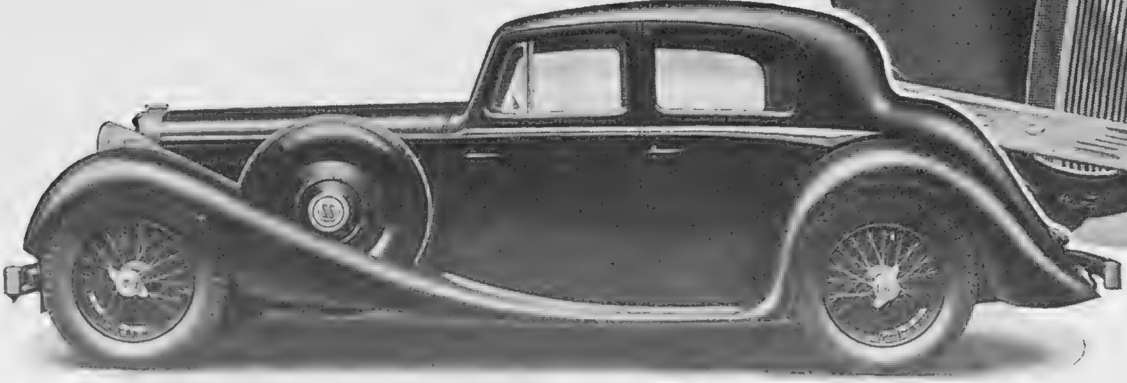
New Motoring Developments

What to Look for at Olympia

By The Earl of Cardigan



A NEW radiator for motorists to memorise. In a few weeks it will become very familiar, for it is that of the 1937 twelve and fourteen h.p. Vauxhalls



THE S.S. "Jaguar" is a car of very fine appearance, which is not belied by its impressive road performance. This is the 2½ litre saloon, priced at £385

IT always seems to me that there are two distinct reasons for going to Olympia and surveying the Motor Show. The first—by which most people are impelled—is to study one or two specific cars, with a view to making a purchase or exchange, either at the time or subsequently.

The second reason will appeal to those who take a rather broader interest in motoring developments. Olympia provides an ideal opportunity for seeing what has been achieved in twelve months by designers and manufacturers in general. Are engines becoming bigger or smaller, simpler or more complex? There are hundreds of such questions which may be asked and answered.

From what I know in advance as to the exhibits, I think we shall find that manufacturers have been especially active in developing the small car. In the 10–12 h.p. class, there will be an almost bewildering variety from which to choose.

Cars of medium size will be seen to have maintained, but not increased, their popularity. The big cars, however, are likely to be more in evidence. There are now a number, of between 20 and 30 h.p., which are listed at prices so moderate as to attract buyers who previously would hardly have aspired to big-car ownership.

As regards engine design, it is amusing to note how the good old four-cylinder side-valve unit holds its own. The prophets have been confounded who, years ago, told us that an up-to-date engine must have overhead valves, with at least six cylinders. I suppose there is no doubt that the overhead valves do give greater efficiency; but this is at the expense of more complexity and presumably greater manufacturing cost.

The multiplicity of cylinders may give slightly greater smoothness; but this advantage is not very marked, since nowadays the four-cylinder engine is itself so admirably smooth. In other words, there is "not a great deal in it" when one is building a small car for everyday purposes.

All the bigger cars, of course, have six, eight or even twelve cylinders. We shall see more eight-cylinder engines than ever before. Overhead valves, however, although favoured by a majority of makers in the big-car class, will be found by no means universal.

IT will be interesting to observe the various types of gearbox employed in the new cars. The struggle for supremacy is still going on between the advocates of synchromesh and epicyclic (generally pre-selective) gears. Numerically, synchromesh gearboxes may seem to be in the ascendant; but it is not easy to say which type is preferred by the public when expense is no object. Among the more luxurious cars, the proportion is very much like fifty-fifty as between one type and the other.

The free-wheel device has decidedly lost ground. Some people still prefer it; but it has nothing like the popularity of two or three years ago. Practically all gearboxes, of course, will work in conjunction with some form or other of simplifying mechanism. The plain, "common or garden" gearbox is now virtually dead.

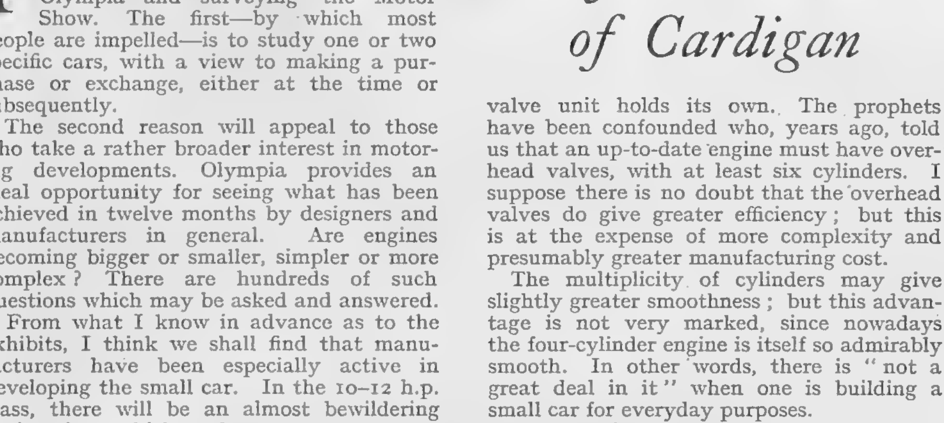
Springing systems will repay attention this year. Independent front-wheel springing is undoubtedly becoming much more generally used.

There may be one or two cars of which all four wheels will be sprung independently. This is an extension of the same idea and produces really wonderful results when the car is traversing a badly broken road surface.

Remote control for the shock absorbers is a novelty which looks as if it has come to stay. This, again, is, of course, an added complexity to the design of the chassis; but it is a very real asset from the driver's point of view. It means that he can have soft springing when he is running slowly, and yet obtain first-rate road-holding for speed work.

Steering gears do not alter much; but there is now a system by which both front wheels are directly steered, instead of one being merely linked to the other. This is worth studying. Braking systems remain much the same, with the mechanical Servo type of brake in the ascendant. The hydraulic brake, however, still has plenty of supporters—and there is no doubt that it has some important advantages.

On all chassis, we are likely to see new features designed to provide still greater convenience for the owner-driver. What is certain is that the motorist who has eyes to see and to compare should find at Olympia no lack of interest.



THIS attractive little car is the 1937 Hillman "Minx" with foursome drop-head coupé body. It sells at £215, and there are other models from £163

PROCLAMATION BY HUMBER

PROVED MODELS CONTINUE. Nearly a year ago Humber created a new series of cars; cars in which were merged every proved feature known to modern motoring. Sleek, silent cars, dynamic in performance, dignified and distinctive, endowed with motoring's most restful rear=seat ride. For 1937, the Pullman, Snipe and 'Eighteen' series continue; matched against the best the world can show, they have proved themselves still far ahead in every feature.

HUMBER QUALITY 'TWELVE' AT LOWER PRICES. The Humber 'Twelve' will also be continued, at substantially lower prices. Improved wherever experience has shown improvement to be possible, it is, more than ever, today's most distinguished Twelve.

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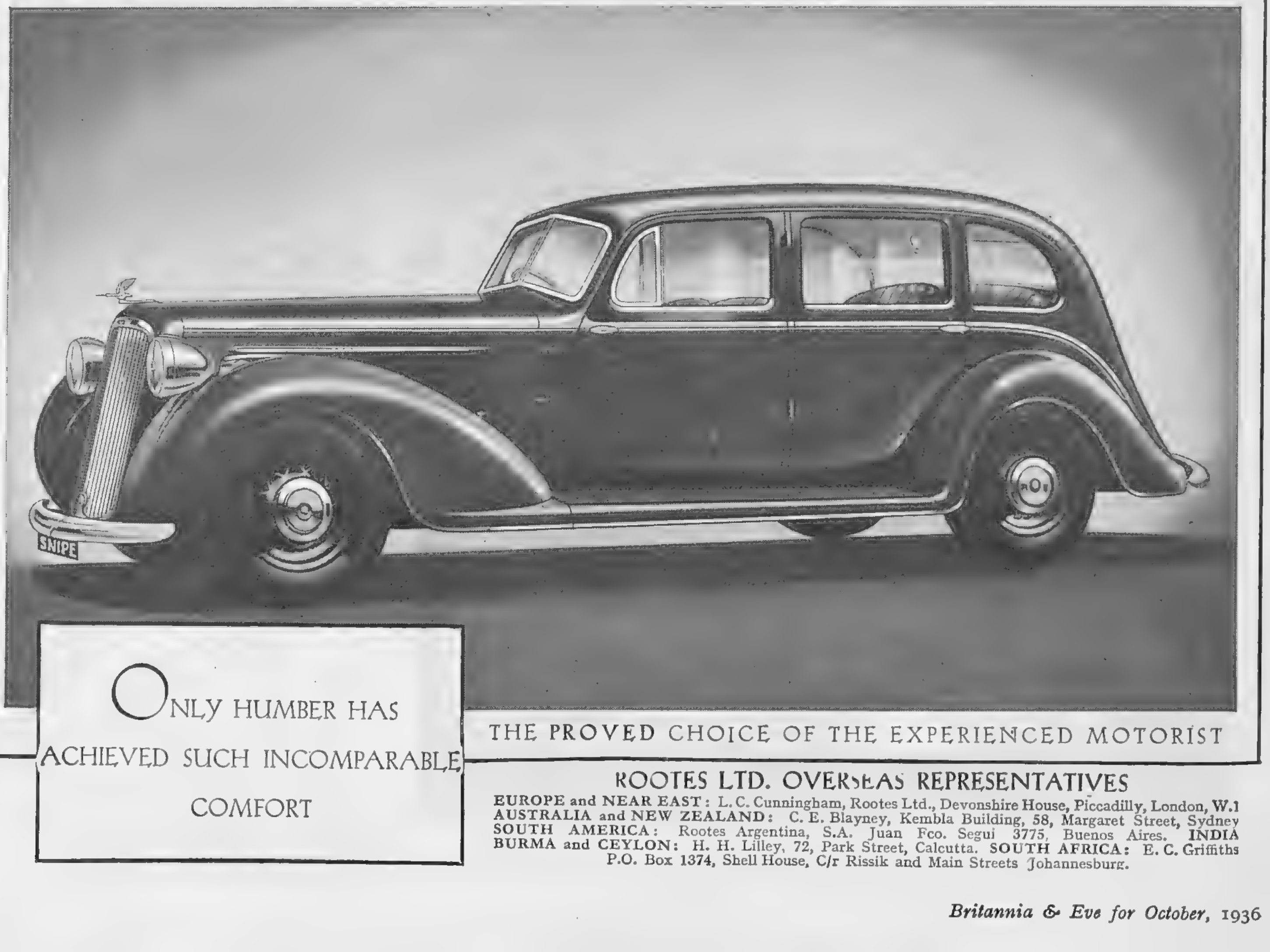
PRICES:

Pullman from £735. Snipe from £475. 'Eighteen' from £445. 'Twelve' from £258. May we send you attractively illustrated and descriptive brochure?

Humber Limited, Coventry. London Showrooms and Export Dept., Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W. 1.



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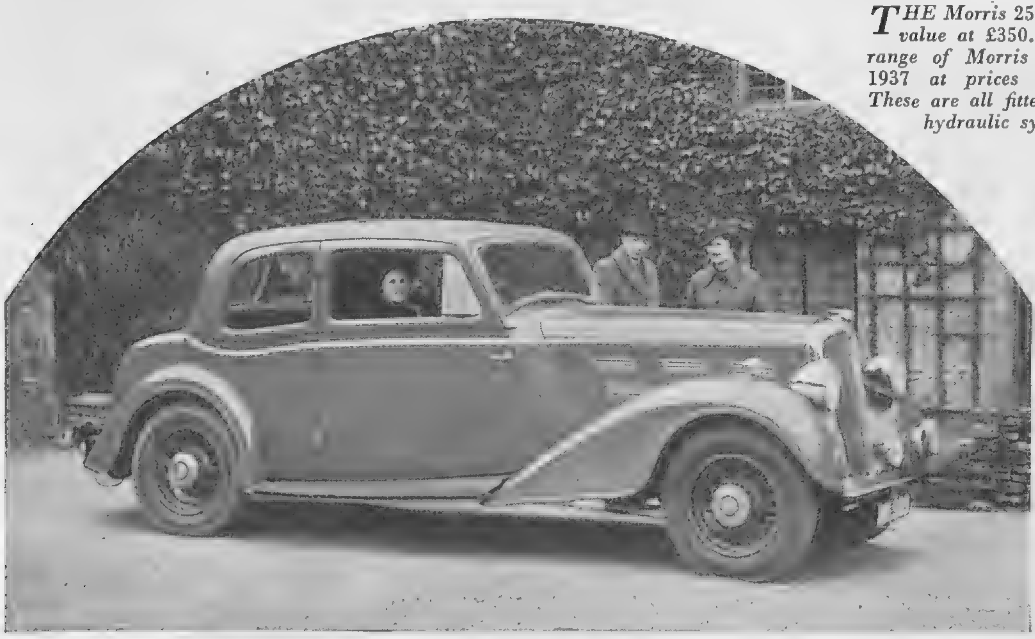


THE Morris 25 h.p. coupé is first-rate value at £350. There is a complete range of Morris "Big Six" cars for 1937 at prices from £250 upwards. These are all fitted with the "Jackall" hydraulic system of jacking

Among *the* New Cars

By The Earl of Cardigan

I DO not know whether any visitor to Olympia has ever succeeded in making a thorough examination of all the exhibits on all the stands. It seems very unlikely, for such a task would take several days to complete. Still, enthusiasts being what they are, it is not impossible that a 100 per cent. comprehensive tour has at some time been made.

I have to confess that I personally have never accomplished, or even seriously attempted, so formidable a feat. Like most people, I try to make a complete circuit of the Show, casting a roving eye over the stands as I come to them, but pausing only at those which seem to be of especial interest.

A round tour of this nature, on paper, is the objective aimed at in the following pages. I cannot even boast of having listed all the cars which the Motor Show visitor might profitably go to see. I will merely claim to have noted those which, if he is going to "do" the Show at all, he simply cannot afford to overlook.

It will be readily agreed, I imagine, that the Morris exhibit must come into this category. It is worthy of note that Messrs. Morris are not bringing out any new models especially to coincide with the Motor Show period. There are eight different models already in existence. All are doing well and proving entirely successful. There is, therefore, no intention to supersede these until the time comes when some further genuine step forward can be taken.

The most recently announced of the Morris models is the 14 h.p. "Six," which fills the gap which formerly existed between the small four-cylinder and the large six-cylinder cars. Like all modern Morrises, this has a side-valve engine, with a three-speed gearbox of which the two highest ratios are synchromesh. The brakes are hydraulic, and there is an hydraulic built-in "Jackall" jacking system. This latter feature is common to every Morris car except the light and economical "Eight."

This new "Fourteen," in fixed-head saloon form, is priced very modestly indeed at £215. For those who wish to keep within a limit of £200, there is the four-cylinder "Twelve" at £177 10s., and the "Ten" at £172 10s. For extreme economy we have the "Eight" which, with a two-door saloon body, is wonderful value at £120.

There are, in addition, four large "Sixes," rated at 16, 18, 21 and 25 h.p. All of these are fine cars, and for value the "Twenty-five" is certainly outstanding. With luxurious equipment, it sells for only £265.

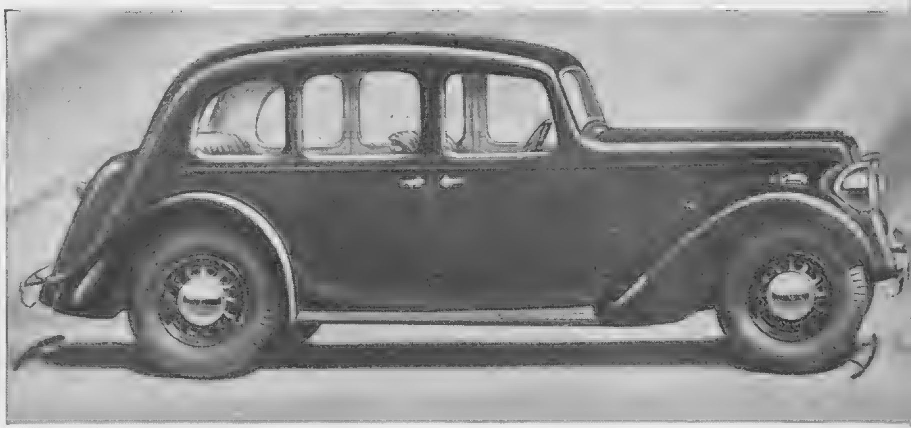
IT would be equally futile to go round Olympia without pausing at the Austin stand. There are a number of improvements to be noted on all the familiar Austin models. There is also a new car, to be known as the "Fourteen," but having a 16 h.p. Treasury rating. This is a six-cylinder model, carrying a new and attractive style of coachwork.

The other Austin models for 1937 are the "Twenty" (rated at 24 h.p.), the "Eighteen" and the "Twelve-Six"—the last named having a 16 h.p. engine. All these are of six-cylinder type and have four-speed gearboxes of which the three highest ratios are synchromesh. The "Eighteen" can alternatively be fitted, at extra cost, with the highly interesting Hayes transmission.

Built on the same plan, but with four-cylinder engines, are three smaller Austins. These are the "Twelve," the "Ten" and the famous "Seven," which now has an engine of 7·9 h.p. In all cases we find the four-speed gearbox, which, of course, is especially valuable to cars of low horse-power.

Among the 1937 improvements, the new type of braking should be noted. This is the Girling system, which is noted for its light action and high efficiency. There is also a new type of clutch, which will undoubtedly add to the ease with which these new Austin cars can be manœuvred.

It need hardly be said that prices throughout the Austin range are exceptionally reasonable. The "Seven" is sold in two-seater form at only just over £100—£102 10s. to be precise. The most expensive Austin is the "Twenty" Limousine at £650, while an admirable example of good value in the medium-powered class is the roomy (*Continued on page* 77)



A NEW Austin model for which great popularity is assured. The "Goodwood" Fourteen (£12 tax), which is listed at £235

THIS small Wolseley is a car of high efficiency, with its overhead-valve engine and four-speed gearbox. The 10-40 h.p. model sells, with "Jackall" hydraulic jacks and many other conveniences, at £220

RE-EMERGENCE OF RILEY "NINE" MONACO AS 6-LIGHT SALOON WITH HIGH EFFICIENCY POWER UNIT

Every Riley has

(1) The P.R. Cylinder head for perfect combustion.
(2) A Direct Drive Dynamo.
(3) An Automatic Clutch
(4) Pre-selectagear—the most efficient gear-change known.
(5) Lever Free Front.
(6) Air-liner braced box-section frame.
(7) Inter-Axle Seating.

A new grace is given to a car that was admittedly one of the handsomest ever produced. A 6-light body provides greater roominess and visibility. The twin-carburettor high efficiency engine ensures that characteristic Riley performance which is at once the envy and desire of other car owners. Stability of price ensures maintenance of value if and when the car is sold or exchanged. The unique Riley features, found combined in no other car, give this model an added attraction. Already it is known as the best "Nine" Riley has ever built.

The Riley Range

9 h.p. Merlin Saloon	£275
9 h.p. Monaco Saloon	£298
1½ litre Falcon Saloon	£315
1½ litre Adelphi Saloon	£350
6 cyl. Adelphi Saloon	£377
8 cyl. Adelphi Saloon	£450
1½ litre Kestrel Saloon	£350

Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Riley (Coventry) Limited. Coventry.

Among the New Cars (*continued*)

18 h.p. saloon at £298. This should really be reckoned as a big car, for the same chassis will easily take seven-seater coachwork.

The Wolseley stand is another which is bound to command attention. Here we have cars of advanced design, having overhead-valve engines and four-speed gearboxes. The latter give synchromesh control for the two highest ratios. Hydraulic brakes and hydraulic jacks are important chassis features. There is also adjustable steering, which is a real convenience.

There are four main six-cylinder types, of which the most recent is the 14 h.p. model. This is a car of comfortable size, and in saloon form it is not expensive at £265. Then there is the "Sixteen," and two larger models of 21 and 25 h.p. respectively. These are fine cars, of truly generous dimensions.

On the 25 h.p. chassis there are limousine and landaulette models which deserve to be mentioned separately. These are luxury cars, which, however, sell at the relatively modest price of £725. They give comfortable seating accommodation for seven people, with a partition between passengers and driver.

Finally, there are two four-cylinder cars of 10 and 12 h.p. These have a highly efficient performance, and are competitively priced, the "Twelve" in saloon form being listed at £225.

THERE will be few better looking cars at Olympia than this Rover Sports Saloon. It is seen on the 16 h.p. chassis—newly introduced—and is priced at £355

THE Vauxhall exhibit will be of special interest this year with a number of new models selling at reduced prices. There is sure to be a big demand for the new Vauxhall "Twenty-five," from which a very fine performance is to be expected. With its many improved features, giving something like an 80 m.p.h. turn of speed, it should represent remarkable value at £298.

The engine is an overhead-valve "six," and transmits its power through a four-speed gearbox having synchromesh third and top ratios. The brakes are hydraulic and incorporate a special safety device which deserves studying. A notable feature is the independent front-wheel springing system, which is so planned as to require the minimum of attention.

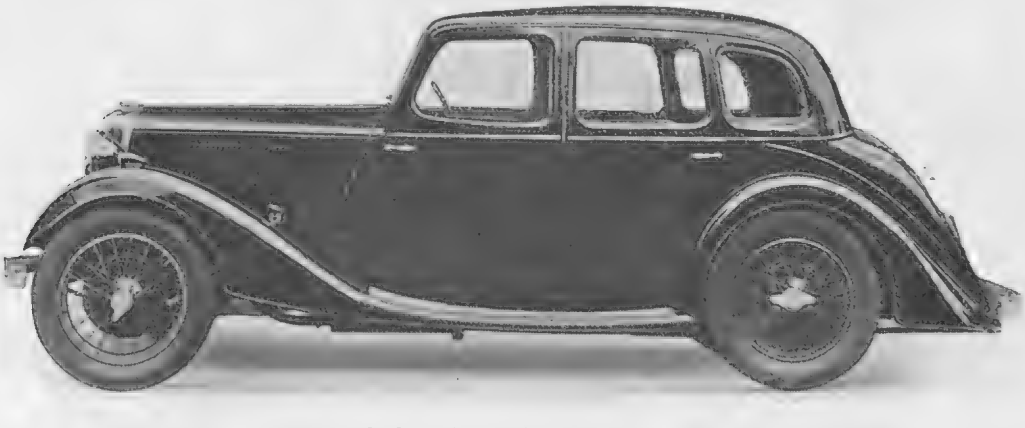
The Vauxhall "Light Six," hitherto so successful, has now been redesigned and still further improved. The present 12 and 14 h.p. models incorporate a number of additional refinements, while at the same time prices have been fixed at a new low level. A new coachwork type, the Touring Saloon, which has extremely generous luggage accommodation, is listed at £220, while the 12 h.p. Standard Saloon is better value than ever at £195. In every case the chassis is fitted with Vauxhall independent springing.

A NEW Vauxhall car, from which a remarkable performance is expected. The "25" saloon, which has independent front-wheel-springing and hydraulic brakes, sells at the very modest figure of £298

THE Rover programme for 1937 is one to be studied, although its aim has been to improve existing types rather than to introduce entirely new models. Thus the familiar Rovers will represent better and more attractive motoring value without having been radically altered.

In appearance the 1937 Rovers are exceptionally pleasing to the eye. This is notably the case where the sports saloon models are concerned. The engines in all cases have overhead valves, giving high efficiency. All chassis have four-speed gearboxes, giving very simple engagement. A free-wheel is also incorporated and, when this is operating, all four ratios become genuinely foolproof. The transmission can be made either "fixed" or "free" at the driver's discretion—and this is a point which should be appreciated.

The 10 and 12 h.p. cars are of four-cylinder type, the "Ten" being priced at £248 and the good looking "Twelve" Sports Saloon at £295. The six-cylinder cars are of 14, 16 and 20 h.p. The last-named is known as the "Speed Twenty," and has a very fine performance. All these models, it should be noted, are now rather more commodious than formerly in the matter of coachwork. Prices for the Rover "Sixes" range from £305 to £415.



AN old favourite again. The New Riley Monaco Saloon, re-introduced after a lapse of twelve months. The price of this model is £298

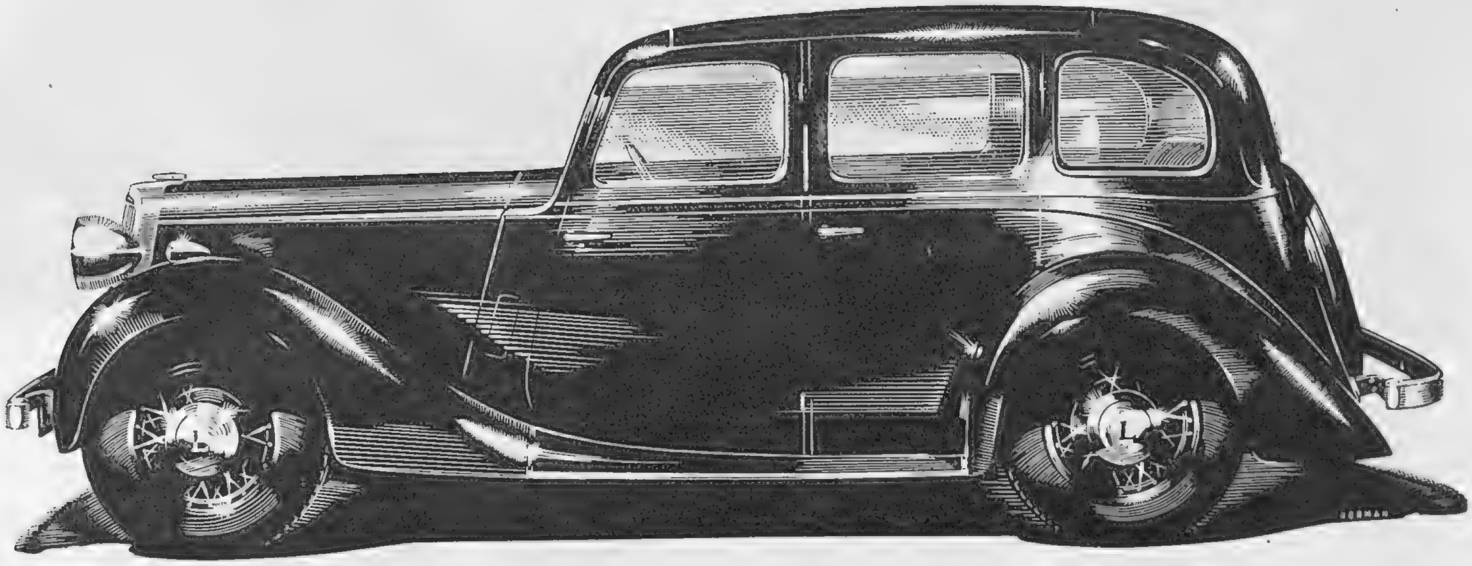
THE Riley stand at Olympia is one which always looks well, and has something interesting to show. The ever-popular Riley "Nine" is now available in two forms. There is a Special Series "Nine" which has twin carburettors and a number of other engine features by means of which an improved performance is obtained. Riley enthusiasts will note with pleasure that the "Monaco" body is re-introduced at £298 on the Special Series chassis, although now as a six-light saloon.

The 1½ litre Riley is another four-cylinder model which is offered with either the normal or Special Series type of engine, at prices ranging from £308 to £398. Then there is the 15 h.p. "Six," and finally the very attractive 18 h.p. "V-Eight." The last named is a car of strikingly up-to-date design and, with "Adelphi" saloon coachwork, is listed at £450.

All Riley engines are of overhead-valve type, with twin camshafts. Epicyclic pre-selective gears are used, by means of which any gear change can be made flawlessly and without hesitation.

(*Continued on page 79*)

FEEL HOW SHE HOLDS THE ROAD



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LONDON DISTRIBUTORS FOR LANCHESTER CARS

A NEW M.G. which will delight the small-car enthusiasts. This is the "Series T" Midget, selling at £222, with a new high-efficiency 10 h.p. engine

Among the New Cars *(continued)*

This form of gearbox is aided by an automatic friction clutch which is so arranged as to engage of its own accord when the engine is speeded up. Thus the novice can neither crash his gears nor can he stall the engine inadvertently. It is a genuinely foolproof combination.

ON the Armstrong Siddeley stand we shall again see the epicyclic gearbox as an outstanding chassis feature, although in this case in conjunction with a normal type of clutch. Six-cylinder engines are employed, having overhead valves, and rated at 14, 17 and 20/25 h.p.

The 14 h.p. model was introduced last year as the "Twelve Plus" and now sells with comfortable saloon coachwork at £320. On the 17 h.p. chassis many different body styles can be supplied, including a seven-seater limousine. The latter, at £585 on a chassis of extended wheelbase, is remarkable value in view of its generous seating capacity. The 20/25 h.p. model comes definitely into the big car class, and is offered with various styles of coachwork at prices from £575 to £745.

FOR cars of luxurious and very controllable type we must not omit the Lanchester stand from our itinerary. Here we shall find three models, all of which are sure to prove popular with owner-drivers during 1937. These are the 11 h.p. Lanchester, the "Fourteen" and the "Eighteen."

These Lanchesters are in many ways distinctive, but mainly on account of the unique transmission system which they employ. This consists primarily of an epicyclic pre-selective gearbox, which, of course, gives positively faultless gear changing in regard to all four ratios. To this is added a "fluid flywheel," which is a patent Daimler feature of unusual interest and usefulness.

In a sense, this acts as an automatic clutch; but there is, of course, no friction as the drive is taken up, and therefore virtually no wear and tear. The car can be started with perfect flexibility in top gear if desired, and no harm can possibly result from it.

The 10 h.p. Lanchester has a four-cylinder overhead-valve engine, and is sold with a Mulliner saloon body at £298. The 14 h.p. car is a "six," and sells as a saloon for £330, with a sports saloon model at £340. The "Eighteen" is, of course, a car of still more comfortable proportions, and is by no means expensive at £580 complete.

THE Standard exhibit is sure to repay a visit, for here are cars which have been substantially reduced in price, plainly as a result of popular support during the past season. There are a number of different types and models; but it is the "Flying" Standards which have been particularly successful, and which therefore are priced so attractively for 1937.

The "Light Twelve" car is now below the £200 mark at £199, while the "Twelve" has been reduced to £249. The "Twenty" is likewise offered at a very attractive figure, and will be voted first-rate value at £299.

To those who appreciate cars of the distinctively sporting type, the new S.S. "Jaguar" models will make an immediate appeal. Four types are listed for 1937, and all of these combine high performance with more than ordinary good looks. Prices are to remain unaltered, except in one instance, where there is a £10 increase.

The 2½ litre saloon is perhaps the best known of the "Jaguar" models. Its sales in 1936 are said to have broken all records for the S. S. company. With its overhead-valve engine and four-speed gearbox it has a remarkable road performance, the top speed being in the region of 90 m.p.h. Many improvements have been made in such matters as carburation, braking and suspension. The new, extra-large shock absorbers may be quoted as an example. With saloon coachwork, which also has been improved in detail, it is listed at £385. There is an open touring model on the same chassis at £375.

Then, for especially high performance, there is a short chassis 2½ litre car. This is continued at £395 without any major alteration. Finally, we have the 1½ litre saloon at £295—and here, for the extra £10, we find a number of new developments. Generally speaking, it has become a more commodious and comfortable car, with increased leg-room and more luxurious appointments. Although the engine is only of modest size, speeds up to 70 m.p.h. can be recorded, while the acceleration is of real sports-car quality.

WHEN we think of the sporting side of motoring we are bound to call to mind the M.G.—and there is no doubt that the M.G. stand is going to be more interesting than ever at this year's Motor Show. There will be a number of new models, including the 18 h.p. car, which combines high performance with a marked degree of roominess and comfort. At least one of the 1937 types is, at the moment of writing, still to be announced, and may provide one of the last-minute surprises.

It is a safe prophecy, however, that the new Series "T" "Midget" will focus the attention of every small-car enthusiast. Previous "Midgets" have won golden opinions all over the world, and this new edition is still faster and more efficient.

The new engine is of 10 h.p., with overhead valves and twin carburettors. There is a four-speed gearbox with a top ratio of 4·875 to 1. The frame is underslung at the rear, and the powerful brakes are of the hydraulic variety.

Coachwork is very considerably improved, especially in regard to all-weather equipment. The two-seater is a very good-looking little car when open, with a hood that folds down flat. When closed it really does provide protection from the elements. In view of its high quality the price of £222 is very moderate.

There are some new Singer cars for 1937 which should not be missed. Here, again, one model has not been announced at the time of writing, and it would be unprofitable for me to speculate as to what its nature may be.

We do know, however, that there is a new Singer "Bantam" *(Continued on page 81)*

THIS new Lanchester model should prove very popular. It is the 14 h.p. "Roadrider" Saloon, with pre-selective gears and fluid fly-wheel, priced at £325

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M. 107

THE Armstrong-Siddeley 14 h.p. Four-light Saloon. This is an attractive 1937 model listed at £320

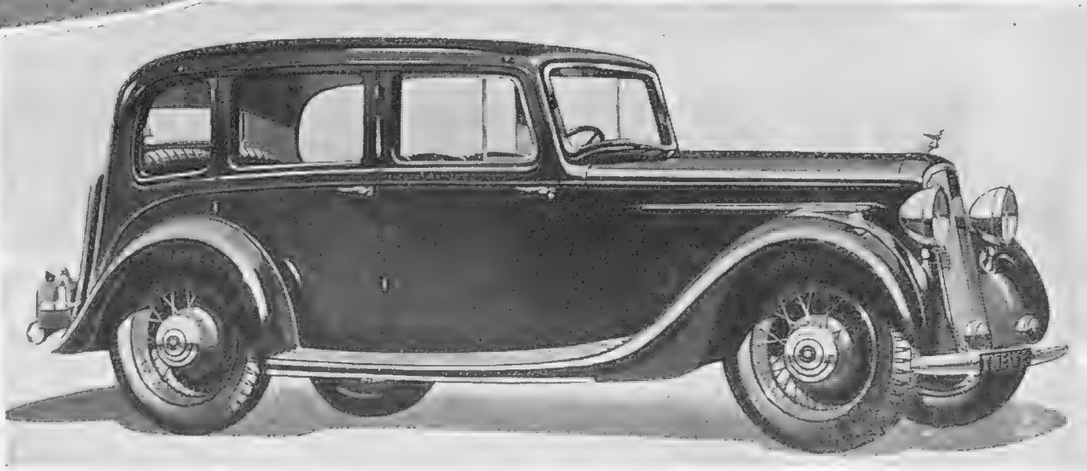
Among the New Cars (*continued*)

to be seen—and this is a little car of a type which is growing in popularity. It has a four-cylinder 9 h.p. engine of very efficient design, the overhead valves being actuated by a chain-driven overhead camshaft. There is a three-speed gearbox, with the rather low top ratio of 5·57 to 1. The second and top gears engage by means of synchromesh mechanism.

Five different styles of coachwork are available on the "Bantam" chassis. Lowest priced is the two-door saloon, which is remarkably sound value at £132 10s. Then there are two open models, a tourer and a two-seater. Then, in the "de luxe" class, there are two more saloons, the four-door example being listed, with full equipment, at £149 10s.

The Hudson exhibit is sure of attracting those who like a car of ample power and size. The Hudson and Terraplane models are all so designed as to give real big-car performance, without the need for frequently changing gear and "keeping up the revs." The smallest of these cars is of 17 h.p., and even this—the "baby" of the family—is of uncommon sturdiness.

It is the Terraplane "Six" which is the 17 h.p. model. This car has a three-speed synchromesh gearbox, of which the top gear ratio is 4·55 to 1. This is, by modern standards, a high gear, and means that the engine is able to operate at reasonably low "revs" without seeming to be about to "bust itself" when running on full throttle. The down-draught carburettor has an automatic choke control which makes it easy to get a quick start in the morning.



THIS is one of the most popular of Humber models —the 12 h.p. Saloon. With all synchromesh gearbox and "Vari-load" springing, it is listed at £258

The Terraplane "Big Six" is of similar design, but with an engine of 21·6 h.p. and a 4·11 top gear ratio. There are a number of coachwork styles for the Terraplane chassis, including saloons and coupés—the latter being of either drop-head or fixed-head type. In all cases, comfort and roominess are salient features.

The Hudson "Six" is also of 21·6 h.p., although—for some reason which is not at all clear from the specification—this car develops 93 h.p. as against the 88 h.p. of the Terraplane. (Here is a nice little problem: from where does the extra 5 h.p. come?) Finally there is the Hudson "Eight," which is rated at approximately 29 h.p., with 113 h.p. as the maximum developed. This is a car of really impressive size.

The Hudson coachwork styles include an English-built sports saloon, which looks very well on the eight-cylinder chassis. There is also a "Club" saloon which is quite exceptionally roomy. Although so generously proportioned it sells at a figure well inside the £500 mark.

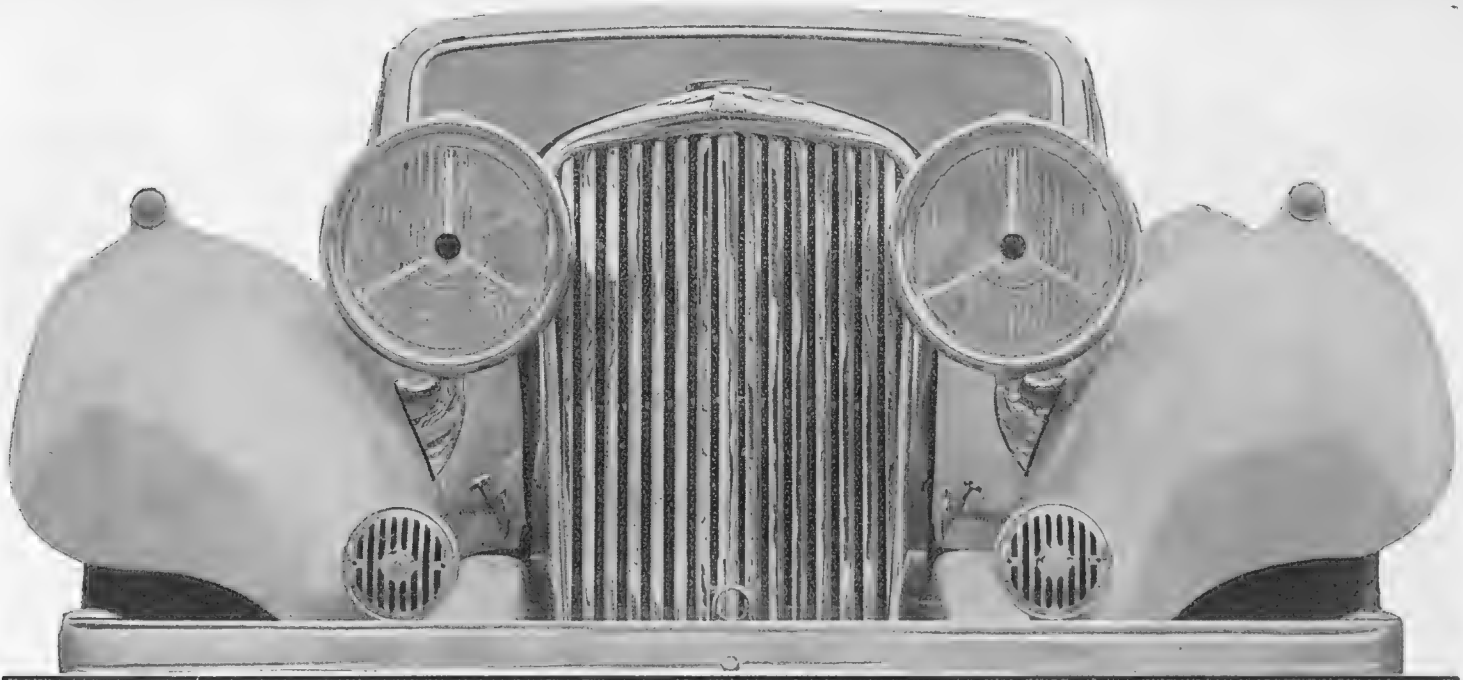
Big cars of high efficiency are a feature of the Hillman programme for 1937. The smallest of the six-cylinder models is of 16·9 h.p. This car has a side-valve engine and a four-speed gearbox, with synchromesh third and top gears. The chassis has a very interesting form of springing known as "Evenkeel," which allows the front wheels to enjoy independent suspension. A "Sixteen" saloon is available at the low figure of £295. Then there is the "Hawk," which is generally similar in appearance but has a more powerful engine of 20·9 h.p. This is a fast car, and has remarkably fine powers of acceleration. Here, again, as in all the Hillman "Sixes," we find the "Evenkeel" independent front-wheel suspension system.

IT is good news for motorists that the 1937 "Flying" Standard cars have been considerably reduced in price. Here is one of these popular models, with Mr. T. Campbell Black, the famous airman, who uses it when he travels on terra firma

Then, with a longer chassis but with the same engine and general design, we have the Hillman "80." This is a car which will take any sort of coachwork, including the most luxurious types. A good example of its comfort and capacity is the seven-seater limousine. This model should surely continue its success, representing as it does exceptional value at £395.

We must not forget the ever-popular Hillman "Minx." This, in its latest form, is a sturdy little car—and not so little either as its modest 10 h.p. engine might suggest! With

(*Continued on page 83*)



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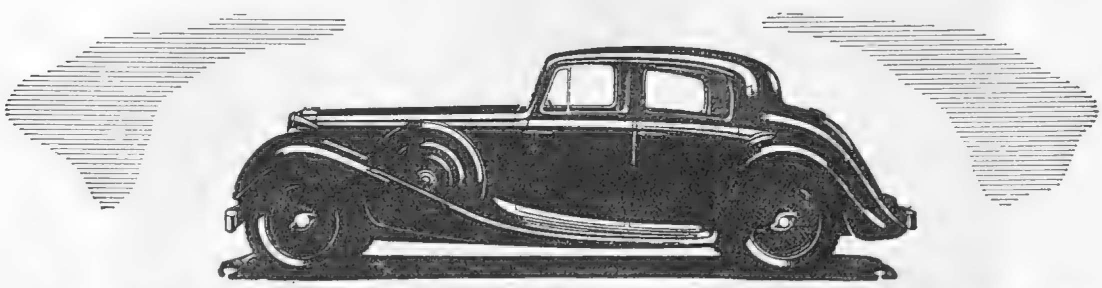
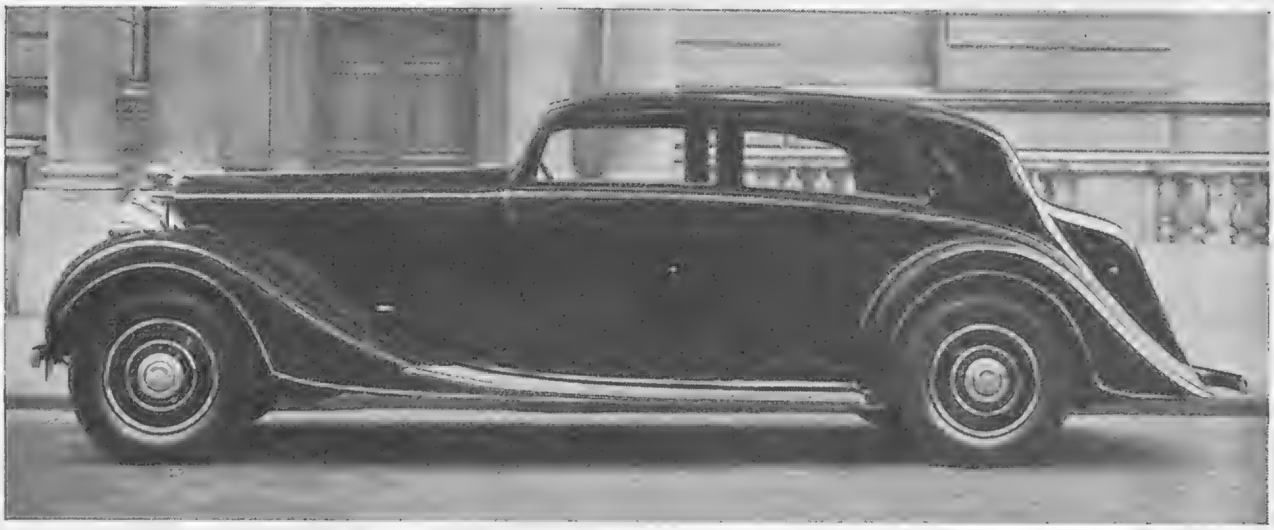


STAND 116 OLYMPIA

1937 SS JAGUAR

Among the New Cars (*continued*)

saloon coachwork, the interior is decidedly roomy, and the performance also is of a distinctly high order. A most excellent feature is that all four of its gears have synchromesh engagement. At £163, it is sure to have a very wide appeal.



A STRIKING example of the new "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce. This car was the first to be delivered to Messrs. Jack Barclay, the Rolls-Royce specialists. The Sports Limousine body is of Barclay design, built by Messrs H. J. Mulliner

Fine cars at reasonable prices will be a feature also of the Humber exhibit. All the familiar Humber models are being continued, with no striking innovations but with minor improvements here and there. The Humber "Twelve" is the smallest of the range, with its four-cylinder side-valve engine. Then we have the "Eighteen," which is a "Six," and the two still larger cars—the "Snipe" and the "Pullman."

The new Humber "Twelve" is reduced in price to £258 for the saloon and £298 for the special "Vogue" model. It is a good performer, with a number of attractive features such as the all-synchromesh gearbox, by means of which any change into any gear may be made with absolute certainty. The springing is semi-elliptic, and has the advantage of an additional "Variload" spring leaf, the effect of which is to stiffen the suspension under conditions of heavy loading.

THE Humber "Eighteen" is a car which has gradually developed from the "Sixteen" which was a favourite a few years ago. It now, in common with the other 1937 models, has an extremely rigid box-girder type of chassis frame. The front springing is a notable feature, being of the "Even-keel" independent variety, and this gives it a real advantage when being driven hard over a bad surface. It is sold at prices from £445 upwards.

The "Snipe" is a fast car of ample power, having an engine rated at 26·8 h.p. It has the independent front springing, and (in common with the "Eighteen" and "Pullman") can be supplied, although at extra cost, with the de Normanville epicyclic gearbox. The feature of this box is that, while being entirely fool-proof and controlled from the steering column, it is not pre-selective, but can be handled in a perfectly normal manner. It also lends itself unusually well to occasional "coasting."

The "Pullman" has the same engine as the "Snipe," but is designed to take much more commodious coachwork. It is sold in conjunction with some very luxurious examples of the coachbuilder's art, as for example the Sedanca de Ville by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly. For unusually good value, the "Pullman" limousine may be quoted, the price of this being £735.

THERE is one car which we have not yet mentioned, but which will probably receive at least a passing examination from every Olympia visitor. This is the Rolls-Royce, which occupies a position of especial interest in the British motor industry. It is probably our only car which is built more or less (in its 40/50 h.p. form) regardless of expense.

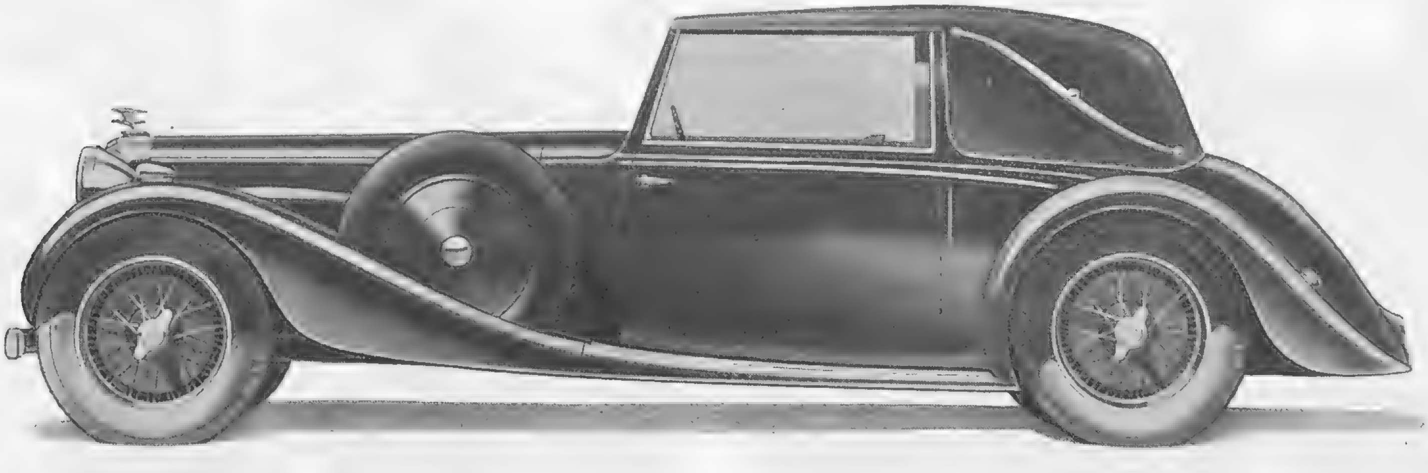
I do not wish to suggest that the retail price of this car is a matter of complete indifference to the makers, or that it is ever unreasonably inflated. My point is that an increase of £50 would hardly frighten away, nor would a decrease of £50 especially attract, any prospective Rolls-Royce purchaser. If one is going to lay out £2,000 or £3,000, one is going to "take the plunge" in any event.

Therefore the big Rolls-Royce may be built to whatever design is considered the most efficient, and may have whatever equipment is thought to be the most satisfactory and luxurious. There are no limitations. No possibility need be rejected as being uneconomic, if it appears otherwise to be desirable.

It follows that anyone who is interested in motor cars in general *must* be interested in the 1937 "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce. This is, of course, a twelve-cylinder model, with independent front springing, and with a chassis of more compact type than was used for the "Phantom II." It represents the first excursion of Messrs. Rolls-Royce into twelve-cylinder motor engineering, although for many years a twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce aero engine has been enjoying outstanding success.

LUXURIOUS cars of advanced design, somewhat more competitively priced, are to be seen on the Alvis stand. There is to be a new 17 h.p. car of which, as I write, no details are yet available, but which is sure to be of uncommon interest. It is also quite safe to forecast that its performance will be of a quality well above the average.

There are four larger Alvis cars in the comprehensive 1937 range. In the 20 h.p. category there is the "Crested Eagle," with a six-cylinder engine of overhead-valve type, having dual ignition. The gearbox provides four speeds, all of which have the assistance of synchromesh mechanism. This is a very real asset, for it means that any change, either up or down, can be made with precisely the same degree of ease. The front wheels have independent springing—a feature with which Messrs. Alvis have experimented for a great many years (*Continued on page* 85)



A HANDSOME Alvis model which has a really fine road performance. This is the "Speed 25" Drop-head Coupé, which is listed at £850

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A VERY remarkable car, which is stated to be capable of an honest 100 m.p.h. This 4½ litre Lagonda 4-seater coupé is moderately priced at £1,150

Among the New Cars (*continued*)

before standardising it. "Crested Eagle" prices range from £775.

Then there is the "Twenty-five," which is a car of the same general design, but with a 25.63 h.p. engine which naturally gives it a more striking road performance. The top gear ratio is also proportionately higher. It should be noted that both the above chassis are capable of carrying limousine coachwork, with seven-seater accommodation.

The "Speed Twenty-five" is, as its name implies, a faster edition of the standard 25 h.p. model. The engine has three carburettors, and there is a high top gear ratio. This may be 4.11 or 4.33, according to the owner's preference or the type of coachwork to be used. There is an attractive four-seater Sports body, which on this chassis is listed at the relatively moderate price of £700. (A good mark to Messrs. Alvis for not trying to turn it out at £699!)

Finally there is the 4.3 litre car, which has a rated horse-power of 31.48. This also is a "six," with overhead valves and three carburettors. Heading the Alvis range, it is a car of very fine quality which should at rather less than £1,000, make an immediate appeal.

THE Lagonda stand is one which should on no account be missed—for here we shall see cars of exceptional speed capacity. I do not know—and one should beware of committing oneself on so provocative a subject—but I suspect that the Lagonda special "Rapide" tourer may be the fastest British car which is sold to the general public. (I am excluding what may be termed "competition" cars.)

However that may be, I see that something in excess of 100 m.p.h. is claimed as the maximum speed, and I am sure that Messrs. Lagonda would not make such a claim unless it could be substantiated absolutely. Mr. W. O. Bentley is the designer of the "Rapide"—and there is probably no man who has more experience of turning out fast cars.

It should, however, be noted that the new Lagonda has plenty of flexibility in addition to its speed. The six-cylinder engine will run very comfortably at low "revs," so that one can "potter" as happily in this car as in any other. In any case, the gearbox is of synchro-mesh type, and so can present no difficulty.

At £1,050 this fine car is really moderately priced, and the saloon model may also be quoted as good value at £1,125.

We can hardly think of fast cars without calling to mind the new Bentley, which may justly claim to have set a new fashion in the sports-car world. It is only since the new Bentley appeared that we have had cars which have been at the same time fast, smooth and silent. The earlier type of sports car was never silent, and not often smooth.

When one comes to think of it, it is remarkable that such diverse qualities can go hand in hand. The Bentley, however, is more than satisfying in all these respects. It is extremely fast—being in the 100 m.p.h. class while modestly refraining from making any specific speed claim—and it is flexible enough to be driven, if desired, at a walking pace in top gear. It is wonderfully silent—and here is a significant point. The public is so appreciative of this silence that Messrs. Bentley have been able to dispense with the exhaust cut-out which was fitted on earlier models. It was found that even the enthusiasts rarely felt disposed, after once experiencing silent speed, to revert to the open exhaust!

A RECENT Bentley development has been the provision of an alternative engine for the popular 3½-litre car. With this larger engine installed, and with a capacity of 4¼ litres, an even finer performance is available. The additional cost of the new and larger power unit is a level £50.

There are, as I have indicated, a number of other cars which one might well see and study while making a tour of the Motor Show. Those which I have listed in the foregoing pages have only been those which have seemed absolutely essential to any proper survey of the motor industry as it faces the opening of the 1937 season.

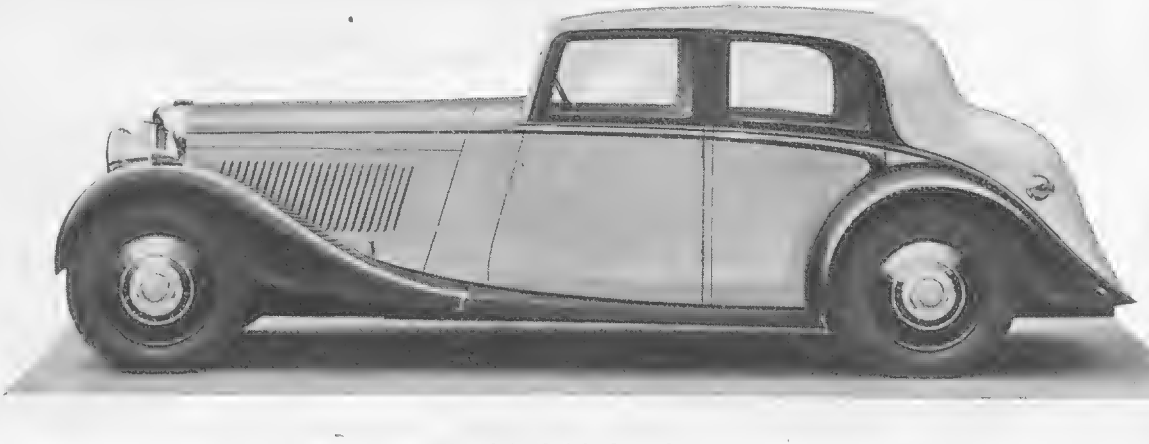
Personally, I am very fond of visiting those stands where cars are displayed which have no great sales or immediate prospects. Often such cars have a great many interesting features, some of which may subsequently be adopted by the more steady-going manufacturers.

For example, I spent quite a long time last year on a certain stand viewing a car of which, since then, I do not suppose that more than a few dozen specimens have been sold. I do not think that I was altogether wasting my time. The car in question had certain points—*e.g.*, the engine at the back—which will have to be taken seriously sooner or later.

There will be some cars of this calibre in this year's Show—cars of which one will say, "It won't sell; but that's a jolly good idea!" Such cars are worth including in anyone's itinerary.

Reverting once again to the cars of to-day which really matter, it will be seen that the Ford is not represented at Olympia. The reason for this is

(*Continued on page* 92)



AN attractive example of Park Ward coachwork on a 4¼ litre Bentley chassis. It is a special saloon model of Park Ward patent all-steel design

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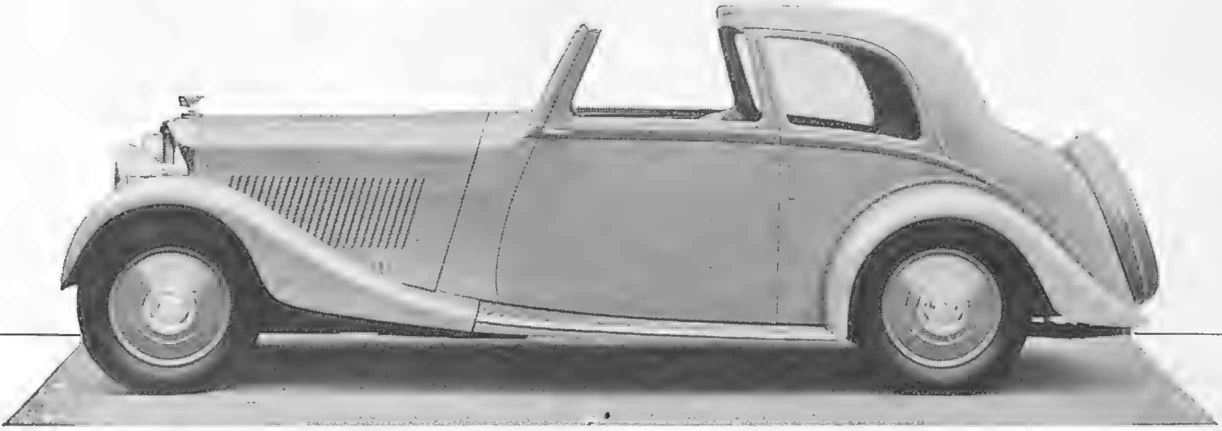

Coupé de Ville on 4¼ litre Bentley chassis

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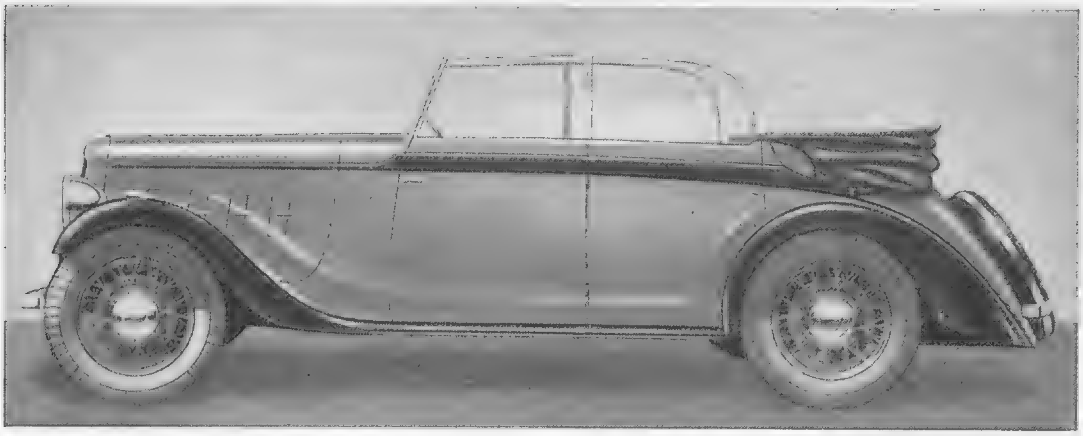


THE Tickford "Jubilee" cabriolet in its open form on an 18 h.p. Austin chassis. It has all the virtues of a touring car, but can be converted in a few moments into a luxurious closed cabriolet

Coachwork for 1937

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN reviewing the new cars which are to be seen at Olympia, we must beware of dwelling too much on mere chassis design, interesting though this is. Every motorist, in buying a car, is influenced by its coachwork. With nearly all women and a great many men, this influence may be decisive. Coachwork must therefore be recognised as being of prime importance.

Broadly speaking, coachwork for 1937 seems to be more sensible and practical than it has been for some few years past. I think we may attribute this to the more reasonable view which is now being taken on the subject of stream-lining. There are, when one comes to think of it, two ways in which one can treat the conception of a stream-line car. One may regard it as a style or fashion, having nothing much to do with actual scientific realities—or again, one may think of it as a specific means of increasing speed and reducing power wastage.

In present-day motor car construction, I suggest that we must think of stream-lining in the former sense, as a style or fashion of design. We start with a chassis which is so hopelessly the wrong shape that no subsequent moulding of the coachwork can aerodynamically make very much difference to it. Every 1937 chassis frame is narrow at the front and wide behind—and this is the negation of everything that true stream-lining stands for.

I believe that coachbuilders now have understood this, and that they are at present using the stream-line style to please the eye, without allowing it to interfere with the primary need for comfortable seating. It is quite a long time, at any rate, since I have suffered the experience of being cramped for space in order that a " flowing line " should be given a right-of-way.

This is good news for the purchaser of a 1937 car. If the body pleases him, he can buy it without hesitation. He must consult his own tastes as to what is æsthetically satisfying; but he can trust the coachbuilder in whatever appertains to his comfort and convenience.

WHEN the old problem arises of whether to buy an open or a closed car, it is evident that most people give their vote unhesitatingly to the closed type. Those who, in suitable weather, like to get the full benefit of the fresh air are turning more and more towards the all-purpose type of coachwork—the all-weather model as it is commonly known.

When it comes to building an all-weather car, there is certainly no firm with more experience than Messrs. Salmons, who are responsible for the " Tickford " style of coachwork. This has a great many virtues, notably the ease with which the folding head can be raised and lowered. The entire operation is effected by simply winding a handle, and the action is so light that a child can easily accomplish it.

Tickford bodies are made with great precision, and this is the reason why they are so free from irritating rattles. I once asked Mr. Salmons what tests are made to ensure that rattles are excluded. He replied, very simply, that there are no tests. If you make a thing sufficiently accurate, for it to rattle is an impossibility. Certainly his theory is well borne out in actual practice.

A complete Tickford-built body naturally must be moderately expensive. For those who are economically minded, an excellent scheme is to buy an ordinary car and send it to Messrs. Salmons to be converted. This can be done quite cheaply, a Tickford head being built into the original body structure. The result is a car which will really give satisfaction, whether it is snowing or whether the sun is shining.

THOSE who are buying high-quality cars will often turn to the coachbuilding expert to find some type of body which is especially attractive in appearance or particularly suited to individual taste. In such circumstances, many a motorist has been happily guided by Messrs. Jack Barclay—for this firm has specialised in supplying fine cars with coachwork of an appropriate degree of excellence.

At Olympia, on Messrs. H. J. Mulliner's stand, there will be seen a Phantom III Rolls-Royce having coachwork which was inspired by Messrs. Jack Barclay. This is described as a Sports Sedanca de Ville, having seating capacity for seven people, but with attractive lines which make it very different from the ordinary " family " seven-seater. There is a useful luggage trunk at the back with fitted suitcases.

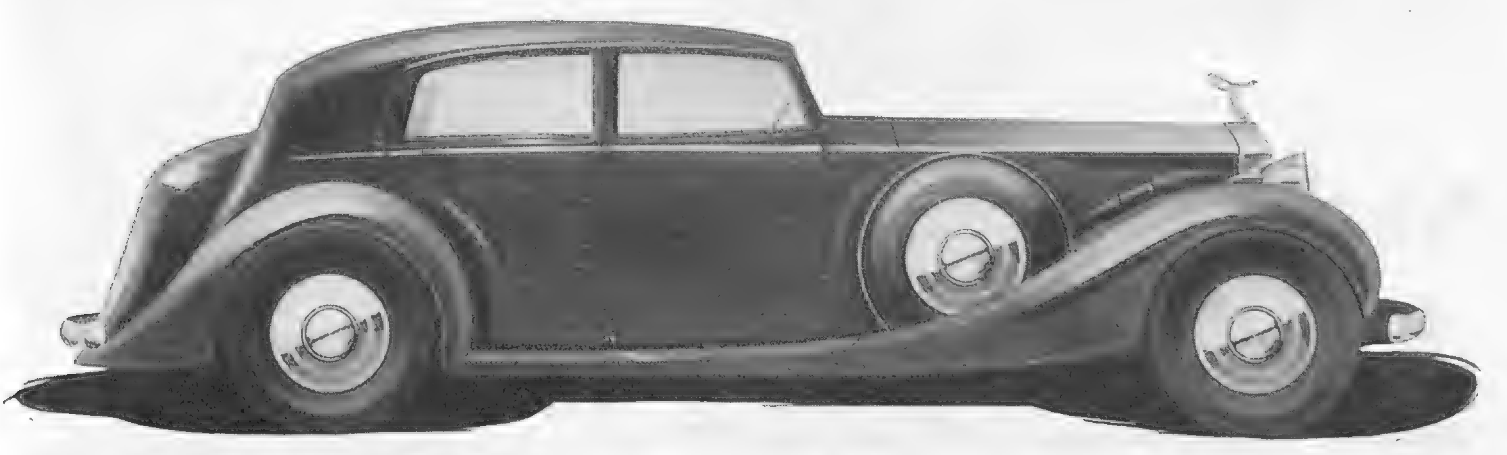
The Sedanca de Ville type of body, of which this is an admirable example, is nowadays gaining greatly in popularity. It has the important advantage that the driver can enjoy the freedom of an open touring car, while the passengers at the back are travelling in saloon-car comfort. When desired, the front compartment can, of course, be equally snugly enclosed.

Further, the Sedanca looks equally attractive either when open or when closed—and there are not many convertible styles of coachwork of which this can be said.

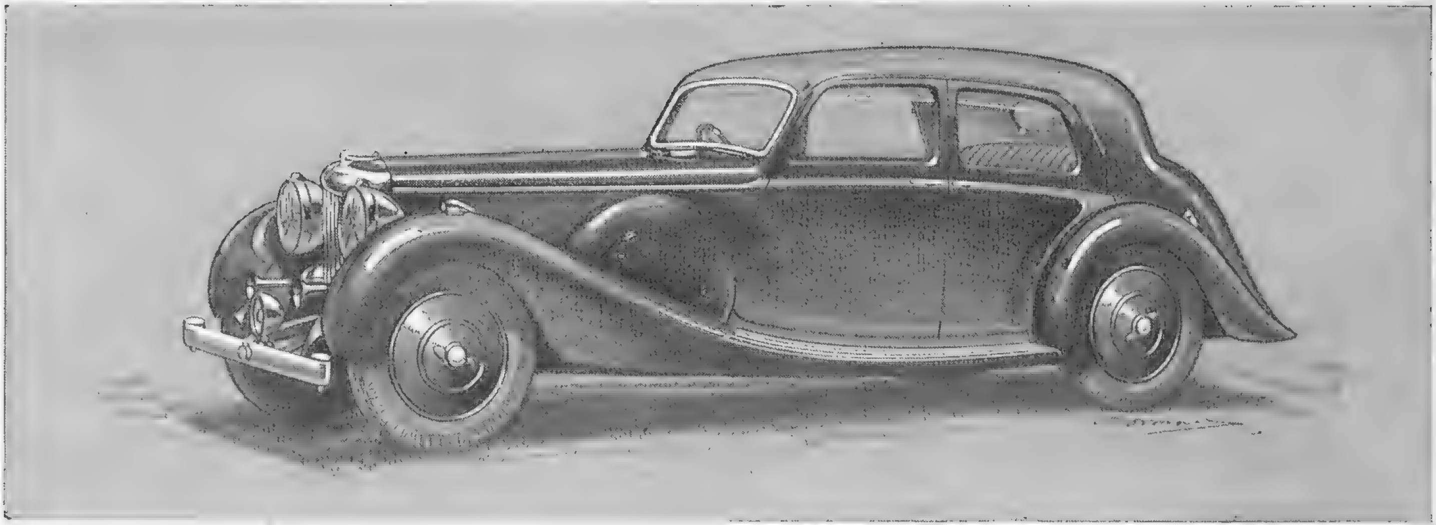
A NOTABLE exhibition of coachwork is always to be seen on the Park Ward stand, and this year four cars will be shown, illustrating three different styles of coachbuilding. An excellent example is the Touring Saloon on a Rolls-Royce Phantom III chassis. This is a five-seater car and, on so big a chassis, the result is exceptional comfort for the passengers, with ample space available for a luggage trunk of generous size. The back panel of this trunk folds down to form a grid—so that the total luggage accommodation is well above the average.

Then there are two enclosed Limousine cars, one on a

(*Continued on page* 89)



A PARTICULARLY handsome combination is this touring saloon body by Thrupp and Maberly on a 25-30 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. Luggage accommodation is unusually ample and a sliding roof is incorporated



The new 4½ litre Lagonda Saloon £1,125

THE NEW 4½ LITRE

LAGONDA

The finest of fast cars

CHASSIS	£825
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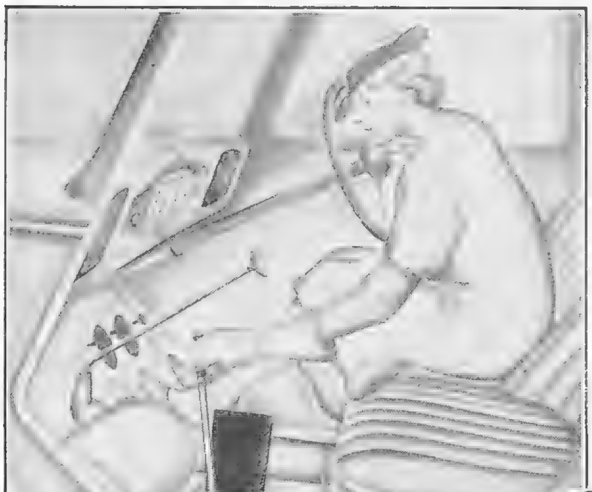
SPECIAL RAPIDE TOURER ...	£1,050

L. G. MOTORS (STAINES) LTD., MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. Telephone: Staines 1122 (4 lines).



Jacking's no job for a lady

—except where JACKALL is fitted

Only a lady knows the disastrous effect of a puncture on silk stockings and clean frocks . . . . . that is, where the car is not Jackall equipped. Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks take all the trouble out of Jacking. You just sit in the car and work a little handle, placed by the driver's seat, and in less than 30 seconds the car is standing firmly on four stout jacks! It's so easy a child can do it.

See Jackall demonstrated on Stand 381, OLYMPIA

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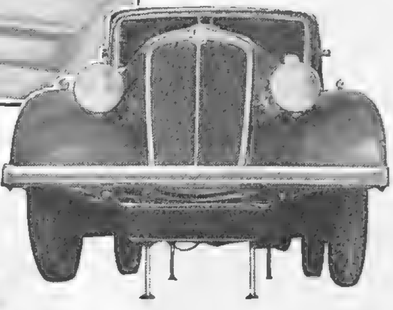


OPERATED FROM THE DRIVING SEAT

SMITH'S JACKALL

BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS

Standard equipment on ALL MORRIS CARS (except 8 h.p.). AUSTIN 18 and 20 h.p. ALL WOLSELEY CARS. DAIMLER Straight Eight. M.G. 2-Litre. LAGONDA. BROUGH - SUPERIOR. MASTRA. RENAULT Airluxe. CHRYSLER Airflow. LAMMAS GRAHAM. ASTON MARTIN.

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) Ltd.
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2

Coachwork for 1937
Continued

25/30 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis, and the other on a 32 h.p. Daimler. These are luxurious seven-seaters, and have the most remarkable innovation in that the division window does not wind down into the car but up into the roof. The saving of space enables a few valuable extra inches of leg-room to be given—but I shall have to pay a visit to the Park Ward stand myself before I shall understand just how it is all accomplished!

The fourth car is a special Saloon on a Bentley chassis. This is a four-seater of very distinguished appearance. The waist-line takes on a slightly downward slope as it runs back, the effect of which is decidedly pleasing.

Talking of Bentley cars, it is worth observing that all are fitted, as standard equipment, with the new India tyres. It is understood that Messrs. Bentley selected these tyres on account of their excellent road grip, which of course is a factor of vital importance where high performance is contemplated.

THE India stand this year should be very well worth a visit, for a new type of tyre will be seen there of the extra low pressure variety. This new type has been specially designed for the smaller wheels which a number of manufacturers are fitting to their 1937 chassis. Undoubtedly there has been a tendency for some years for wheels to get smaller and tyres proportionately larger.

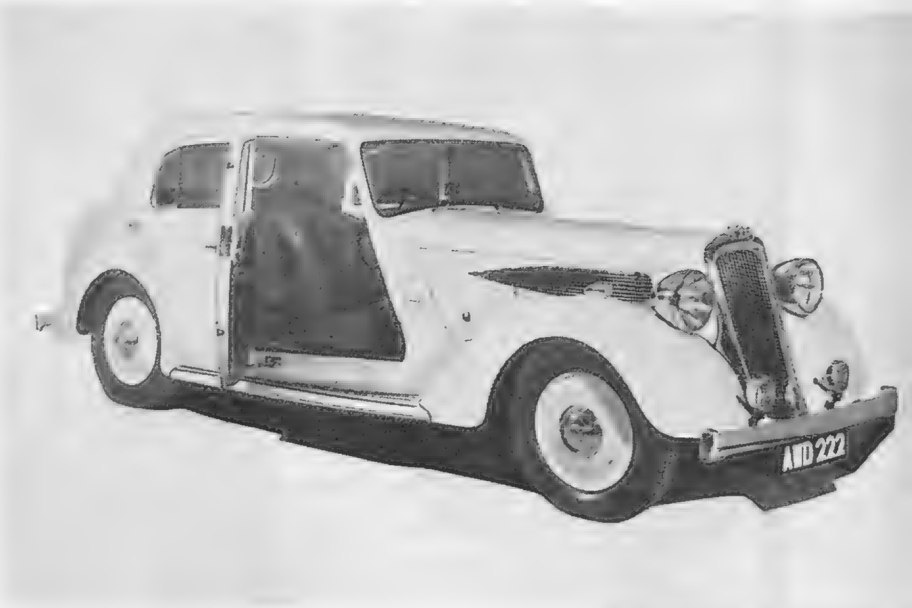
These new India tyres will of course give very comfortable riding, and will exclude the jarring effect of minor road shocks. They will need to have great structural strength; but, emanating from a firm of this high standing, we need not doubt that they will be first rate also in the matter of durability.

Reverting to the coachbuilders, another stand which should certainly be visited is that of Barker and Co.—the firm which has now been building high-class coachwork for some 226 years. It is still in the forefront of the industry, and every year has some contribution to make to the progress of design.

Details are not yet to hand of the Barker Olympia exhibits; but these, or some of them, will no doubt follow closely the style of a car recently delivered by this firm to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. This was actually the first Phantom III Rolls-Royce car to pass into private ownership, and Messrs. Barker built it for a Sports Saloon body with division, painted black and having chromium mouldings.

Incidentally, I notice that most of the 1937 cars seem to favour dark colouring, or at least restrained shades of colour. One does not often now see a car of really brilliant hue.

MENTION has already been made of Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, in connection with the admirable coachwork which this firm supplies for the Humber "Pullman" chassis. This has always been a very sound combination, which has proved popular over a number of years—Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly being responsible for the Sports Saloon, Sedanca Coupé and Sedanca de Ville types.



THERE is very ample seating accommodation in this 1937 model Avon Flying Standard which you can see at Olympia. The rear seating can be swung down bodily, to leave space for two or three passengers, and to give at the same time more luggage accommodation than you would think possible

There will, of course, be a Thrupp and Maberly stand at Olympia, where coachwork will be seen on chassis by a variety of other makers. An attractive example will be the Touring Saloon, shown on Rolls-Royce and Bentley chassis. This is an exceedingly handsome body style, and the interior, needless to say, is in every way luxurious. In silhouette, this coachwork is especially worth studying. There is a distinct quality of originality about it which will repay analysis.

One aspect of coachwork which can never be overlooked is that the ideal body must have ideally comfortable seating. In many modern cars this is being sought through the medium of pneumatic upholstery—and it must be admitted that pneumatic cushioning will always have this great advantage, that it will automatically accommodate itself to the contours of the individual passenger.

Messrs. David Moseley and Sons, who make the well-known "Float-on-Air" upholstery, have now carried comfort one stage further by putting two separate pneumatic tubes into each seat cushion. One, at low pressure, is folded closely on itself to form the centre of the seat. The other, at higher pressure, runs round the outside of the cushion, and is of great value in giving a little extra support under the thighs where it is most appreciated.

"Float-on-Air" upholstery is being shown at Olympia on the Moseley stand, where of course the Moseley tyre, in the new "Cresta" variety with reinforced cover and deeply moulded tread, is also being exhibited.

Modern Car Equipment

By

The Earl of Cardigan

IT seems almost impossible to find one single word or expression that will cover all the interesting things to be seen at Olympia, outside the range of chassis and of coachwork. "Accessories" is hardly the right word—and "Equipment" is not very much better.

Under some such heading, however, there is a great deal to be seen and much valuable information to be gained. The visitor who confines his tour of the Motor Show to the chassis and coachwork stands is not getting a really comprehensive view of the current developments in the world of motoring.

Sparking plugs, for instance, are vital components of every engine. Nowadays they are wonderfully reliable—so much so that they are very much taken for granted. There are many different types, however, some specially designed for "hot-stuff" engines and others with a long reach for engines of unusual design. All such variations may be seen on the Lodge stand—for Messrs. Lodge have made a point of manufacturing a suitable plug for every possible purpose.

A useful little gadget has also been developed by this enterprising firm. This looks like a key ring with two keys on it. Actually the "keys" are gauges for checking the gap between the points of sparking plugs. It is a very neat idea—and motorists can obtain this accessory by asking for it at the Lodge stand in the Olympia gallery.

THERE is something quite new to be seen on the K.L.G. stand. This is a K.L.G. sparking plug with a platinum firing point, which is said to give very superior results, especially in starting a cold engine. Also, since platinum does not burn away except at a very extreme temperature, it is to be expected that such a plug will run for an unusually long time before the gap is widened by burning to such an extent as to cause misfiring.

The only defect of platinum—from a manufacturer's point of view—is that it is an excessively expensive metal. One troy ounce of it costs no less than £7! However, Messrs. K. L. G. have happily contrived to put platinum into a sparking plug without making the cost of it prohibitive. The platinum-pointed K.L.G. plug costs only 6s. 6d., which, in view of its expectation of life, must be considered very reasonable.

If there is one thing more essential to a car than a good set of sparking plugs, it is a good tank-full of petrol. To the unthinking motorist, petrol may seem a very prosaic commodity; but actually there are few substances which are of wider interest. If anyone wants to know just how one petrol can be better than another, or why some engines are more responsive to certain types of fuel, let him pay a visit to the stand of Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd. Here, in a miniature cinema, a film will be shown—a coloured talkie which runs for seven minutes. This should be both instructive and at the same time entertaining.

For those with any specific enquiries to make, there will be (*Continued on page 91*)

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.M. THE KING

THIRTIETH INTERNATIONAL

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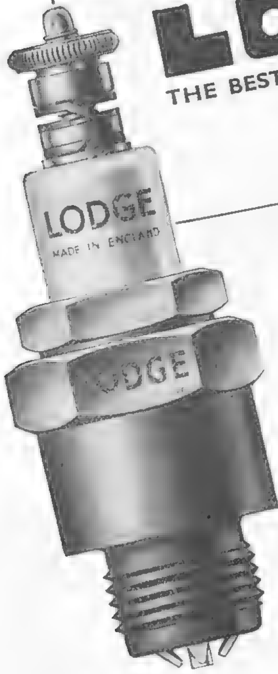

The world's finest cars run on Lodge plugs. If you are not buying a new car this year you can renew the engine vitality of your present model by fitting a new set of Lodge plugs

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Tickford
Sunshine Coachwork

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2 Litre "MG" 2-door Tickford Foursome Coupe.
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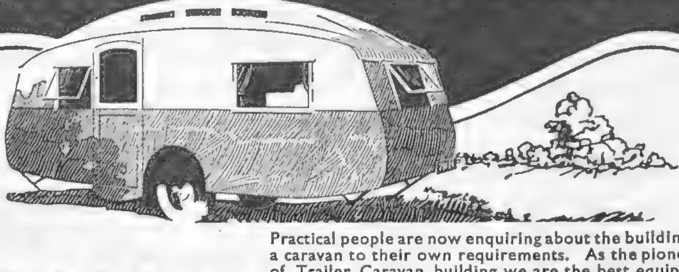

Practical people are now enquiring about the building of a caravan to their own requirements. As the pioneers of Trailer Caravan building we are the best equipped to advise. Write us—without obligation of course.

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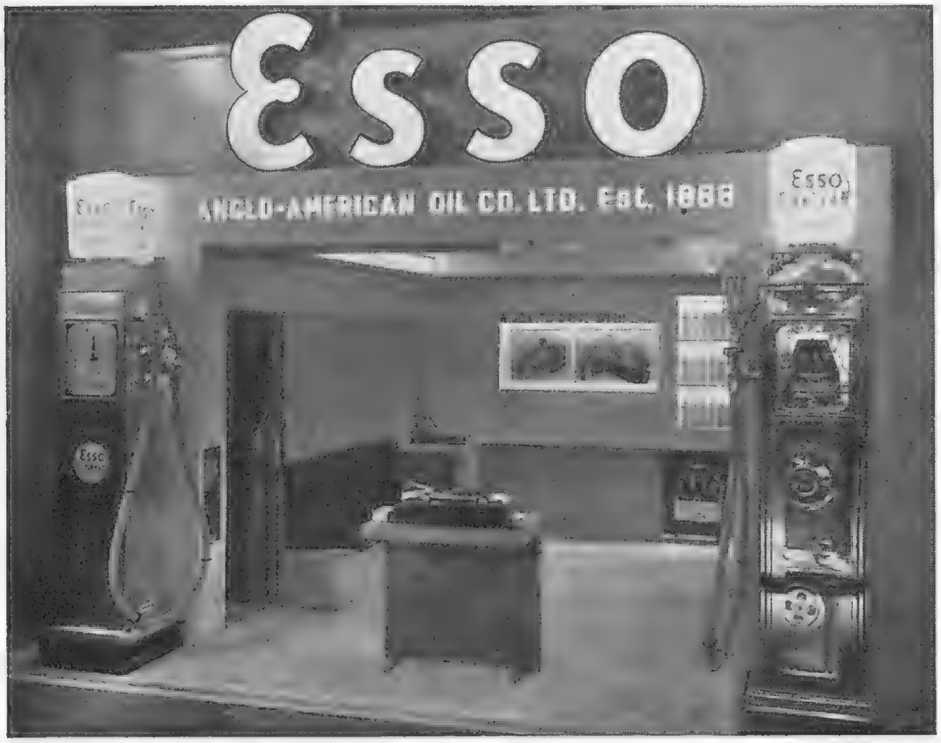


AN Olympia stand which will well repay a visit. This will be the Show headquarters of the Anglo-American Oil Company, vendors of the justly popular Esso petrol and Essolube oil

Shell experts on the stand who are sure to be ready with helpful information and advice.

AT the Anglo-American Oil Company's stand we shall be able to study both petrol and oil. This firm is responsible for Esso petrol, which is favoured by a great number of motorists either in its "straight" form or in combination with Ethyl fluid. The various advantages of Ethyl ought to be carefully studied by those who have engines which are at all "difficult."

The same firm produces the excellent Essolube oil, which is sold to the public in sealed glass bottles. The purity of an oil which is marketed in this manner is, of course, self-evident and indisputable.

Another petrol exhibit which is full of interest is that of the National Benzole Company. An ingenious working model will be displayed at Olympia, showing the manner in which benzole is extracted from British coal.

LODGE PLUGS
LODGE PLUGS
MAG ·018
COIL ·025

A HAPPY notion by the makers of Lodge Sparking Plugs. This little ring with two gauges attached may be obtained at the Lodge stand at Olympia. It is perhaps the handiest thing of its sort

It is a powerful consideration that the use of National Benzole fuel is a real assistance to our coal mining industry; but naturally there are many other good reasons why "National" mixture is popular with motorists as a whole. Benzole has many useful qualities: indeed, there are some engines which will not run satisfactorily without some admixture of benzole in the fuel supply. There is a good reason for this which any National Benzole representative will be happy to explain.

Turning now to car equipment, the Lucas exhibit will be practically a small Show in itself. It is hard to name any part of a motor-car, apart from the bare skeleton of the chassis, which cannot be supplied by Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham. Dynamos, starters, batteries, magnetos, lamps, horns, windscreen wipers, signalling devices—these are but a few of the items which one can think of under the "electrical" heading alone.

Then there are such valuable items as the Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, and the Luvax-Bijur system of chassis lubrication—the latter a real time- and trouble-saver. These are marketed by Messrs. Joseph Lucas. In a word, if the motorist requires any sort or kind of additional equipment, the Lucas people can always be relied upon to supply it.

ONE of the many valuable Lucas accessories. This lamp throws a flat-topped beam which makes it ideal both for eliminating dazzle when passing other vehicles and also for use under foggy conditions

Beautify your home with "Nell Gwynn" candles

Will any "decorative" candle do?

There are other "decorative" candles besides "Nell Gwynn." By all means buy them if you can afford them. But will they satisfy you? Decorative Candles needing frequent replacement will often be more costly in the end. "Nell Gwynn" Candles are lovely in themselves and not merely a source of mellow light. They do not crack or "wilt." The beautiful shades and shapes are long lived, for "Nell Gwynn" Candles are dyed right through the fine hard wax—not merely tinted on the surface. And whatever shape, style or "period" you choose, your "Nell Gwynn" Candle will burn slowly, clearly, without odour or smoke. Will other decorative candles do the same? If so, by all means buy them.

Nell Gwynn
SOLID-DYED DECORATIVE **CANDLES**

Thirty-eight long-lived colours
six to twenty-four inches long
SOLD ONLY IN BOXES (never loose)
FROM 9d. TO 5/6
J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD. (Candlemakers from 1642) LONDON, S.E.1
(Est'd. in the reign of Charles I.)

CVS—11

"THIS SEASON'S FASHIONS CALL FOR NATURAL MAKE-UP"

That "Painted Look" is out of the Fashion Picture . . . it's smart to be natural today!

The world of Fashion is tired of over-sophisticated, over-made-up faces. Famous couturières agree that this season's fashions demand subtle, natural make-up.

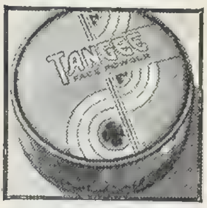
Bright red lips are out. The smartest women are wearing natural lips, and that's why Tangee Lipstick is more popular than ever.

It intensifies your own natural colour . . . makes your whole face lovelier. If you prefer more colour for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical.

Try Tangee. It stays on for hours, and its special cream base keeps your lips soft and smooth.

LIPSTICK

Tangee lipstick cannot give your lips that painted look—for Tangee isn't paint! In two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. If you prefer a more vivid colouring, there is Tangee Theatrical—specially suitable for evening use.



POWDER

The New Tangee face powder containing the magic Tangee colour principle, makes your skin look younger, fresher and more natural. Supplied in Sun Tan, Ochre, Rachel, Light Rachel, Peach and Naturelle. Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

TANGEE ROUGE

ROUGE

Tangee rouge, also, possesses the same colour magic as the lipstick. As its colour is natural in any light, it is the ideal rouge for both day-time and night-time use. Packed in smart gunmetal box with mirror and puff. Natural or Theatrical, 3/6.

From All Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores
LUFT-TANGEE LTD., 88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

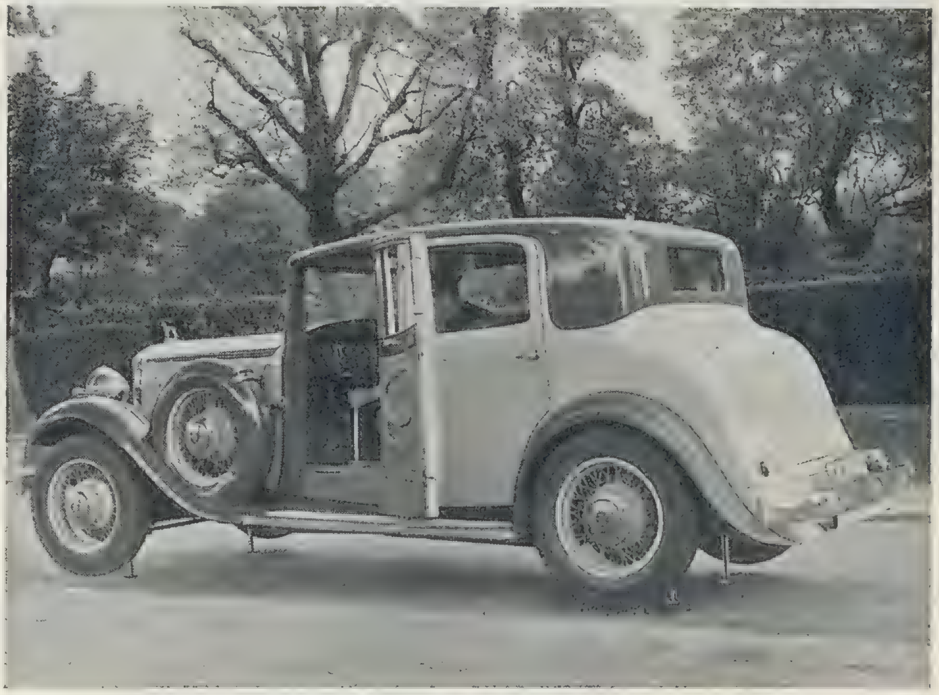
Among the New Cars

(*Continued from page 85*)

that the Ford Motor Co. prefers to stage its own separate show, which is generally held at the Albert Hall at about the same time of year. There is reason in this; for there are now so many Ford products that it would hardly be possible to display more than a fraction of them on any one of the Olympia stands.

There are a great many Ford models, ranging from the small 8 h.p. cars to the fast and powerful "V-8" types. Then there are the Lincoln cars, which must have gained in popularity since the advent of the remarkable "Zephyr" Finally, there are innumerable varieties of Ford vans, lorries, tractors and other vehicles.

Thus, when the Ford company sets out to give an exhibition of its various products, the floor space of the Albert Hall is by no means too large for the purpose. This "one-man" Motor Show is a big event, and well deserves to draw its own crowd of interested motorists.



DEMONSTRATING the "Jackall" hydraulic jacking system on a Humber model. This system of hydraulic jacking is fitted to all Humber models

The Avon Exhibits at Olympia

THE outstanding Avon tyre exhibit this year is again the Avon Duo-Tread tyre—the tyre with two treads, which has already met with such phenomenal success. It is made on an entirely new principle. When the first anti-skid tread wears off, the patented holes form a second anti-skid tread. A tread with just as good a grip as the first. A tread that grips and protects right down to the last mile. Be sure to examine this unique cover when you visit the Show. The new 1936 pattern with the circumferential rib gives added grip and even greater safety. This amazing tyre is available in a comprehensive range of sizes from 3·50/19 in. to 7·00/20 in.

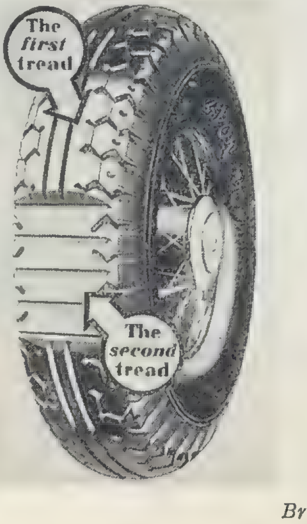
In addition the Avon Supreme—both heavy duty and standard — and the Avon Ranger tyres will be shown, as well as the Avon Super Balloon, a low-pressure tyre made specially for light cars. The low-pressure at which this tyre is run causes the road shocks to be absorbed. The Avon Super Balloon is available in sizes ranging from 4·50/16 in. to 7·00/16 in. for well-base rims, and also in three sizes for metric rims.

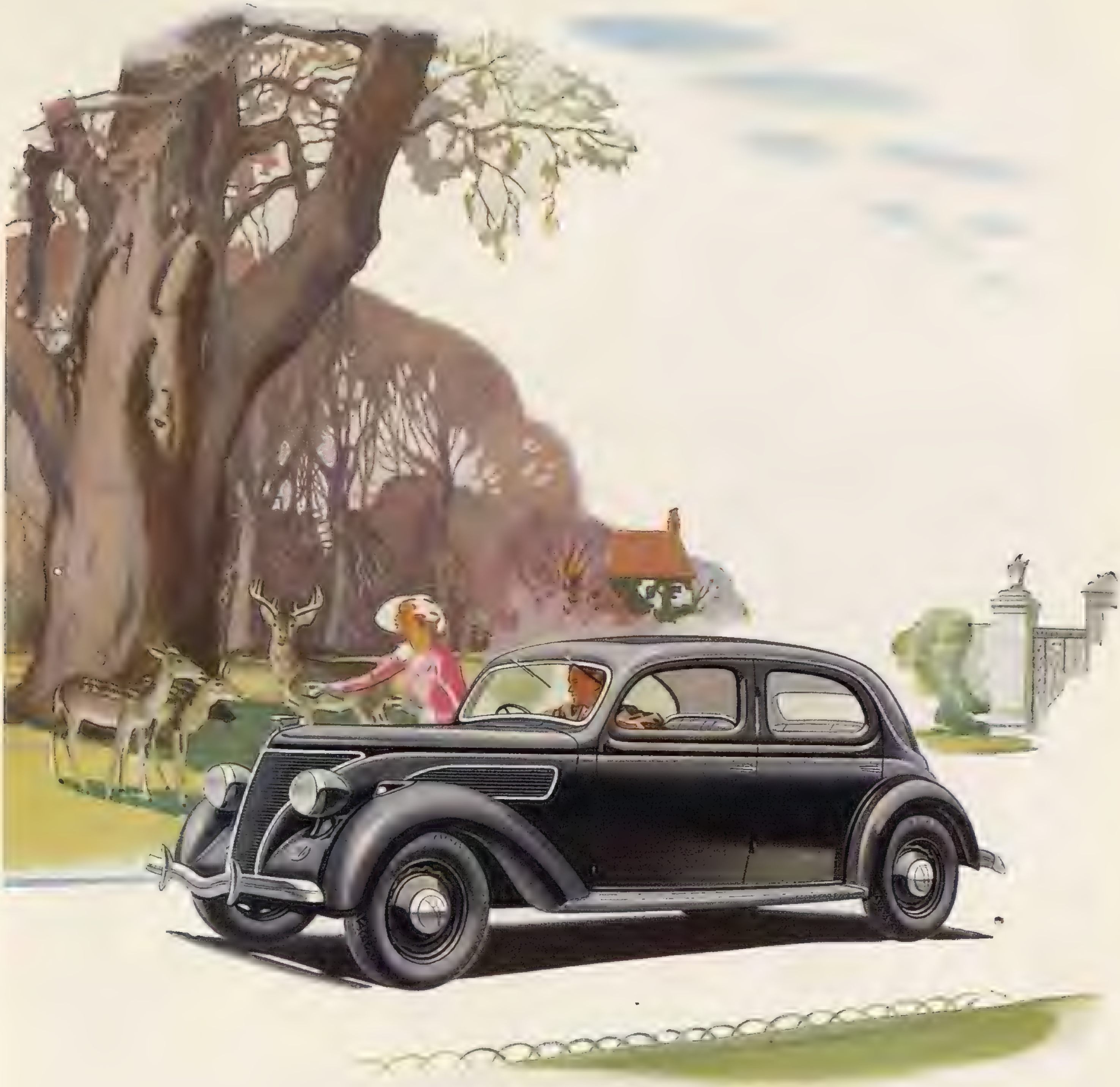
Avon Supreme (heavy duty) and Avon Supreme (standard) covers are built with a special deep, clear cut anti-skid tread, with a wider band of road grip to ensure perfect safety and greater comfort under any conditions. This reduces strain on the cord plies and ensures that the tread pattern is less liable to rapid and regular wear. The Avon Supreme (heavy duty) cover is made for well-base rims in sizes ranging from 4·50/19 in. to 7·00/21 in., and the Avon Supreme (standard) in sizes ranging from 3·50/19 in. to 5·50/17 in.

The Avon Ranger is a low-priced tyre with a high performance. It has a deep non-skid tread pattern, and has already won golden opinions from owners of light cars, although introduced only a few months ago. It is made in all popular sizes.

Before purchasing new tyres, motorists should ask for particulars of the Avon insurance scheme—it will save them much time, worry and money. The Avon Supreme (heavy duty) and Avon Supreme (standard) tyres are insured free for twelve months, covering users against all unavoidable road risks such as manufacturing defects, cuts, punctures, abnormal tread wear, etc. The Avon Ranger is insured for six months.

Rubber sundries and accessories complete the interesting display, revealing how thoroughly the Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd., study the needs of the motorist, whether he owns a small runabout, or the most expensive and luxurious limousine.





Completely Equipped, as Illustrated, £210, at Works

Against Any Background—

THIS ENTIRELY NEW FORD V-8 (£16 . 10s. TAX)

Looks a picture, and behaves as well as it looks. Comfortable, dependable, roomy, with all the speed that is safe, perfectly controllable anywhere and everywhere, restful in the worst of traffic, a thrill to handle on the open road, its running - cost and maintenance are as low as its price. Consumption of petrol is surprisingly modest, in proportion to its magnificent performance.

See it at the Ford Showrooms, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1, or at the Local Ford Dealer's Depot.

"There is no comparison! More miles per gallon is good: Fewer pence per mile is better!

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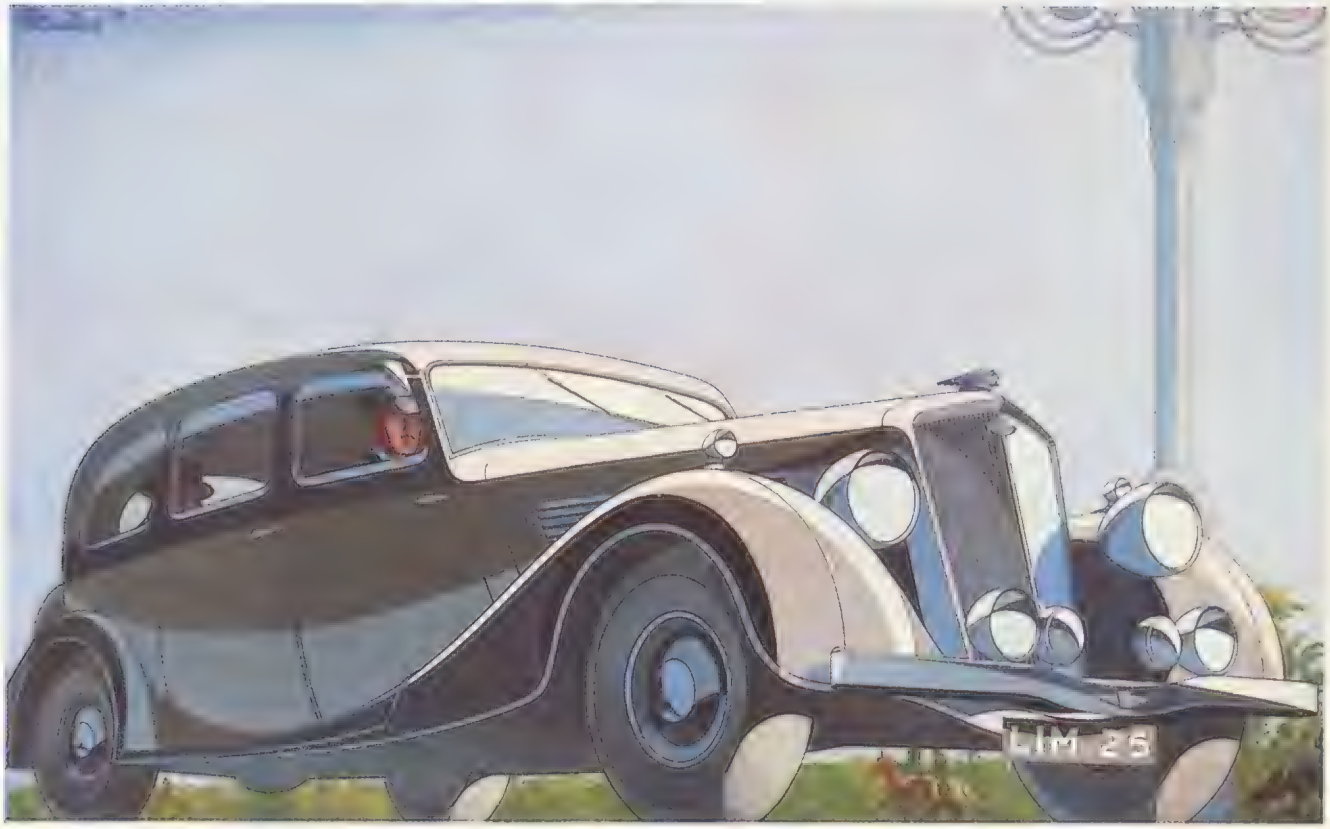
A VERY BEAUTIFUL MOTOR CAR



The elegance, spacious comfort and high performance of the Wolseley Super Six Limousine are a trilogy in perfect harmony. The symmetrical beauty of its lines has been achieved without sacrifice of a dignity traditional with the best British coachcraft. Its luxurious appointments are in faultless taste and match its power and smooth efficiency. And further, with Owner-Contact—a service of regular car inspection of a personal and advisory character by qualified Wolseley engineers—each car retains throughout its life its original high performance.

The price of the Wolseley Super Six Limousine complete is £725, ex works.

WOLSELEY
Limousine

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.I.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

Books

(Continued from page 59)

are times when one thinks she almost has it in her to be another Pett Ridge; but she lacks a little of his humour, his conciseness, and his ear to distinguish between idiom and cliché. In compensation, she has a welcome touch of relentlessness, and this renders her immune from the sentimentality which so often seems to be about to engulf her. A very readable novel, and sometimes more than that.

The Rolling Years, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Collins, 8s. 6d.), is also well worth reading. This author has a sympathetic feeling for her medium, but it is part of a rather indiscriminate tendency towards life, and as the novel winds its leisurely way through over four hundred pages sentimentality asserts itself more and more. The narrative is linked with the fortunes of a Pennsylvanian family of Scotch origin, and we follow these fortunes from the days, in the middle of the last century, when farming occupied the family's entire and united exertions, down through three generations of growth, separation and change. The novel, intelligent rather than profound, succeeds in conveying a clear picture of the development of the countryside round Pittsburgh during the sixty years immediately preceding the European War.

Melusine, by Charlotte Haldane (Barker, 7s. 6d.), is a scholarly thriller of an uncommon type. Melusine, "the greatest sorceress of the Middle Ages," became a serpent every Saturday night; such was her normal existence. Miss Haldane has told her queer, exciting story with a wealth of knowledge which more than makes up for an apparent uncertainty as to whether the viewpoint is Melusine's or mine. Here is a novel which calls loudly for a dust-cover designed by an artist of imagination. Instead, a very unfortunate choice has been made of a photograph which might have been, and may have been, taken at Elstree.

"How often," ask Messrs. Newnes, "have we been told that 7s. 6d. is an absurd price for a new novel?" The answer to this question, as far as my own voice is concerned, is "Nearly every month." Let me hasten, then, to congratulate Messrs. Newnes on their courage in launching a series of novels at half a crown. The first of them, *Anne of Morgans*, by Hilda R. Bennett, lies before me now. I wish it were a rather better novel; and the dust cover, too, is almost as uninspiring as the average dust-cover of the seven-and-sixpenny fiction. But I commend the venture and wish it luck. The argument, however, will not be truly stated or solved until a Vicki Baum, a Charles Morgan or a Dorothy Sayers is issued at one-third of the usual price, and the public is invited to quadruple its orders.

What, one wonders, will be the commercial fate of the majority of the thousands of novels published during the year? It was seldom that, in the holiday season, I saw a seven-and-sixpenny novel in use. Almost everyone, certainly all the young people, were reading cheap reprints of novels which, after ten, twenty or thirty years, still retain a reputation and a circulation. Some of these, especially some of the more recent, surprised me in their new dress; I had not thought them likely, or worthy, to survive their first season. The fact that they have done so does not necessarily prove that I underrate them. It may merely be an indication of the extent of the demand for the sixpenny novel. Many attempts have been made in the past to induce the British public to accept cheap and even paper-bound, novels; they have failed for a variety of reasons, chief of which has been the public's unresponsiveness. Is it possible that within the next few years we may see the appearance of the English novel approximating to that of the Continental?

Bondage is Hoarse

(Continued from page 31)

had never been in love with Arnold, and as she had not known she had it in her to love, and terribly longed for Joy to make it easy for her.

"Would you mind very much if I married again, darling?" she broached the subject once, and added, in instinctive defence of her desire, "I get lonely when you're away at school, you know."

The child said at once, "I could go to a day-school, then!"

"But it's not natural for people to live alone, you know."

"We've got each other." The child's tone was stubborn, and a little flush crept up into her face. "Besides," she added, the flush deepening, "You've been married."

"People often get married again—when one of them goes away—or dies, like Daddy did."

"I think it's a horrid idea. There's a girl at school whose mother married again. That means she's got a stepfather. She says it's beastly. I'd think it beastly, too." There was defiance and obstinacy in the statement.

"Oh, darling!" It was a cry of protest.

"So it is beastly," the child insisted.

There was, Kathleen felt despairingly, nothing more to be said.

"So much for your modern upbringing and education and all that," Ray said, when she told him. "The child's got a complex and is obviously as full of prejudice as any mid-Victorian child brought up on the gooseberry bush theory."

"It's natural," Kathleen pleaded, and added, half in hope, half despairingly, "When she's older she'll understand."

"By that time we'll both be too old and tired for it to matter" Ray retorted, bitterly.

Kathleen broached the subject several times during the course of the next two or three years, but always met the same instinctive resistance from Joy.

"We've got each other," was always her protest, and after the occasion when her eyes filled with tears at mention of the subject Kathleen gave it up. She knew that more than she loved Ray she loved Joy. If any one had to be made unhappy it mustn't be her beloved child.

"So you'll mess up two people's lives for the sake of a childish prejudice," Ray said. "So much for this great love we've heard so much about!"

Soon after this he got the firm to send him to America on business, and he did not come back—at any rate to Kathleen. He wrote to her, eventually, that since she was obviously so much bound up with her child there was no point in their going on; she didn't want another husband, whereas he did want a wife.

KATHLEEN suffered over this far more than over Arnold's death. It was as though a light had gone out in her life. But at the centre of her life there was Joy, whom now she was free to devote her life to without fear of any invasion of disturbing elements.

Sometimes friends warned her, "One day Joy will marry, you know—aren't you rather putting all your eggs into one basket by sacrificing everything for her?"

Kathleen insisted that she sacrificed nothing for Joy. People did what they wanted to do, she told herself; she had had to choose between Ray's happiness and Joy's, and she had chosen Joy because Joy was more important to her; no sacrifice, she insisted, had been involved. You couldn't have everything in this life; she couldn't have Ray's love and Joy's happiness, and she had chosen what was most important to her.

(Continued on page 96)

THE "BOTTLE" OF WATER-LOO

"AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH"
(NAPOLEON)

A *NATION* SHOULD *SLEEP* ON

Napoleon met his Waterloo, and you will meet warmth and comfort and soothing sleep when you introduce yourself to a Pharmal. (The whole nation is finding this out and the whole nation can't be wrong.)

From all chemists 2/11 each.

See also the Pharmal Nursery Hot Water Bottle—the ideal children's bottle, packed in a novelty toy carton.

2/11

Pharmal
HOT WATER BOTTLE

Guaranteed and made by The Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Co., Ltd., Leyland, Lancs.

Strand

Beware of SUN STARVATION!

A sun-starved summer will increase the hazards of winter this year. The lack of sunshine has decreased the power of nerve resistance in your system to withstand the ailments which winter brings. PHOSFERINE is the one tonic which will make up for lost sunshine and immediately build up your nerve resistance to ill-health.

Don't let the weather depress you—take PHOSFERINE regularly and you will never feel "run-down."

Mrs. M. French, writes :—

"I have been taking Phosferine and must say I have found it of great value. I was suffering from bloodlessness and general debility, and had tried all sorts of remedies without success, until a friend suggested Phosferine. I have felt a different woman since taking Phosferine, as I am picking up wonderfully, and would not now be without it. I would certainly advise anyone who is feeling run down and in need of a tonic to try Phosferine, for I myself have had wonderful benefit from it."

24, *Meiklewood Rd., West Drumoyne,*
*Glasgow, S.W.*1

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

From Chemists,
TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING.—The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

Only in her more tired moments, when she sat alone and looked back, and forwards, did she acknowledge that bondage is hoarse and dares not cry aloud . . . the bondage of the family, the bondage of marriage, the bondage of motherhood—there was no escaping them. In such moments the thought of Joy marrying and leaving her filled her with panic. She tried to face up to it and failed; it was like trying to realise that presently one must die; imagination would not reach to it; all that was most alive in oneself shrank from its contemplation. Even to think of it was a death in life, was anti-life.

In her heart she knew that it was inevitable that Joy should one day fall in love seriously and want to marry; she was far too vital and normal not to. It happened when Joy was nineteen. At a university dance she met a medical student who seemed to her different from all the other young men she had ever met in the university or out of it, and the young man was convinced that when Joy Riding was born Fate, or Destiny, or whatever it is, set her apart for none other than himself.

Joy had often brought young Robert Brownlow to the flat, but it had never occurred to Kathleen that the two were in love; she had seen the boy only as one of the numerous university undergraduates Joy introduced to the flat in party-giving moods, or who wandered in and out to see her. Kathleen thought Robert a very charming and intelligent young man; that Joy and he might want to marry simply never occurred to her.

But Robert qualified, got a hospital appointment, went into partnership with another young doctor, and saw no reason whatever why after being in love for three years and unofficially engaged he and Joy should not now get married, which seemed equally reasonable to Joy.

Nor could Kathleen see it as other than entirely reasonable.

It was, she felt, when she was over the first shock, something to her credit that she accepted the situation at least outwardly philosophically, and made no fuss.

But she could not resist reminding Joy: "You have no compunction about going off and getting married and leaving me to fend for myself—sink or swim—or whatever you like to call it, but you made no end of a fuss when I wanted to get married a few years ago!"

Joy tossed her head. "I was only a kid then! You couldn't expect me to understand."

"But now it's too late. You forget that."

"You're being unfair," the girl protested. "It's not fair to reproach me with any sacrifice you saw fit to make. I was only a child. Anyway," she added, with the conviction of one who knows at first-hand, "if your man had loved you in a worthwhile way, he wouldn't have gone off and left you. He'd have hung on and waited."

So you got no gratitude from youth in the end, Kathleen thought bitterly. But as Joy said, it wasn't fair to blame youth; it wasn't fair to expect gratitude, especially for sacrifices; you couldn't expect youth to accept responsibility for any sacrifices you chose to make for it. Perhaps only a fool made sacrifices. . . . There was no virtue, anyhow, in one's sacrifices; one acted as one did out of compulsion; because of inability to escape the bondage of duty it might be, or loyalty, or one's own conscience, or love. People could rant as much as they liked about freedom, but in the end there wasn't any; not unless you were a hermit living on a desert island; not so long as you accepted the burden of your responsibilities; not so long as you loved. . . .

When people remarked to Kathleen concerning Joy's forthcoming wedding, "You'll miss her," Kathleen refused to surrender to self-pity. The gallantry which had kept her loyal to Arnold, loyal to Joy, compelled her to reply: "It had to come some day."

At the party at the flat after the registry office wedding she kept reminding herself of this whilst she poured out champagne for the guests, agreed with people that Joy looked lovely in her radiant happiness, agreed that she would miss her, repeated mechanically that she expected she would soon get used to it . . . then at last Joy and Robert had driven away in their rakish sports model car, and the party broke up and drifted away, and she was left alone with an accumulation of heaped-up ash-trays and sticky glasses. She felt that she could not stay in the stale, smoke-laden atmosphere, and went out and walked about in the Park. She felt curiously dazed. "I'm on my own now," she told herself, over and over again, but it had no real meaning; she couldn't realise it, any more than at first she had been able to realise Arnold's death, Ray's desertion. There was no resentment in her because she had thrown away a chance of happiness with Ray in order that Joy might not be made unhappy, only to be deserted by Joy herself in the end. What had saved Joy pain could not be a waste. Now Joy was married and all that was lovely in life, all beauty and purpose and meaning, had vanished. Only she couldn't realise it—yet.

IT was getting dark when she got back to the flat, and there was a chill on the evening air. By now the daily girl would have cleaned up the mess in the flat. It would be habitable. She must sit down quietly and try to think, to realise, to rearrange the pattern of her life.

When she let herself into her sitting-room she saw that the girl had done her work thoroughly. Ash-trays had been emptied and wiped, all glasses cleared away, and the marks they had made on tables and mantelpiece removed; cushions had been pummelled back into shape, the hearth swept, and new logs smouldered on the fire, giving out their good gipsy smell; a tray was laid with a lace tray-cloth and her delicate afternoon tea-set. She turned on a table-lamp, and in so doing floodlit the smother of white lilac and lilies which Joy had carried at her wedding, and which now the daily girl had arranged in a tall glass bowl on the top of a bookshelf above the lamp. An irresistible pleasure swept Kathleen to the exclusion of any morbid sentimentality over the flowers being Joy's wedding bouquet. "How prettily Grace had arranged them," Kathleen thought instinctively, "How nice they look!"

She threw off her hat and coat, drew the curtains, connected the electric kettle which stood ready, its flex trailing, lit a cigarette, then sank down into a deep armchair beside the fire pleased with the lamplit white flowers, the smell of the burning logs, the fact that Grace had thought to lay the tea-tray before going. . . .

Whilst she sat sipping the good China tea, relaxing in the warmth and comfort, the telephone rang. She reached out a hand and lifted the receiver lazily.

Bruce Herren's pleasant voice greeted her: "Oh, hullo, Kathleen. Hilda and I were wondering whether you'd care to dine with us to-night—we thought you might be feeling lonesome, the first evening on your own and all that——"

Kathleen smiled. "It's dear of you both, but do you know, Bruce, I really think I'm enjoying my solitude! In the last half-hour I've been realising that I'm free for the first time in my life. . . ."

When she had replaced the receiver she lay back in her chair savouring this exciting discovery. The years of bondage with all their frustrations and disappointments and sacrifice, were over. She was alone, but it was the exhilarating unlonely aloneness of eagles in the air.

She poured herself out another cup of tea, lit another cigarette, reached out a hand and turned on the wireless, then adjusting the cushion behind her shoulder-blades settled down to enjoy her first evening of freedom.

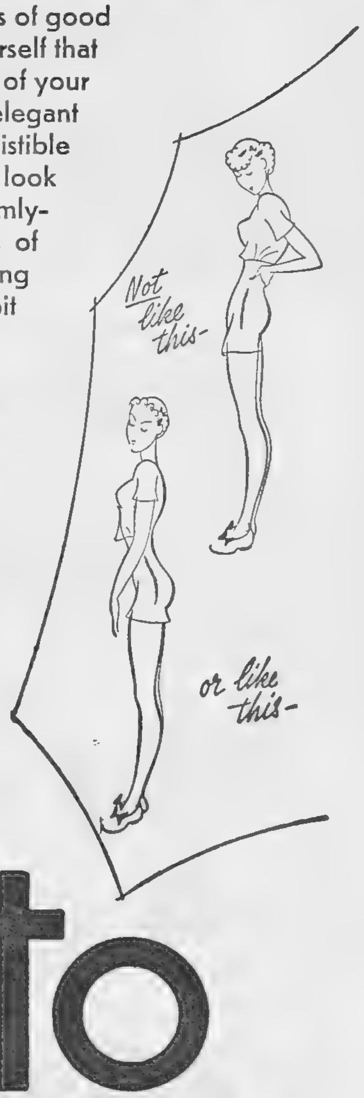
END

DO'S AND **DON'TS** OF DEPORTMENT

by **ballito**

Stand well in ballito

STUDY these **ballito** points of good deportment. See for yourself that graceful legs make every line of your figure more attractive. Given elegant movements and given the irresistible fineness of **ballito,** legs at once look more shapely — ankles more slimly-turned. And study too the points of preference which make buying **ballito** the profitable stocking-habit for all-time wear.



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first introduced in the wonderful **ballito 51** *at 4/11, are now included in all ballito stockings at prices from 3/11½ upwards.*

For day-wear CREPETTE RING-CLEAR with the ashy bloom, 4/11. For heavier wear SERVICEWEIGHT and for evening CHIFFONETTE or MIRRASILK — all from 2/- to 10/6.

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PURE SILK

STOCKINGS

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royds

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Healthy complexions don't come off!

The complexions that are most admired are the kind that never come off! The healthy, clear skin and bright eyes you envy are due to a simple but elementary rule—complete *internal* cleanliness.

No one suffering from constipation can expect to have a lovely complexion. Yet the correction of this common ill is quite easy. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. In cases of chronic constipation, eat it with each meal.

The reason Kellogg's ALL-BRAN corrects constipation is because it supplies the "bulk" that modern diet lacks. This "bulk" gently clears away the wastes and impurities that cause blemishes in the skin and make eyes dull and listless. ALL-BRAN also contains blood-building iron and the valuable Vitamin B which is the system's finest tonic.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN needs no cooking. It is delicious with cold milk or cream. At all grocers'.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
122

To Cure Your Cold

(*Continued from page* 60)

kidneys without over-charging them. An aperient is also good.

Take tomato juice, being careful to swallow no skin, up to seven glasses a day. This will recondition the liver. So will the juice of purple grapes—a meal of these alone, please—or dried figs.

These should be soaked for twenty-four hours in distilled or boiled water, and then stewed for fifteen minutes in that water without adding sugar; they then make a dish which effectively eliminates mucus and catarrh.

Asparagus, even the tinned, benefits the kidneys. If you can obtain over-ripe Persimmons, have them iced and suck the fruit. They will be your best restorative, particularly if a glass of hot water with half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid is drunk first.

Meat broths can be taken at the end of the second day, normal diet on the third. All that is essential is that the body should have a rest and consequently a chance to recover while it is disorganised by a chill, and it would be quite wrong to treat a cold of this kind with the suppressive medicines taken for cold A.

Cold C—the long-poison cold—calls for sweating. Sweating, incidentally, would often be dangerous in treating cold B.

Some people can cure C by drinking four quarts of tepid water in the day, taking a pint every hour, starting as soon as the first symptoms appear, as that happens to be sufficient to make them sweat. Others need a Turkish bath. Some women swear by a wax bath.

Usually this cold can be kept under until you are feeling tired, then it will break out violently. When it does—take a mustard bath, rub camphorated oil on the chest as well as on the foot-soles, inhale Friar's Balsam and menthol; if a sore throat is threatening, gargle with Glycerine of Tannin; spray the nose, and go to bed in a well-aired, warm room with hot-water bottles and drops of eucalyptus scattered on the sheet.

Cut out smoking. The more hot long drinks you can sink, the better you will be. Have a second nightdress wrapped round a spare hot-water bottle, and if there is a fond friend or relative to rub you dry and rub in eau-de-Cologne as well, your recovery will be quick.

REST. Do not let the cold take hold of you, but do not attempt to *suppress* it, as it would only be deferred to a more evil day. In this case, as in cold B, you will have to clear your system. And in this case, again, the daily pinch of Kruschen and the camphorated oil massaged into the soles of the feet will act as a strong deterrent against the formation of cold poisons.

If you are liable to chilblains, start taking a teaspoonful of calcium lactate (powder) right away with your toast and marmalade every morning. Keep on taking it until February. You should then come through the winter without a chilblain.

END

Get Glamour

(*Continued from page* 61)

to the skin. Hard water brings more wrinkles than worry.

2. Don't laugh . . . a mole and wart cure. Warts are alarmingly on the increase. A beautiful friend of mine who had never been acquainted with these "bobbles," returned from a cruise with her hands covered with them.

Doctors say it's partly due to diet and partly to infection. But if you are a sufferer I will let you have her prescriptions; one is a cleverly balanced saline to be taken internally, it removes what is known as pre-disposition from the blood, the other is a drop of something which removes the wart without staining the surrounding skin.

3. Darker lipsticks are being sponsored by Hollywood, so they'll be here soon. When you next invest, remember this and get one. I could help you with shades.

4. The finest baby hairbrush is indispensable to "porcelain-powdering." That is, the final powdering. On this your face will be judged. The best way to apply powder, either dark undercoat, or light finishing, is to pat it in from the base of the neck up to the temples with a heavy pad, and then, when your face looks as though it had emerged from a flour-barrel, brush it down with the baby hairbrush. This touch will improve you beyond words.

END

Decoration *in* Other Countries

(*Continued from page* 54)

and their positive mania for colour. This suite is finished in a bright blue lacquer and is upholstered in a flowery chintz of vividly contrasting tones.

Original touches are many in the Viennese interior. It may be the effective draping of a curtain, an unusual lamp, or a piece of furniture of unconventional pattern, but in every room there is something to focus attention.

It is this talent for originality which makes the modern German and Austrian interior a thing to be admired. They are more ready to experiment than we, more kindly disposed to change, and this characteristic is inherent in their homes.

Not that our own country is without honour in the sphere of decoration. If we were slow to accept the more eccentric features of modern design, we have adopted it to our temperament with conspicuous success. Modern decoration in this country to-day incorporates the basic principles of modern design with that homeliness which is an essential concession to the British taste.

The modern English interior illustrated is a model of those features which make modern decoration acceptable, combined with a character which speaks eloquently of home.

In this country, period furnishing is at present enjoying a tremendous vogue. Adam and Regency—the most exquisite of all the phases in English home decoration—are the periods favoured.

The other English interior reproduced on pages 54 and 55 shows a newly decorated room.

The Adam influence is noticeable here in the architecture and also in the elegant relief decoration on the walls.

America has its own emphatic individuality in decoration as in everything else. The period furnishing of the 1850's or thereabouts holds a strong position in the affections of the American people and is, indeed, extremely attractive.

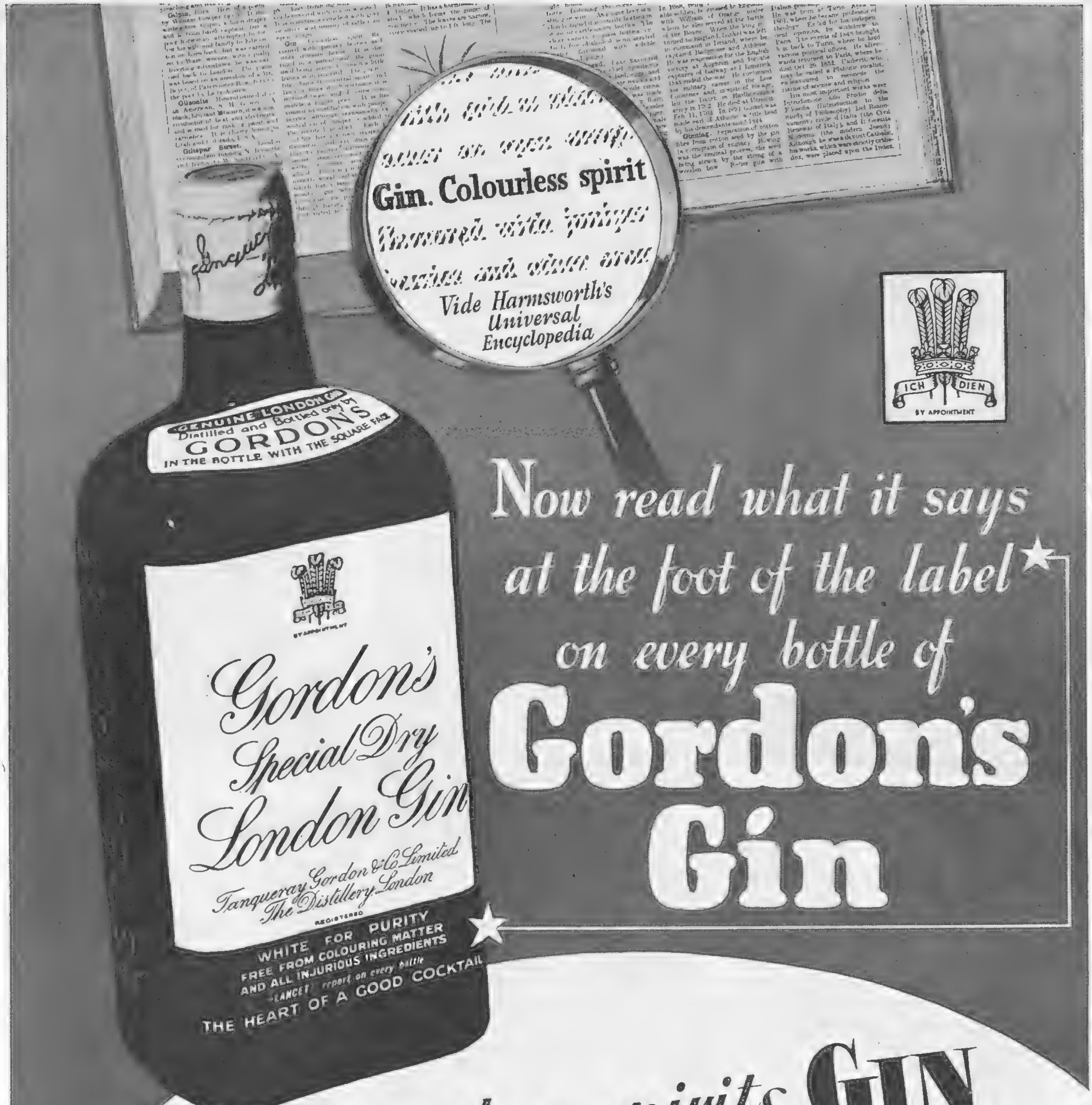
Many American homes adopt the Colonial style which is characterised in heavy but gracefully proportioned furniture of pine.

The canopied four-poster and the tall linen press are familiar features of this period which is charmingly old-world with daintily sprigged wall-papers and frilled muslin curtains.

The modernism of steel and glass furniture has met with no more popular response in America than in Britain. This does not imply the rejection of modern principles but only of its more eccentric moods.

If I were asked if English women fell short of the standard of other countries in the decoration of their home I should say that possibly, in the average home, we do. We lack the originality of Americans and the instinct for colour which is given to our Latin neighbours, but no one will deny us a supreme gift of home making which is unequalled in any corner of the earth.

END


Gin. Colourless spirit
Vide Harmsworth's Universal Encyclopedia
ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT
GENUINE LONDON GIN
Distilled and Bottled only by
GORDON'S
IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
BY APPOINTMENT
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Limited
The Distillery, London
REGISTERED
WHITE FOR PURITY
FREE FROM COLOURING MATTER
AND ALL INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS
"LANCET" report on every bottle
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Now read what it says at the foot of the label★ on every bottle of Gordon's Gin

Unlike other spirits GIN is essentially colourless

GORDON'S is a highly *refined* Gin: without its transparency it would not be the same PURE spirit which for well over 160 years has been famed for its health-giving properties.

The purity of Gordon's Gin has made cocktails famous because there are no impurities to "come through" and spoil your enjoyment. Make sure of obtaining *Pure* and *Genuine* Gin by demanding GORDON'S. The "Lancet" report on every bottle tells you it's *Genuine* Gin, containing no impurities.

Look at Your Teeth
—Others do!

MY DENTIST SAYS—USE
KOLYNOS

Beauty demands Attractive White Teeth
KOLYNOS REVEALS THEM

In the quest for beauty it is essential that recognition be given to the important part played by the teeth. Ugly stains, so easily acquired, are not so easy to remove and the charm of an otherwise pleasing smile is spoilt.

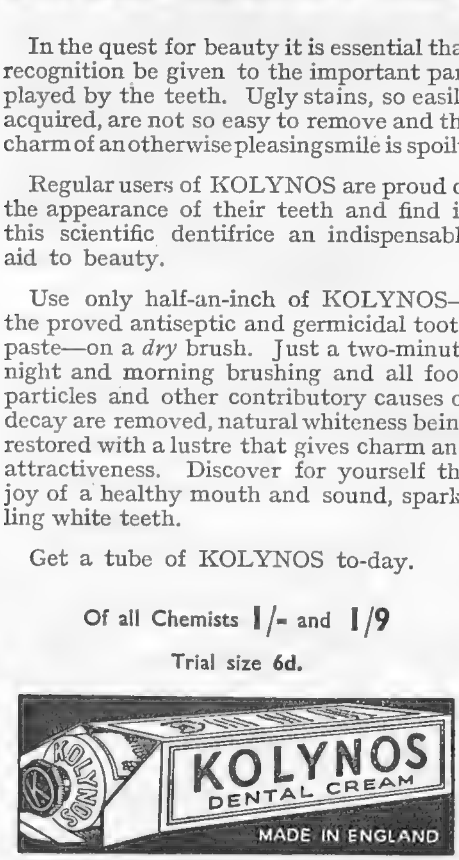
Regular users of KOLYNOS are proud of the appearance of their teeth and find in this scientific dentifrice an indispensable aid to beauty.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS—the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste—on a *dry* brush. Just a two-minute night and morning brushing and all food particles and other contributory causes of decay are removed, natural whiteness being restored with a lustre that gives charm and attractiveness. Discover for yourself the joy of a healthy mouth and sound, sparkling white teeth.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

Of all Chemists 1/- and 1/9

Trial size 6d.



Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 53)

Sunday morning, Your Majesty should be seated there, accompanied by the officials, the clergy and the barons, to hear a solemn mass. After this, the sick princess is to be brought forward. I desire also that at least twenty musicians should stand ready in a corner of the square. They are to be supplied with drums, cymbals, trumpets, bagpipes, bells and every other kind of noisy instrument. Their instructions are that, when I wave my hat in the air, they must strike up the most hideous din, and, so playing, advance towards the dais. I sincerely trust that this, combined with other secret remedies which I will prepare, may successfully combat our supernatural enemy."

The king ordered everything to be done as he had requested. When morning came, the huge square of Notre Dame contained a multitude of people. The dais whereon the king and his retinue were assembled was a spectacle of great magnificence. In a respectful silence mass was performed, and a little later the raving princess was brought forward, sustained by two bishops.

When Roderigo beheld from the body of the princess these elaborate preparations, he said to himself, "What can the villain intend? Does he think to frighten me with all this apparatus? Has he forgotten that I am accustomed to the pomp of heaven and the fury of hell? I will punish him for this effrontery."

For the last time Gio Matteo tried to placate Roderigo, imploring him to desist from his unreasonable attitude and release the princess. But the demon's anger only increased, and he replied, "Miserable poltroon, why do you thus importune me? Do not imagine that I shall save you from the consequences of the king's wrath!" Over and over again Matteo endeavoured to mollify him, but every time his prayers were met with fresh threats and abuse. At last he realised that he was merely wasting his time, and decided to carry out the plan which was in his mind.

He raised his hat and gave the signal to the musicians. Instantly they broke into an appalling din, whose volume increased as they approached. When they reached the dais, the noise had attained deafening proportions, so that Matteo was barely able to catch the perturbed tones of Roderigo, who inquired what on earth was taking place. Matteo bent over the ear of the sick princess and said: "Alas, my good Roderigo, I do not want to alarm you, but here is your wife, Monna Onesta, who has come to fetch you home."

The effect of that name upon Roderigo was such that it stultified practically every mental faculty. He forgot to employ his diabolical powers. He was stupefied, unable even to utter a word. In his panic-stricken mind there existed but a single thought—the memory of his peaceful existence in hell. Irresistible longing seized him to return to that sweet haven as swiftly as his wings could carry him—there to become Belphagor once again, and render tragic account of his ten years of tribulation under the matrimonial yoke. . . .

For a long moment, pregnant with suspense, Gio Matteo waited and listened for a reply. But none was forthcoming. Suddenly the princess became as pale as a lily, was seized with a violent convulsion, screamed and fell back limply into the arms of the bishop. At the same time, Gio Matteo received the impression that a shadow had flitted swiftly past him. . . . A moment later the princess sat up and stared about her as though awakened from an evil dream.

The ingenuity of Gio Matteo had prompted him aright. Well he knew that, in certain cases, the mere mention of the wife's name is sufficient to put to flight even the devil!

END

Emergency Shelf

(*Continued from page* 63)

supper dish. A tin of Heinz beans is a meal in itself, but turned into a casserole, with rashers of bacon on top, and flavoured with a little onion powder, it is appetising and substantial.

Tinned fruits are ready to serve, but it is much more thrilling and inviting to find them in trifles, salads or Melbas. The prosaic peach, pear and apricot should be occasionally substituted by the more exciting little South African golden-berry, the French marrons in syrup, guavas from the tropics—fruits as delightful to the eye as they are to the palate. There are many other commodities which are invaluable for the hostess. Tinned milk, coffee and cream speak for themselves.

A certain quantity of package foods should also be stored. Vita-Weat and Carr's water biscuits are excellent with cheese for rounding off a good luncheon. Kellogg's Cornflakes and Shredded Wheat are indispensable on the breakfast table, for the guest who has been persuaded to stay the night.

Seasonings and flavourings are most important. Salt and pepper are not sufficient in themselves to add interest to an emergency meal. The array of relishes and their relative sauces which the modern canner gives us is endless. There is chutney, mulligatawny and curry pastes, and grated horseradish sauce to give the necessary tang. Ketchups, pickles and spices will work miracles with a dull and uninteresting dish.

Then there are pickled pimentos, gherkins, cucumber rings, walnuts and truffles to use as garnishes for savoury dishes, while preserved ginger, cherries, angelica and pistachio nuts give that dash of colour which lifts a dish out of the doldrums.

The housewife must also do her share in the preparation of emergency stores. She must watch the fruit and vegetable markets, and pickle or preserve at the height of the season.

Spiced pickled pears, peaches, cantaloupe and other such fruits are delicious as accompaniments to a platter of cold meats. Herbs, vinegars, bottled fruits, and jellies do their bit in entertaining the unexpected guest.

Sponge fingers or cake, meringue and pastry cases, cheese straws and fancy biscuits are other allies which, if made when time allows, and stored in airtight tins, will make a brave show at the right moment.

A Good Day's Menu.

Breakfast

Fruit (*vitamins, roughage, mineral salts*).
Bacon (*protein, fat*) and Tomato (*vitamins*).
Toast (*carbohydrate*), Butter (*fat*),
Marmalade (*carbohydrate*),
Tea or Coffee (*water*).

Luncheon

Poached Egg (*protein*) on Spinach (*vitamin, mineral salts, roughage*) with cheese sauce.
Fresh Fruit Salad (*vitamin, roughage, mineral salts*) and Cream (*fat*).
Still Lemon (*water, vitamins*).
Coffee (*water*).

Dinner

Consommé (*water*).
Roast Chicken (*protein*), Bread Sauce.
Green Salad (*vitamins*), Peas (*vitamins, roughage*), Potatoes (*carbohydrates*).
Orange Soufflé (*fat*).
Coffee (*water*).

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE QUEEN

Orchis

by YARDLEY

ORCHIS
YARDLEY

Orchis has the stirring, exciting glamour of life in a rich setting . . . . music and dancing, bright lights, exotic flowers . . . . and under its spell your personality takes on a new, more vivid note. *45/- to 2/6*

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

ORANGES
BY APPOINTMENT
All that's nice
SUGAR

that's what
ROBERTSON'S
'Golden Shred'
Orange Marmalade
is made of

That's why it's so good for you!

★ TRY IT IN
GOLDEN PUDDING

Ingredients

6 ozs. bread crumbs	4 ozs. granulated sugar
1½ ozs. flour	1 egg
1 oz. corn flour	1 gill milk
4 ozs. butter	½ lb. 'Golden Shred'

Method

Mix together bread crumbs, flour and corn flour. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the egg and stir into the cream. Beat well, mix with dry ingredients, adding milk. Put half the mixture in the bottom of a well-greased pie dish, cover with 'Golden Shred'; add remainder of mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Dredge with castor sugar; serve in dish.

1 lb. jar 6½D.
2 lb. jar 1/-

GOLDEN SHRED
IT'S CLEAR IT'S GOOD

Willing

Boys and Girls

(Continued from page 11)

Little, "fetch me some Austrian stamps. Six."

"He won't have six alike," said the anæsthetist jealously.

But the doctor had six alike; because he was corresponding with an Austrian collector, and there were the ones on his envelopes, he said.

"So don't speak out of *your* turn," Little added to the anæsthetist. "Well, run along," said she, lying back on her cushions, a trifle weary, "and get them."

"Will you kiss me once per stamp, Sister?"

"Readily," said Little obligingly.

The fortunate doctor made for the door.

"Up to some of your spoofing, I suppose," the anæsthetist complained.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Little answered.

"I've an idea, Sister," said the nose-and-throat-man. "Come out for supper and the Porchester cabaret?"

"If anyone thinks," said Little, "that I would climb into my blue frock to-night and go *out*, he is mistaken. I'm tired. And besides, to-morrow night I'm specialling on a bad case. A good nurse puts the patient first."

"A drop more whisky?" said the nose-and-throat man dejectedly.

"Thanks," the anæsthetist murmured, and the other general practitioner, while making sounds and motions of going home, remained to join them.

The stamp-collecting doctor was not long away. His car had been at the door, and his home was near. He had wormed in and out of this home unsuspectedly, and now entered handsomely with the stamps.

Little kissed him six times; but critically.

"I believe you only telephoned me to look in this evening because of my stamps," the collector complained, dissatisfied.

"As good a reason as any," said Little, scribbling away at address headings on the letters she had already written, "and now all you men do what you ought to have done before; *go home.* I'm tired; I'm busy; and I've heard all your stories before. Nighty-night."

Women are very hard.

THE Nursing Home twittered with suspense; sighed with relief, smiled with joy; the floormaids ate up their midday dinners heartily; the porter whistled under his breath again. The great Mr. Haverford—who was going out to-day, and returning home to say: "No? Yes? Ha! ha!" to faces at dinner-tables to which his wife would expect him to escort her—nearly, though not quite, forgot to set the booby trap which successfully caught Sister Doherty. The Matron had tears in her eyes—she usually cried instead of laughing when happy. Little, who did not come on duty at all that day, until the evening when she was due as Night Special on an urgent new case, only heard the news at eight p.m., as she changed into uniform in the nurses' locker room.

"Oh, *grand!*" said Little nonchalantly.

"Yes; in the post box this morning there was the letter," cried Sister Hobbs. "Austrian stamp, Doherty thinks. *From the Mother.* The little thing opened it and read it herself and hasn't put it aside since. Doherty called me to see her. My dear! the change in the child! Slept all the afternoon. Hungry. Eaten up her food. Hasn't told us much—just as if it's all too precious. But *did* tell Doherty her muvver had explained why she hadn't written; and she was going to write again every day now. The letter was sent on from the school, judging from the envelope, Doherty says. Well, she doesn't know how near to dying her baby's been. . . . Oh! I *do* hope she *does* write every day—if only for a week!" Hobbs sighed fervently.

"I'm sure I hope so too," said Little. "Well, I must be off. Ground floor. Pretty bad case, isn't it? Operated on this morning. Do you know anything about it?"

"Me? No. I've thought of nothing but that blessed child."

It came but erratically to Little's ear—for as Night Special on the ground floor, she was out of the daily doings on the second—during the course of the next three or four days, how Vee progressed. How there were three letters now. How, in the third, her mother promised to come and see her quite soon—next term if not sooner; how delighted Mr. Haverford was. And then how little Vee was writing to her mother—Mr. Haverford was allowing it—to that address in Austria.

"Mr. Haverford says," Doherty reported, "that the letters are simply adorable. The child's let him read them. He told Matron the mother must be a fine, sweet woman; and he says that, Sir Lionel or no Sir Lionel, law or no law, *the mother's got to come and see the child.*"

Little flashed up suddenly:

"That's what *I* say." She looked pale with fatigue, for, in spite of her five years' experience in the nursing service, a hard, anxious night job always got her down. Yet, weary, she flashed to life in the cause of small Vee. "That's what *I* say!" she cried. "The mother must be got at, and *she must see the child.*"

"Well, she *is* got at now, isn't she? Vee's written," Doherty argued; surprised.

Little was just pulling her tweed coat over her uniform and, seeming to be occupied with the problem of when she could get her hair waved, made no answer.

"Mr. Haverford says," Doherty remarked to Little's back,—"and surgeons aren't so imaginative as a rule—he says that during the next two years it's practically life or death for that child to have her mother."

"I shall stand myself a shampoo as well as a wave," murmured Little peevishly. "I'm off the case to-morrow, and I may climb into my blue frock and go out; who knows?"

"Or cares?" cried Doherty; but Little had gone.

"HASTENING London to-morrow. See daughter. Please wire condition to me at Orient Offices, Southampton
Lionel Chair."

"Well, I'm so relieved!" Matron exclaimed to the Office Sister. "He has wirelessed from the s.s. *Ranja* and must be on his way home. I suppose that Miss Wisbeach cabled him. I *did* think we were left with *rather* too much of a responsibility, you know."

"What's that, Matron?" asked Mr. Haverford, walking through, and pausing at overhearing this news. "Chair home? Thank heaven!"

And just then Sister Little happened to enter, on her way to her last night's duty with the ticklish case now happily out of danger.

Mr. Haverford considered her more ardently than he knew. He moved to meet her. "You'll be off to-morrow night?"

"Off to-morrow night, Sir." Demure as a kitten with Matron looking on.

"Dine with me?"

"Well, perhaps I will, Sir," minced Little.

Matron bore down on them. "You mustn't keep Sister, please, Mr. Haverford."

"Sorry, Matron, I was just telling her that Sir Lionel Chair is coming to-morrow evening."

Little's shock registered itself on Mr. Haverford's mind.

"Virginia is *not* Sister Little's patient, Mr. Haverford," said Matron reprovingly.

The shock, to one of Mr. Haverford's discernment, lingered in the air like smoke from a bomb.

Sister Little passed on; all startled; in a hurry.

THE Nursing Home was full of jurymen and jurywomen waiting for Sir Lionel Chair, when, just before seven o'clock, he stalked in.

(Continued on page 104)

TEST REPORT OF VERY LIVELY, WELL-BALANCED PRODUCT

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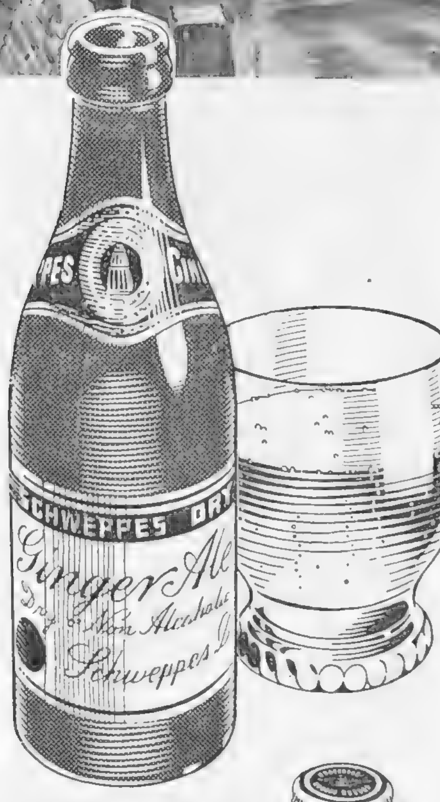
By The Motoring Correspondent

I HAVE been looking into Saloons of late and have come to the conclusion that the Schweppes range is the best value on the road. One of their best models—in fact a perfect model of its class—is their Dry Ginger. It is easy to handle (the clutch never slips), keeps you nicely balanced and is most responsive to one's moods. I have tried it along with other and more supercharged drinks but it fairly schweppt past its rivals and came out on top every time. Consumption is, undoubtedly, rather high, it being very easy to pass from 1st to 3rd in 5 minutes, or even less. I fully expect this model to increase in popularity from London to John o' Groats.



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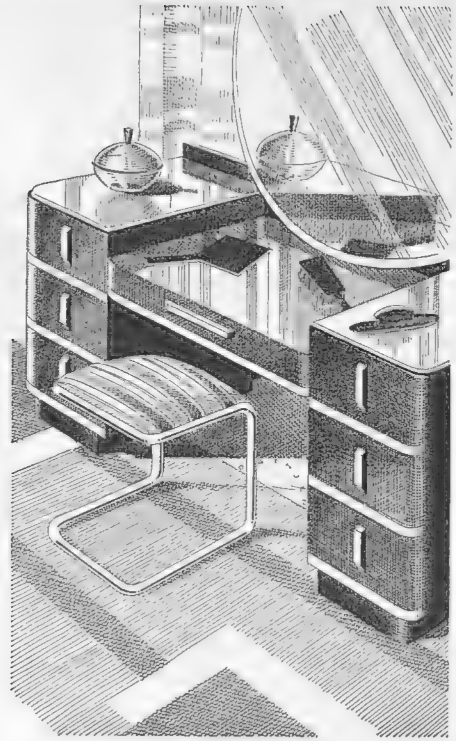

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Every eye within range turned piercingly upon this monstrous father who had left such a little daughter for so long, only occasionally sending her a picture postcard—of the most stilted informative character, no doubt—and leaving it to Stores impersonally to send her gifts at Christmas and upon her birthday.

Indeed, it was inexplicable how many people in the Home knew the gist of the conversation that had taken place earlyish in the afternoon over the telephone.

Sir Lionel: This is Sir Lionel Chair speaking. Is that the Matron of the Park Nursing Home? Ah. I have just come up from Southampton by the boat train, and am telephoning from my club. I am coming along at once to see my daughter.

Matron (*purring her best*): *So* glad you've arrived, Sir Lionel. *But* could you postpone your visit till a little later? Your little girl is getting her afternoon nap.

Sir Lionel: That's very awkward. Tch! tch! My time isn't my own till I've seen various people. Er . . . I could come between six-thirty and seven.

Matron: Why, that would do *nicely*. We don't as a rule like our little ones visited later than five, but we must make an exception. You'll see Virginia having her supper.

Sir Lionel (*roaring and impatient*): Think she'd like a doll?

Matron: A doll? Oh? You could ask her that yourself.

Sir Lionel: Goo'bye.

Loitering at his club . . . ? Time not his own? No, indeed, we should think not, the Nursing Home remarked. His time should be his little daughter's.

"*A doll!* That's all he knows," scorned Doherty.

So people were decidedly in that state of mind which the porter called "laying for him" when Sir Lionel arrived.

Matron met him in the hall, hush-hush but smiling; and the Office Sister lurked there, too, in case of records wanted. She had Virginia's temperature chart on the tip of her tongue.

"I must tell you," said Matron, pleasantly impressed by Sir Lionel's scowling good-looks and lean vigour, "that we've had a very, very anxious time with your dear little girl, Sir Lionel, and Mr. Haverford, her surgeon, would like a word with you before you go up, please. *In* here, if you please, Sir Lionel. Ah!" said Matron, "here's Mr. Haverford."

And indeed there was Mr. Haverford, with a dress overcoat over his dinner jacket and shining shirt, coming in on the nick of time, as arranged between himself and Matron.

"For nothing's got to go wrong," Mr. Haverford had impressed on her, "or that kid's temperature'll go rocketing up again, and disgrace me."

Mr. Haverford did not want to linger long with Sir Lionel, because his car—which was at the door—should, in ten minutes at latest, be carrying him away to fetch Little, who would, even now, be climbing into her blue dress.

Mr. Haverford carried a small batch of crumpled letters in his hand, the envelopes thereof bearing the Austrian stamp.

He, also, as he shook hands with Sir Lionel, liked his scowling good looks and lean vigour.

"Very glad to see you here, Sir Lionel. Your little girl seems to be so much on her own——"

"Couldn't be helped. Aunt died while I was away, and this schoolmistress——"

"Oh, we *know* it can't be helped. Miss Wisbeach told us *all* that she thought we ought to know about it," Matron assured him.

"I hear Vee is getting on—er—famously?"

"We *hope* that she is getting on famously," said Mr. Haverford, in a quiet voice that called for close attention, "and we hope she will continue to get on famously. We nearly lost her—" he saw Sir Lionel's jaw tighten and his eyes narrow. "You see, she hadn't the will to live, and is a fragile child," said Mr. Haverford candidly.

"Miss Wisbeach told us how distressed she had been because her mother had ceased writing to her," Matron ventured. "Vee had kept the old letters, but unfortunately, while they were packing up for her, the letters had been burned; and when she kept asking and begging for them after the operation—"

"It upset us all. And a child's life can hang on such small threads in times of crisis," Mr. Haverford said. "We might have lost her, only that, by the mercy of Providence, the letters began to come again. Really, it was like a miracle. I had the devil's own work to borrow them—" he held them up, "from little Vee! I pretended they were so lovely—well, and so they are lovely—that I wanted to read them by myself while I had my tea. What children do believe! 'stonishing, isn't it? I'm on my way to take them back to her now, after you—er—Look here! You should know that her mother promises to visit her again soon, and I can only urge you, medically speaking, to get that promise carried out."

In a dead silence Sir Lionel looked from Matron to Mr. Haverford; who added:

"I rather thought, if you saw the letters, it would give you an idea how best to discuss them with little Vee."

"We don't want to exceed our privileges," said Matron, purring her best. "We only want to do what you would consider right."

"Give me the letters," said Sir Lionel, cold and heavy.

Just for a moment he stared at the stamp and postmark on each envelope, then he drew out the letters and flicked them over, as if scornfully. But, scornfully or not, he began to read them, his jaw tight and his eyes narrowed; and he turned his shoulder on Matron and Mr. Haverford, so that they drew slightly away with an air of leaving him to it.

The clock struck seven.

Mr. Haverford thought eagerly of Little. But she knew what surgeons and their emergencies were; and she would wait.

She would wait—if not too long. Careful espionage had informed him that the anæsthetist had also begged her to come out to-night. "Give me second choice, then," had telephoned the anæsthetist to Little.

Sir Lionel read the short letters one by one, very quickly. And indeed they were lovely letters. The letters of a gay and tender young mother to her gay and tender little child. They were so lovely that for a moment after he had finished them he just stood still and began to read the first again . . .

Mr. Haverford coughed.

"If you wish to take them up yourself, Sir Lionel, please don't let her know I've betrayed confidence. Just say I asked you to bring a packet back for me. . . And then you could say: '*Who* are the letters from?' and then she could tell you herself."

Matron beamed on this plan.

"But that's just what she couldn't tell me," said Sir Lionel furiously. "The letters aren't from her mother—in the first one the writer says she's 'practising a different writing,' and that might get by a child. Yes. It might deceive a child. But they haven't even been posted—in Austria or anywhere else. It's all a fake."

"What!" Mr. Haverford stammered.

"Oh, Sir Lionel!" Matron cried.

He went on, quietly and furiously: "Didn't any of you examine the postmarks?"

"Oh, Sir Lionel, no! They appeared to have been re-directed from Torquay and they were in the post-box with all the other mail, and the porter sorts them, and Sister here brings them round——"

"I'm afraid I never thought—" faltered the Office Sister in the background, her short-sighted eyes behind their spectacles turned anxiously upon the great man.

"Besides," Mr. Haverford cried, "how could and why should anyone——"

"Without inside knowledge," Matron began.

"Is Sir Lionel Chair here?" asked a brave voice at which Mr. Haverford jumped round.

Sister Little stood among them. She had stood herself the shampoo and wave, climbed into her blue dress, and her foxaline cape hung over her shoulders.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Wasn't he worth it?

He's the whole world to his mother, just as your baby is to you. In fact there's not a thing she wouldn't do for his health and happiness. But—there's just one thing she *couldn't* do and that was to feed him herself. But her doctor, who had advised her all the way through, told her that Allenburys is nearest to the natural milk. You see, the three foods in the Allenburys System are graduated, just as nature does it, to meet baby's growing needs, and they have all the newest improvements that science has revealed.

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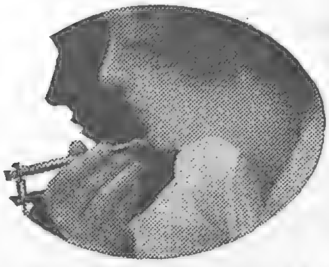

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"Oh, lovely girl!" thought Mr. Haverford.

But Matron said: "*Sister Little!*" Because nurses can't barge into matrons' private rooms, pushing themselves among important people, trailing trains of blue evening dresses behind them; slicked and finished with powder and lipstick.

No, indeed!

But:

"I've something to say," said Little, standing up to Sir Lionel, Matron, Mr. Haverford, and the Office Sister. "I wrote the letters. I faked it all. That's why," she stammered, "though I often wanted to, I've never been to see Vee—only when she was asleep. And she's never seen me. Somehow I was afraid it might come out if we knew each other. . . . But being entirely on night duty on the ground floor this last week has been a bit of luck." She appealed to Mr. Haverford. "I . . . I didn't even seem *interested*. I was careful not to. And it was just a priceless opportunity, when I was leaving at eight, to put a letter in the post-box myself every morning. And anyone *could* have suspected—but they didn't. And so I risked it. And *I* made the promise for Lady Chair that she would come back some time soon and see her little girl."

The room swam round Little, although she was planning to go out and enjoy herself; because of her foolish propensity to exhaust herself over anxious cases.

"*Sister Little!*" breathed Matron; red; suffused.

"Who is this young woman?" said Sir Lionel Chair in a departmental voice.

Mr. Haverford sprang to it, without hesitation: "Only the best nurse in London; and she is going to nurse the Duke of Manhattan when I send him in next week . . . . Do you, or do you not want the Duke here?" asked Mr. Haverford's eyes of Matron. "Shall you, or shall you not dismiss this Sister?" asked his eyes. "Shall you strike this darling?" demanded his heart.

"Indeed," said Sir Lionel Chair.

But Sir Lionel had eyes only for Little; angry, terrible, sombre eyes; yet Little faced them, and Little liked them.

Little read in Sir Lionel's eyes what she read only too frequently in other men's eyes; and the result of this reading marvellously reassured her.

"I did it to make Vee happy; she couldn't get well without happiness," said Little direct to Sir Lionel. "And when I knew you were coming to-night I thought—I suddenly thought, just as I was climbing into my blue frock, that I'd come and tell you. And tell you to send for Lady Chair quickly; *quickly*. Cable for Lady Chair."

"Can one cable to hell?" said Sir Lionel, looking down upon Little with a terrible politeness.

Then she fell back slightly before him.

"H—h—hell?"

"Lady Chair," he said—and they all saw how he must have hated her—"was killed in a motor accident in Spain, I am apprised; three months ago."

"Oh—h—h," Little faltered.

And silence in Matron's room . . . .

"You see now, perhaps, Sister Little, what you have done," Matron began.

But Sir Lionel, with a slight gesture, silenced Matron, looking at Little.

Little rose to the drama.

She flashed again:

"Then you must find a mother, Sir Lionel. *A mother must be found.*"

"'A mother must be found,'" Sir Lionel echoed. "Perhaps I agree with you," he said, very, very slowly, not taking his intent eyes from her. "Very well," he said. "After I have seen my daughter, will you dine with me to-night? I had an engagement, but that is nothing—if you will dine with me."

"I'm dining . . . ." Little faltered.

"She is dining . . . ." Mr. Haverford began quickly.

Sir Lionel glanced at him; and back to Little.

"Is this the man?"

And his question meant more than: Is this your host; your dinner partner? It meant what it said: *Is this the man?*

"One of them," said Little; and her answer was as full as had been his question

"One of them."

Mr. Haverford quailed.

And then Sir Lionel laughed. For the first time since he had entered they saw he could be a smiling man. A laughing cavalier.

"You write very beautiful letters, my dear," he said, intent on Little. "And in height, in colour, you a little—a very little—resemble the late Lady Chair. But she could not have written your beautiful letters."

And even she was afraid; even Little, the insouciant and the defiant, trembled; until suddenly Sir Lionel caught her very gently by the wrist.

"Matron, can my little daughter be told that her mother is coming now to see her; bringing her father with her?" The Office Sister, at a helpless flutter of Matron's hand, ran, scarcely able to see through her spectacles.

"And, Matron," Sir Lionel added, "Lady Chair will not be able to nurse the Duke of Manhattan."

He walked out of the room in the wake of Little's trailing blue silk tail, considering it as respectfully as the train of a Court gown.

"What *do* you think of it all, Mr. Haverford?" Matron was beginning faintly to ask. But Mr. Haverford was out of the room and after the two who, ignoring the avid porter, were also ignoring the lift and walking as in a dream up the stairs.

"And so I shall stay respectable and continue to look good people in their dull faces, though that is the last thing I like doing," thought Mr. Haverford as he hastened to catch Sir Lionel by the arm.

Sir Lionel turned, while Little, in her blue dress with her foxaline cape swinging above it, kept on her way. Mr. Haverford knew well the look of gaiety and adventure and romance and resolution on Sir Lionel's face; much as it had surprised him to catch it there.

"Good luck," said Mr. Haverford generously, if hoarsely. "You're going to have an awful job getting this girl; but *if* you can pull it off it'll be worth it."

"I can see that," said Sir Lionel; "and I shall pull it off; and it will be damned well worth it."

He followed Little, who had opened a door and gone into a room, and was sitting on a narrow bed with her arms about the *deevinest* thing.

END

Is There Life on the Planets?

(*Continued from page* 33)

pieces of mechanism, each designed for a specific purpose. As our guide explains their use you quickly realise you are in the workshop of the scientists. Then comes, what proves a thrill to many, a peep through the 60-inch telescope at some heavenly body—the moon, planet, or some well-known distant star. As may be imagined, the astronomer is bombarded with all kinds of questions—the distances of the stars, how they are measured, how the weight of a heavenly body is ascertained, the work of the spectroscope in analysing light, and whether there is life on the planets. This latter question, I was informed, was the one most frequently asked.

When I approached Dr. W. S. Adams, the director of the observatory, and said I would like to place on record his views on this interesting question, he acquiesced at once. "It is certainly significant," he began, "that we know more about the physical condition of the far-distant stars than we do of the planets. This is because they shine by reflected light and are not self-luminous. Hence the light we receive from a planet is simply sunlight modified to some degree by transmission through

(*Continued on page* 108)

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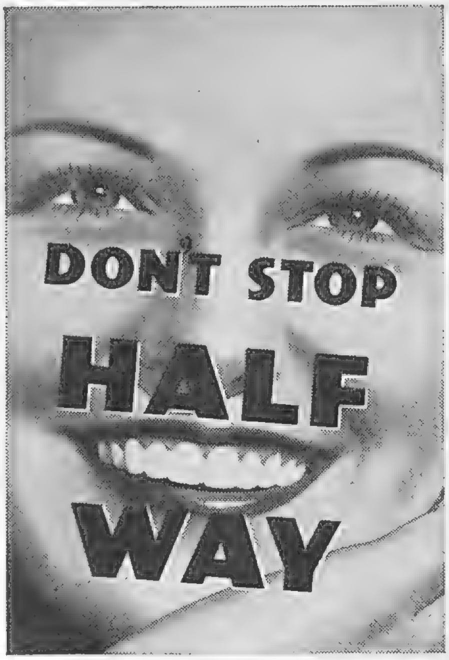

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the planet's atmosphere. It is a much more difficult problem to learn the composition of the surface of any planet than that of a star the light of which may be thousands of years reaching us.

"We can tell the elements, or gases, composing the atmosphere of a star by analysing its light with a spectroscope, but not so the planets, as they simply act as mirrors reflecting the light they receive from the sun. Much of our information regarding the planets depends upon direct visual and photographic observations. Surface markings, the periods of rotation, clouds, and varying features on the apparent surface, and to some extent the presence or absence of an atmosphere itself, must all be studied with the telescope, and here we encounter the serious difficulty of atmospheric disturbances.

"When a telescope is pointed to the sky it is looking out through the entire depth of the earth's atmosphere. Each irregularity in the temperature and density of the air through which the light passes bends and twists the beam of light, and as such irregularities change very rapidly there is a continual blurring and quivering of the image. This is the familiar twinkling of the stars so often seen on a windy winter night, and in a telescope the effect is increased in proportion to its magnifying power. This blurring effect goes far toward obliterating the surface details and finer markings on the planets, and explains why astronomers seek to locate their observatories where the air is most steady and free from disturbance.

"It also answers the question frequently asked of astronomers whether a telescope cannot be built sufficiently large to bring the moon within a few miles and Mars within a few hundreds of miles of the earth, and so make even the smallest details visible. There is ample light for such observations with existing telescopes, but unfortunately the disturbances due to the earth's atmosphere are magnified and nothing is gained.

"These difficulties explain why our knowledge of the physical state of the planets is less complete than our knowledge of them as astronomical bodies. Much has been learned, however, and much more may be expected with the development of new and more sensitive instruments for measuring radiation and for studying the influence of the atmospheres and the surface materials of the planets upon the quality of the reflected light.

"There are three important factors which govern to a large extent physical conditions upon a planet, and what we may call its climate. The first is its distance from the sun. This determines the amount of heat and light it receives. The second is the length of the planet's day, its period of rotation on its axis. This regulates the amount of time during which the sun's heat falls on different portions of the surface. The more rapidly a planet rotates the more nearly uniform will be the amount of heat received by all its parts. The third consideration, and a most important one, is the planet's atmosphere.

"For our knowledge of the composition of a planet's atmosphere we must depend upon the spectroscope, which analyses the light and shows what modifications the sunlight has undergone in passing through the atmosphere. Since, however, the surface of a planet must be observed not only through its own atmosphere, but through that of the earth as well, the bands or beams of light of our own atmosphere are also present in the spectra of the planets, and the problem is to separate them. There are two ways in which this may be done, the first by comparing the intensities of the bands in the spectrum of the planet with those obtained from light transmitted through the earth's atmosphere alone; and the second by observing the spectral lines of a planet when it is approaching or receding rapidly from the earth, when the spectrum can be photographed apart from those due to the earth's atmosphere."

Dr. Adams then dealt with the planets, taking them individually, beginning with Mercury, the planet nearest the sun. Its mean distance from the great luminary is 36,000,000 miles, about one-third that of the earth. It is also the smallest of the planets, having a diameter of about 3,000 miles. Like the moon, Mercury does not revolve as do the other planets, but always turns the same face toward the sun, thus one side is parched with intense heat and the other in continual darkness. The temperature on the surface turned toward the sun is about 600 deg. Fahr.; or higher than the melting point of lead. Furthermore, both visual and spectroscopic observations agree in showing that the planet has no appreciable atmosphere, and the idea of Mercury supporting any kind of life can be dismissed.

Next comes Venus, the brightest of all the planets. Its mean distance from the sun is 67,200,000 miles and in size and density approaches the earth very closely. An object weighing 100 lb. on the earth would weigh 85 lb. on Venus. "The planet has an extensive atmosphere," said Dr. Adams, "and is surrounded by what appears to be a perpetual layer of clouds, and I doubt if we have ever seen its actual surface. Its temperature is no doubt higher than that of the earth, and nearly all astronomers are agreed that Venus should be better fitted than any other planet for the existence of such life as is known upon the earth."

The next planet in order of distance from the sun is the earth, with its attendant satellite, the moon, the mean distance of the earth from the sun being 92,870,000 miles. The moon is a dead world with no atmosphere to blanket and equalise the sun's radiation, with the result that upon the surface exposed directly to the sun's heat the temperature approaches close to that of boiling water, while that on the dark side is about 250 deg. below zero (Fahr.).

Now comes Mars, with a mean distance from the sun of 141,500,000 miles. "Mars has attracted more popular interest and has probably been observed more extensively than all the other planets combined," said Dr. Adams. "This is not surprising, for although a small planet—its diameter is but 4,230 miles, about half that of the earth—it comes nearer to the earth than any other large planet except Venus. It has an atmosphere, although not a dense one, and unlike Venus we can observe its surface directly and find there numerous conspicuous, and in some respects unique, markings. Prof. Lowell took these markings to represent canals, but astronomers generally are agreed that they are not of artificial origin, while recent spectroscopic investigation has disclosed the fact that the amount of free oxygen and water vapour in the atmosphere of Mars is considerably less, almost infinitesimal, in fact, when compared to that of the earth's.

"When Mars is nearest to the sun it has a temperature of about 50 deg. Fahrenheit, dropping to below freezing point when it is farthest away. Mars is a small planet with little water vapour and very little oxygen, whose sunlit surface in the tropics only reaches temperate conditions at the most favourable times, and during the remainder of the year is below freezing point. Under such conditions, if we can conceive of any vegetation on Mars, it would seem that it must be of a rudimentary type, which requires little nourishment from the atmosphere and gives out correspondingly little oxygen."

We now come to the major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. They are entirely in a different class to the planets noted. They are massive bodies many times larger than the earth, rotate rapidly, and are at such great distances from the sun that they receive very little heat. Jupiter's mean distance from the sun is 483 million miles, and Neptune's 2,775 million miles.

"Jupiter and Saturn," continued Dr. Adams, "have extensive systems of satellites, miniature solar systems in themselves. They have dense atmospheres of great depth which prevent us from seeing down to the surfaces of the planets. A remarkable fact about them is that they do not rotate as solid bodies, but more rapidly near the equator than in higher latitudes. Observations would indicate a temperature of about 180 deg. Fahr. below zero in the (*Continued on page* 110)

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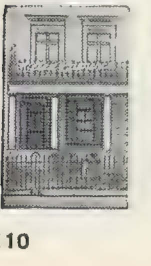

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case of Jupiter. While Saturn itself has a dense atmosphere, its rings, for which the planet is noted, have none. It has been shown both by measurements of the reflected light and observations of the motions of different portions of the rings that they consist of a swarm of little satellites, each of which follows its own orbit about the planet. The thickness of the ring is extremely small, not more than ten miles at most, and when its plane is turned toward the earth it is lost to sight for a few days even in the most powerful telescopes."

The most distant of the planets is Pluto, far away in space, a small planet about the size of Mars, with a mean distance from the sun of 3,700 million miles.

"Only two of the planets, Venus and Mars," concluded Dr. Adams, "can by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as possible abodes of life. So far as Venus is concerned it is largely a subject for speculation. We cannot see its surface or analyse its lower atmosphere, and although the absence of oxygen in its upper atmosphere and the apparently long period of rotation are unfavourable factors, it is quite impossible to state definitely that life may not have developed upon its surface. With Mars the case against the existence of life appears much stronger. The surface of the planet can be studied directly and the atmosphere examined throughout its entire depth. It appears like a dying world, with little or no oxygen and little water, subjected daily to great extremes of temperature as the sun rises and sets upon its surface.

"Modern theories of the origin of the system of the planets indicate that the probability of the development of such systems among the myriads of stars is very much lower than we used to believe, and that they may be relatively few in number. Similarly, as our knowledge of the planets increases we may be led to the conclusion that quite possibly the earth is the only planet which can at the present time support life, and so that in the universe as a whole life is a much rarer and more precious thing than we once realised."

Indispensable to Good Cooking . . .

A LOT of people expect their cooks to produce good meals in a badly equipped kitchen.

I really do mean this and speak from practical experience. I have often gone to dine with people in London or stayed in small country houses where, for fun, we have gone into the kitchen on the cook's day out to amuse ourselves by cooking the meal. In some otherwise most comfortable places where no expense has been spared on decoration, furniture and dining-room appointments, there is literally nothing fit to cook in. Not a knife which will cut, thin saucepans, odds and ends of useless gadgets, but never even a decent frying pan.

So I will now give a short list of utensils which I consider indispensable, and I hope that when people are blaming the cook for a slightly burnt dish or a curdled sauce they will just remember that it may not have been quite her fault.

Saucepans for boiling, of course, need not be of any special kind, but a small very thick one made either of copper or heavy enamelled cast iron is indispensable.

There should be two plain iron frying pans, one of which you should keep exclusively for making omelettes and the other for ordinary frying purposes. These should never be washed but kept well greased and wrapped in paper when not in use. These two pans are quite sufficient for the average household, but for large families I would recommend a proper deep frying saucepan and frying basket. Fill it with good fat and it lasts for a very long time and only needs straining occasionally.

Another most useful utensil would be a fairly large thing of the *casserole* type, using the word in the English sense, for I think I have already pointed out in these pages that a *casserole* is really only a saucepan. But the point is that this pan with short handles and a close-fitting lid is invaluable, as it can be used for making *ragoûts*, soups, or for braising a whole bird.

Now for the knives. The only possible kind for a well-run kitchen is the sharp, pointed black-handled one as used by chefs, and I would have three of these: a small one, a medium-sized and a very large one, which makes also an excellent chopper for onions, herbs or meat which need not be passed through a mincing machine.

Talking of "passing things through" reminds me that a good wire sieve is most useful, also a cone-shaped strainer with a small mesh for straining sauces which may have become lumpy; this apart from the ordinary colander used for straining vegetables.

The list is not a very large or imposing one, in fact, apart from ordinary boiling saucepans, cake tins, baking dishes and so on, the only special things are :—

2 *plain iron frying pans.*
1 *deep frying basket, if necessary.*
1 *small, very thick saucepan.*
1 *large "Casserole."*
3 *chef's knives.*
1 *cone-shaped strainer.*

Before I go on to give a few recipes illustrating the use of these, here is a very useful tip for the novice in omelette making: Until you are thoroughly expert, try using fat instead of butter in which to cook the omelette; you will find it much easier, as the water contained in butter can cause the eggs to catch; also make small omelettes to begin with, say, for two people only (that is, with four eggs); they are not nearly so difficult as large ones.

Mushroom Omelette.—Peel four mushrooms and cut them into small pieces. Fry these for a few minutes only in butter with salt and pepper. Meanwhile, break four eggs in a bowl, add salt and pepper and beat them until the whites and yolks are mixed. Add the mushrooms and give a final beating.

While you are doing this, your plain iron pan should be on the fire getting hot. When it begins to smoke, put in a heaped teaspoonful of fat, swirl it round the pan and pour the eggs in quickly. Stir with a fork, shaking the pan with the other hand. Flatten the eggs all over the pan, fold them away with the fork and turn in the ends. Hold the pan with the right hand, bang it on the stove to ease the omelette and turn it out on to a hot dish which you are holding in the left hand.

Chicken Bonne Femme.—Carve the chicken raw into five pieces as you would for any chicken *en casserole*. Put the carcase in a *casserole* with an onion cut up, a small piece of butter, parsley, salt, pepper, and a few tomatoes cut up. Add a teacupful of stock and a small glass of sherry, cover the pan and bring to the boil slowly. Meanwhile brown the pieces of chicken in butter on both sides and then put them into the casserole, covering it again, and let it all simmer very gently for about three-quarters of an hour.

While this is being done, cut up two thick rashers of streaky bacon into cubes and put them in the small thick saucepan with a dozen button onions peeled, and just cover with cold water. Let this simmer till the onions are done. Put the good pieces of chicken in the serving dish with the button onions and bacon and pour the gravy from the casserole over through the strainer.

Sherry Sauce.—This sweet sauce is very easy to make provided that you have a really thick saucepan, so your small one can be put to the test.

Break into it the yolks of three eggs and add three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Stand the saucepan in a large one or a baking tin containing boiling water over the fire and whip all the time until you have a thick and frothy mixture. Add, little by little, a port glassful of brown sherry, whip again, and serve with steamed puddings or fritters. Some people serve it in custard glasses with sweet biscuits or sponge fingers.

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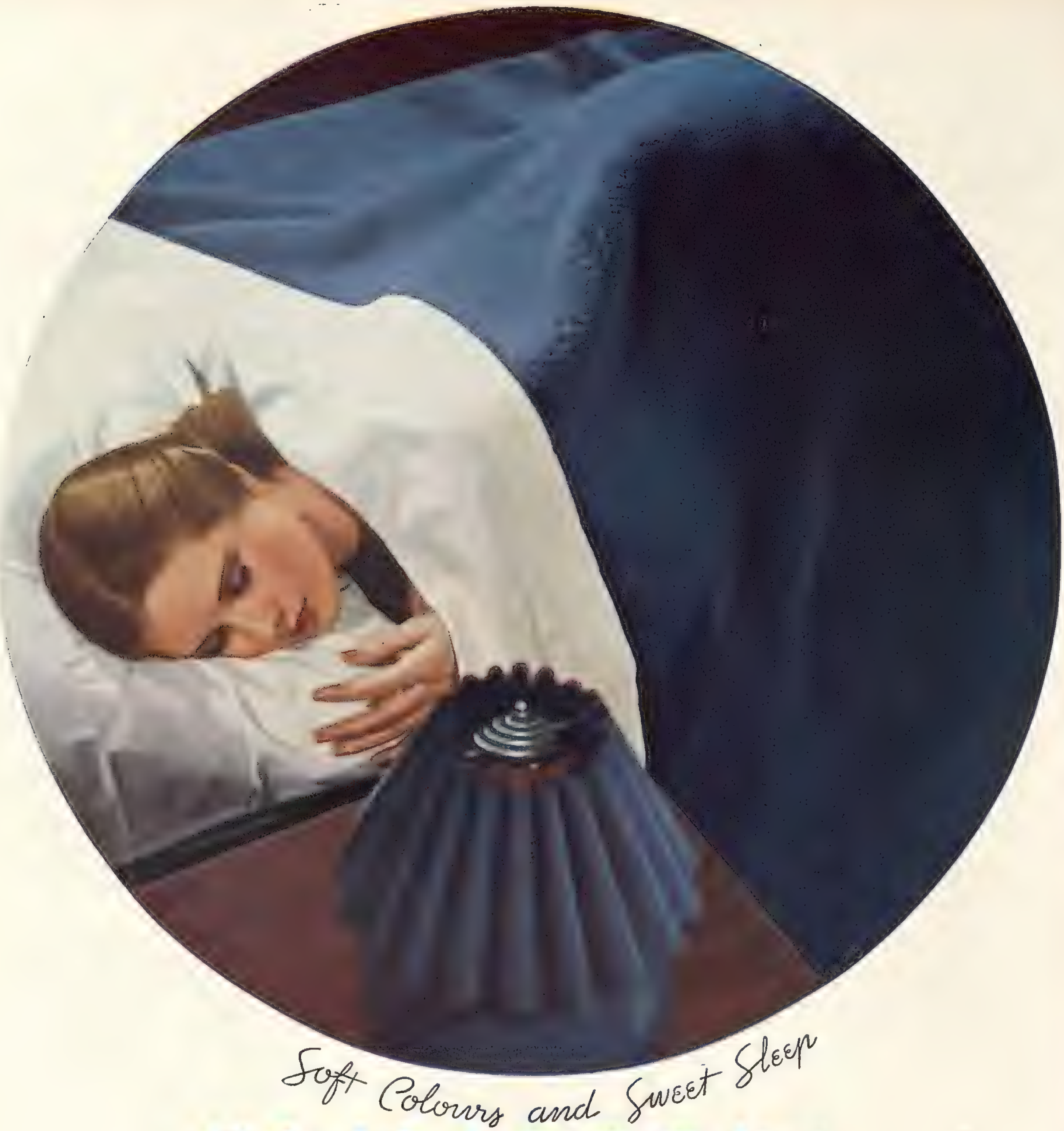

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Lindum

The Spanish Pistol

(*Continued from page* 25)

Kutusof nickname—disappeared at once in search of news, and I went round alone that night to the room in the Japonskaia. To my surprise I found only Lucinka, the Chief of Partisans, and Savonof. The two men were standing in the window, talking Russian in swift undertones. They glanced at me, nodded unsmilingly, and went on with their conversation. I sat down on the bed and began a desultory conversation with the Princess. An embarrassing half-hour followed. No one else came in and the girl answered me absently, in monosyllables.

She was pretending to darn a stocking, but it was obvious that her whole attention was concentrated on the men in the window. She would make a stitch or two, and then shoot a quick look at them without moving her head, and then remain motionless for a score of seconds, and then make another stitch.

The muttered talk went on and on, and once or twice Goludof laughed a short, harsh laugh, and each time Lucinka's smooth forehead was lined with wrinkles for a moment.

It was, in fact, an awkward situation, and I began to cast round for a suitable excuse to take myself off, when suddenly the haggard Savonof left the window and came across to me, bowed stiffly and said, "Monsieur, I have a request to make."

Before he could say another word, the girl dropped her needlework and said, sharply, urgently, "Boris," whereupon the Chief of Partisans growled savagely at her from the window.

Lucinka looked at him for a moment and then, with a faint shrug, picked up her darning and pretended to make a stitch. Savonof started again, but this time he got no further than "Monsieur," when the door opened and Colonel Alexeief sauntered in, hands in pockets and holding his ancient cap under one arm.

"The blessings of an old man be upon you, children," he said, benignly. "Princess, I kiss your feet. Chief, when you scowl, you look exactly like a white mouse."

Ludmilla instantly and maliciously translated into Russian, whereupon the husband furiously kicked over the stool, seized Savonof by the arm and hurried him from the room.

The Colonel gazed after them and tugged at both ends of his divided beard. "Sacré Chef des Partisans!" he observed at length. The girl nodded. "There's something up," she said.

Alexeief sat down and began methodically to go through his pockets. "I wish the snows would melt," he murmured, and then he seemed to forget all about the rascally Partisan in the catastrophic emptiness of his pockets. As each one yielded no more than a stub of pencil, an old penknife, or a crumpled newspaper-cutting, his grimaces became more and more extravagant and his cries of astonishment and indignation more and more comical. Ludmilla was delighted with his antics and leant forward in her chair and clapped her hands like a child at each whimsicality. At last the Colonel gave a loud shout of triumph, and produced with a grand flourish a torn and very dirty 500 mark note, worth about sixpence.

"Aha!" he cried, "Colonel Rockefeller Kutusof will stand treat. Come, children, to the Astoria Café." He flung his cap on at a rakish angle and threw open the door. On the stairs he whispered, "Help me to keep her amused."

It was an unnecessary appeal, for the indomitable Colonel was perfectly capable of doing it himself, and he was at his gayest until we parted at midnight.

Just as I reached my hotel I got a nasty shock when a man, with a coat collar well up and hat brim well down, suddenly emerged from a patch of darkness and came towards me. Warsaw was full of ugly customers in those early days, broken and desperate men, and the police force had hardly been organized, and I was relieved when the man passed under a flickering street-lamp and I was able to recognise the haggard face of Captain Savonof.

He gave me a military salute and began at once.

"Monsieur, I have a request to make."

"Another pistol to sell?" I said.

"No, Monsieur. But I want to borrow my brother's pistol—your pistol, that is—for two days. I will return it in two days. I promise you."

It is easy enough to look back now and say that I was a fool to lend the Spanish pistol to Savonof. If it had been the dangerous Chef des Partisans I probably would have refused, because I did not want to have Captain Malahin's blood on my hands, or, for the matter of that, the pretty Lucinka's. But Savonof was not a killer, and it never occurred to me for a moment, as we stood in the snow outside my hotel, that he wanted the pistol for any other purpose than to sell it again to someone else for another ten thousand marks. As I say, looking back now, I can see that I was a fool. But I honestly thought that I was being made the victim of a rather naïve confidence-trick for the sum of ten shillings, and that nothing more serious was involved. Anyway, I fetched the pistol from my room and gave it to him, and my only thought about the whole business as I tumbled into bed was, "Well, I won't see Savonof or my pistol again."

All the next day Colonel Alexeief stuck to me like a leech. Even when I told him that I had letters to write and that I did not require his services for several hours he only smiled cheerfully and refused to budge from my hotel sitting-room.

"There's trouble somewhere," he said, "and I want an alibi. An Englishman's word—I beg a thousand pardons—a Scotsman's word is a valuable thing in Warsaw in this year of grace. A fine figure I should cut in the dock at my age—I, Kutusof, the laziest man in the Imperial army."

He sat down in my big arm-chair and went to sleep. An hour later he opened one blue eye and said, "Did I tell you that the Sacré Chef des Partisans did not sleep at home last night? And that three of his particular boy-friends have got four days' leave from the Y.M.C.A. to attend a funeral?"

The blue eyes shut again, and, with the murmured words, "I wonder whose," the big Colonel began to snore gently.

All that day and the next the frost held, and there were no signs of the thaw, and the Vistula was frozen as hard as ever, and the Polish plains were carpeted with snow, and Kutusof and I were the only Courtiers at the Princess's evening Courts.

But on the third night after my midnight talk with Savonof, I could tell half-way down the Japonskaia Street that the old splendour had come back to the Salon. A rousing chorus was in full blast and I could hear at least one balalaika and certainly a drum. When I put my head round the door, rather tentatively, there was a loud shout of welcome and I was hauled in and dumped, to a great accompaniment of yells, on the floor beside the Princess. The room was crowded. All the familiar faces were there, and half a dozen who were strangers. Only I missed Savonof. But I had little time to take stock. Someone thrust a bottle of vodka into my hand. Someone else threw me a thick tumbler, and through the smoke I heard a powerful voice shout, "Gentlemen of the Army of the Tsar, I call upon you to drink to the glorious kingdom of England and Scotland."

At this there was a great deal of confused shouting and noise. The balalaika-player—it was the man who had sold his instrument to buy boots. He was now crooning lovingly, almost tearfully, over a fine new one—struck up a gay tune. The whole company joined in the song and beat time on the floor with boots or bottles,

(*Continued on page* 114)

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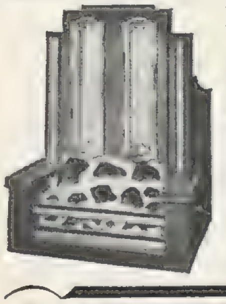

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THEN LATER came a flood of chemical preparations intended to reduce weight, some of which relied on methods which, had the truth been known to purchasers, would have been regarded with horror. The surgeries were crowded with women who had ruined their health and instead of becoming slim were just haggard.

AND EVEN TO-DAY many women are the slaves of systems of stringent dieting, resulting in weakness, lassitude, and lack of stamina. If a doctor is consulted in regard to the condition of health, vanity frequently prevents many patients from admitting that they have starved themselves systematically over long periods.

MODERN SCIENCE HAS PROVED that it is possible to be slim and healthy at the same time. In Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic we have a preparation guaranteed by the makers to contain no drugs or harmful ingredients whatever. It is prepared from a formula including over forty herbs, and will benefit even the most delicate constitution. It is, indeed, a slimming preparation which acts as a beneficial *tonic*. Its claims are borne out by the testimony of thousands of women who have attained both slimness and lasting vitality and health.

Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic is pleasant to take and easily prepared in much the same way as tea is made.

An interesting brochure of Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic has been prepared by Classics Ltd., Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, who will be pleased to post a copy, as well as a sample, free on request.

and the Chef des Partisans, in a prodigious bout of high spirits, roared " Horseguards " at me over and over again.

A minute later they were all busily engaged in another toast, and I was completely forgotten.

It certainly was a wild scene. The redoubtable Chief, flushed, excited, triumphant, was the central figure. On a small open space on the floor in front of him was a heap of vodka bottles, glasses, corks, half a dozen new packs of cards, and a quantity of thousand-mark notes, all jumbled together indiscriminately.

As each bottle was finished the last drinker pitched it on the heap and Goludo set another one in circulation.

I glanced up at the Princess. She was playing absently with Peter and Paul, and there was none of her usual animation in her face. Instead of joining in the songs and the rapid fire of pleasantries that were circling the room, she sat in a silence that seemed to be partly made up of watchfulness and partly of apprenhension. Colonel Alexeief stood behind her chair, looking colossal above all the figures that were lying or squatting or sitting on the floor or the bed. He was very ostentatiously on sentry-duty over the Princess, and everyone in the room knew it. I noticed that he hardly touched the vodka.

The noise grew wilder and wilder and I was beginning to wonder where it would all end when the Colonel leant forward and flipped a ball of paper towards me. I smoothed it out and read, " L. cannot possibly stay here to-night. Will you lend money for an hotel ? Thrice damned Chef des P. . K."

I nodded, and the giant picked up the girl, chair, mice and all, and forced his way to the door, heedless of trodden fingers, kicked ankles, and broken glass, and I followed close behind. There were a few protests at the girl's departure, but they died away before the cold blue of Alexeief's eyes, and we successfully got out, hailed a sleigh, and watched the girl out of sight on the way to the Bristol hotel.

Then Alexeief turned sharply to me. " You'd better get out of this," he said. " It's dangerous."

" What's happened ? "

" There's no proof yet," he replied. "There may never be proof, but—" he broke off and pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and walked across to the street-lamp. " The Polish army " he read out, " has been selling old artillery horses to the peasants in Polesia and Volhynia, and the proceeds have been temporarily kept in the fortress at Brest-Litovsk. Last night three Polish officers were sent from the fortress to bank 40 million marks in Warsaw. They hired a sleigh and went to catch the midnight express. They were held up and shot near the station. The money was taken. All four men are dead. The assassins escaped." " But do you think—" I exclaimed, but the Colonel interrupted. " I don't know what to think," he said sombrely. " Our friends were poor. Now they are rich. It's a devil of a coincidence, my Scottish friend." He stared at the ground and then went on : " I don't care about the poor devils of Poles, or about the poor devil of a cabman, and I don't care if the damned Chef is hanged. But if they bring it home to one of us, they'll expel us all. And I wouldn't blame them." He made a despairing gesture and said in a low voice : " Some of our people have suffered enough. If they expel us all——"

Without another word he turned and went back into the little hotel, and I went thoughtfully home.

For the second time in four nights Captain Savonof was waiting for me in the snow. He held out the pistol to me and tried to say something, but no sound came through his grey lips. He was shaking all over as if he was in a high fever, and his face looked simply ghastly. Horror and tragedy and misery were in the black hollows of his eyes.

" Good God ! Captain, are you ill ? Come and have some brandy," but he only thrust the pistol at me and mumbled something which sounded like " Take it, take it."

I took it and, on an uncontrollable impulse, I said in a whisper, " Were you at Brest ? "

He stared at me for a moment and then answered in a mechanically level voice, " Yes, my brother was the sleigh-driver. I shot him dead with his own pistol."

He turned and shambled away like a drunkard.

Next day the thaw set in and Captain Goludof, Chief of Partisans, went south to the Ukraine, and Captain Savonof's body was found among the ice-blocks of the Vistula.

END

Russia To-day

(*Continued from page* 19)

exist in Russia. To buy petrol you must have an official permit entitling you to so many gallons, and you take it to the regional tank station, where tractors and lorries are supplied. The petrol is brought to you casually in open buckets, and if they bring you one too many as like as not they leave the odd one standing in the yard.

After some hundreds of miles of chassis-breaking roads, of villages ornamented with ramshackle triumphal arches (rough fir boughs with a weather-stained photograph of Stalin tacked on top), of half-ruined churches doing duty as store-houses and tractor repair stations and grey birchwood silos thrusting up like towers from the collective farms, we came to a stop with dynamo trouble at Roslavi. This small town (about the size of Hungerford) being the centre of a regional Soviet, with one or two large collective farms in its neighbourhood, we bravely abandoned the car to the town mechanic and decided to spend the day in seeing one of them.

The Kalenin Collective Farm is remote from the conducted tourist beat, and had had no foreign visitors. Krotoshov, its young chairman, took us into his committee room as soon as we arrived and with patient kindness answered all our questions.

The committee room was in what had formerly been a large wooden cottage. The faded wallpaper (roses and ribbons) was neatly patched with newspaper, clean newspapers folded protectingly over the red cotton table cloth. A bust of Lenin, a picture of Stalin, a war map of Abyssinia and a small bookcase furnished the room ; its decoration was a row of aspidistras ranged down the centre of the committee table, pleated paper draped decorously round their pots.

Like most of the collective farms, this one (of 2,500 acres, including three villages) had had its troubles, but it had been running smoothly now for several years, and was fulfilling its plan. It supported 800 persons, of whom 300 were workers and the other 500 children and old people.

The farm was self-governed, Krotoshov said, by an elected committee of five, who in their turn chose the chairman. This committee drew up a plan of production for each year, each month, even for each ten days, and the annual plans were submitted to and approved by the regional centre. The committee met every ten days, and there was also a " control commission " of three chosen peasants, who were the channel by which the other workers put their suggestions and complaints before the committee. All crime was dealt with summarily, even to the death penalty, by the farm's own court, under the direction of the same committee.

Work was apportioned among the 300 at the beginning of each month. Certain men and women were detailed to look after cattle or horses, some to ploughing or harvesting, according to the season, some to the honey production (the farm had 125 hives), some to the cucumber

(*Continued on page* 116)

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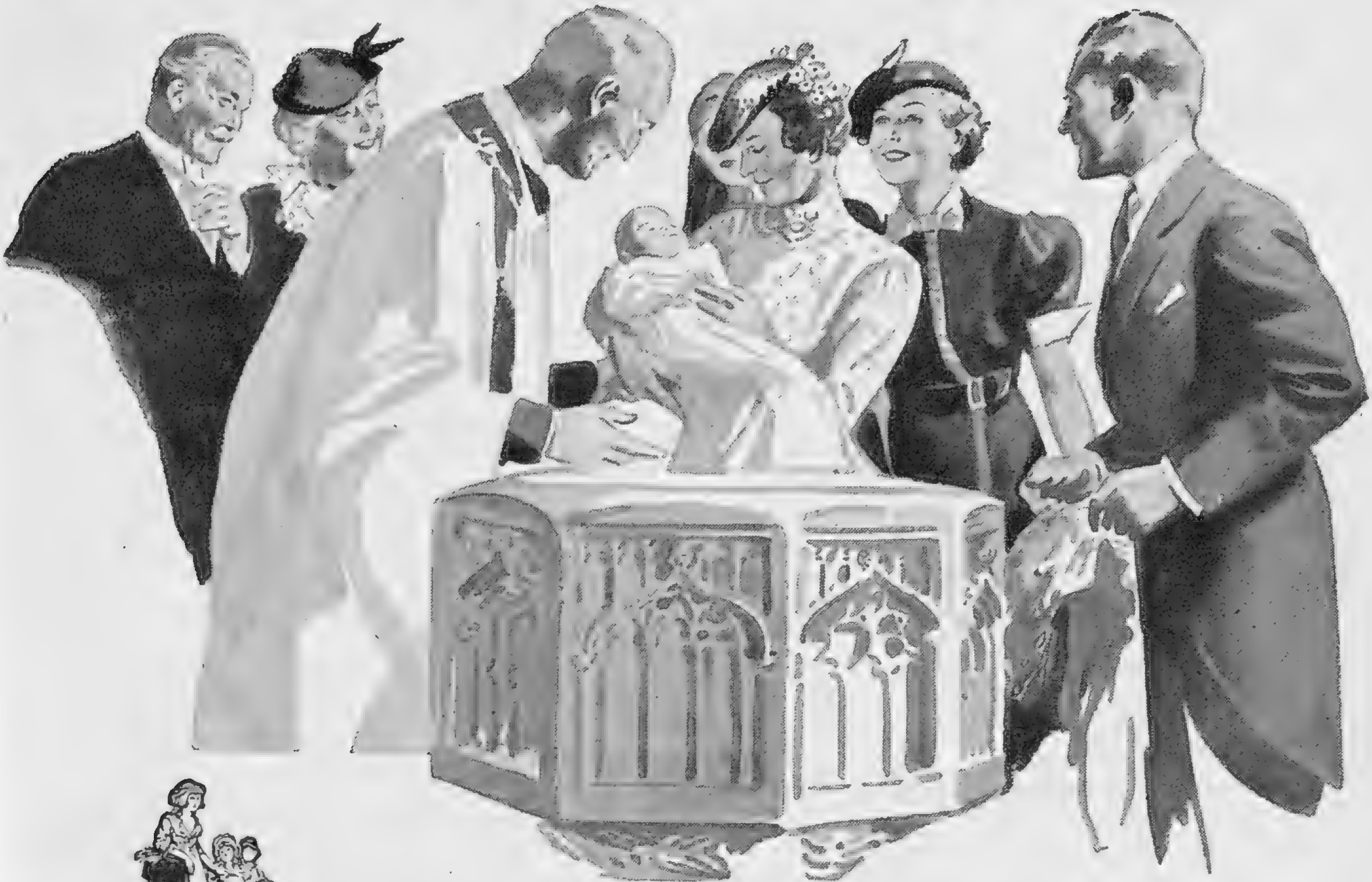

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fields, and so on. Each worker had an individual plan of production to keep up to (a little less than an acre a day was a ploughman's minimum, for instance) and after the harvest, 10 per cent. of all produce having been taken as a levy by the State, the farm's returns were divided among the workers according to the amount of work done by each. It had contributed largely to the farm workers' contentment, said Krotoshov, that each man was now allowed to possess a cow of his own, as many pigs and chickens as he liked, and a small plot to raise vegetables for his own family. Any profits to be made from these individually owned animals and allotments went straight into the workers' own pockets.

THE farm at work had a free and easy atmosphere that was at the same time thoroughly businesslike. Thick-set young women were loading the hay crop into the farm's 300-ton silo; young men in bee-veils (though bare-footed) were hard at work among the hives; the farm's cucumber expert (cucumbers are Russia's staple green vegetable) was cutting the day's supply; tractorists were coming in hot and oily for the midday dinner; the women whose "plan" comprised looking after everyone else's children were feeding and teaching and playing with the farm's youngest generation in the shade of what had once been the village church, but was now the social institute.

The children had lessons and games while their parents, both father and mother, worked in the sheds or in the fields. One wooden cottage housed the kindergarten, another the crèche. Both were in the charge of bare-footed peasant women, and the children were half-naked and comfortable. None of them were startlingly clean, but none of them were particularly dirty, which is as much as you can reasonably expect of country children, who play as naturally as puppies. Most of them had their heads cropped, and even shaved; girls were indistinguishable from boys.

Cultural life on the farm (and "culture" in Russia means anything from sanitation to the alphabet) was looked after by the farm's branch of the Young Communists' League, recruited from among young men and girls between the ages of 14 and 27. They, under the leadership of Dubinina, a quiet, serious, blonde girl of nineteen who was their chairman, ran a small reading room, got up concerts, and spent a good deal of energy in persuading the older peasants to learn to read and write. For us Dubinina organised an excellent meal—bread, milk, strawberries, cucumbers, and a coarse, deeply flavoured brown honey. We ate it, together with everybody on the farm who felt like joining in, lying at our ease in the shade and the long grass.

Since there was plenty of rough, wholesome food on the farm (which is not the case in the queue-ridden, underfed cities) and the people were exuberantly frank, cheerful and healthy, we got the impression that life on the collective farms is pleasantly primitive and sociable. In Moscow they told us that some jealousy exists between the country people and the people in the towns, the town people being supposed to be better off in money, clothing and enjoyments. In the matter of healthy living conditions and food, however, in which the big towns are notoriously deficient, the most primitive farm has no reason to be jealous even of the capital.

Our arrival in Moscow we celebrated (almost as the Polish officer had predicted) by being arrested. We had driven all night over soul-destroying roads from Roslavi; we had come into the city in the small hours, when the sky was already brightening behind the Kremlin, and had slept through the noise of traffic, pile-drivers and electric drills (they were rebuilding the river embankment under our window) until the middle of the morning. At noon we got up and went for a long, haphazard walk. I took my camera.

The abnormal attitude of the Russian official mind towards photography is nothing short of neurosis. To a Russian policeman a camera is an infernal machine and in the hands of a foreigner means only one thing—that he is spying. If he sees you taking a photograph of a Moscow street he knows you must be doing it for no good reason, and if he sees you focusing on a building, well, the odds are he will feel it his duty to arrest you. This has nothing whatever to do with the Revolution. It is an inherent part of the Russian official mentality, and if you come across a pre-revolutionary edition of the Russian Baedeker you will find this warning to tourists in the first few pages:

"The taking of photographs near fortresses is naturally forbidden, but even in less important places the guardians of the law are apt to be over-vigilant. *In order to escape molestation* the photographer should join the Russian Photographic Society." Needless to say, this society no longer exists, and the guardians of the law molest the photographer to their hearts' content. Fortresses, railway stations, bridges, the Red Square and the Kremlin are officially forbidden, but nobody seems ever to have made it clear to the Russian police that this ukase does not extend to everything. I was actually arrested for photographing the gold-starred spires of a church (now housing the Central Anti-Religious Museum and condemned to demolition) and it meant a long tramp, under arrest, to the police station, and a lengthy and quite incomprehensible interrogation in Russian, before the police officer in charge decided the whole thing was a vast bore, and suddenly let me go again. For quite a week after finally leaving Russia I found it hard to get out of the habit of photographing even the most innocuous object from the inside of my jacket.

A HABIT which Russians acquire very early in life is that of standing in queues. There is still far too little of everything to go round, and everyone stands in line for a chance of what little there is. They queue for buses and trams (which are always full to bursting, with passengers clinging to the exterior) and line up for hours whenever a consignment of meat, fresh fish or boots arrives in town. They queue patiently for the theatres and cinemas at all hours of the day, and the minority that can afford taxis forms a permanent queue at the taxi stand, waiting for a cab to come back so they can take turns in hiring it. The habit is so strong that if a man stops on a street corner to scratch his head the chances are two or three people will take it for granted there is something worth waiting for and will queue up behind him. The most oddly pathetic queues are in the children's playgrounds in Moscow, where long lines of small children, good little Soviet citizens already, stand patiently waiting their turn on the see-saws and swings.

Queue as they may, however, it is still almost impossible for the worker to buy many of the simplest necessities of life. Butter, we found, was 12 roubles a pound; it is not fair to translate this into English money at the official rate of exchange, but when you remember that the average wage for a factory worker in Moscow is 9 roubles a day you will get some idea. The coarsest black bread costs 3 roubles for a 2 lb. loaf, and eggs (with which, ridiculously enough, the markets are flooded) work out at about fourpence apiece. Meat is too rare a luxury to be considered. The average worker subsists on black bread, dried fish, pulse, potatoes (though these are expensive) and tea.

The physical luxuries of life are hard to come by, but everyone seems able to achieve some measure of cheap entertainment. Early in the morning on each Day of Rest (which is every sixth day, an arrangement which makes the working week pleasantly short but which also lets the Russian worker in for working a good many more hours than anyone observing a 7-day week) the streets are lively with troops of young men and women marching off hither and thither into the country, singing as they go, and with lorries full of

(*Continued on page 118*)

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BANISH THOSE BIRTHDAY BLUES!

One of the most wistful of all human longings is the desire to "keep young"—and the women who suffer from "birthday blues" are more to be pitied than blamed. If you belong to the age-conscious clan—do try to forget your birthdays. You may be thirty, forty, fifty—or even sixty—but whatever your age there is no need for you to say "Goodbye" to Beauty. Preserve your good looks, snap your fingers at Father Time, our Beauty Expert tells you how to do it.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.—A clear, unblemished skin is the most youth-giving feature of a woman's whole appearance, for the most exquisite faces are robbed of their beauty unless the complexion is fresh and unfaded, *flawless*. Cosmetics may crudely conceal skin blemishes—more often they emphasise them. Here is a little tip that will help you if you have neglected your skin. Get a little Mercolized Wax from your chemist—and apply it to face and neck nightly in place of your usual skin food. While you sleep, this wax will gently absorb the outer, faded skin with all its blemishes, revealing in its place the fresh, flawless skin radiant with youth and beauty which lies beneath. Give this wax treatment a brief ten-day trial—and you will find that you can laugh at birthdays evermore for your skin will keep youthful throughout the years.

CONCERNING COIFFURES.—If you are disappointed with your hair it is no good going to your hairdresser and expecting him to work miracles in a few minutes. You want to try the new effect of the latest hairdressing styles? Then prepare your hair by giving it a series of Stallax shampoos—just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water and your hair responds with new loveliness. It can be set in the latest style, gleams with unsuspected beauty, and waves and curls last longer and set up better. Try Stallax once and you will use it always.

NO HUSH-HUSH POLICY!—Modern women have progressed beyond the days when superfluous hair was a dark secret. To-day we treat it as a minor blemish—and banish it with ease. And how? A little Sipolite, obtainable from any chemist, mixed to a paste with cold water and applied to the offending hairs—and as the paste dries the hairs vanish, leaving the skin satin-smooth and blemish-free. Sipolite cannot injure the most sensitive skin and is recommended with confidence for the removal of both facial and body growths.

TALE OF THE TAPE-MEASURE.—The unwanted fat that forms round the diaphragm in middle-age fills many a woman with dismay and gives her the birthday blues at forty-odd! Yet superfluous flesh need be no bogey if you treat it rightly. No double chins, no middle-aged spread if you take Clynol Berries! Just one little brown berry after each meal and you can eat what you will without fear of fat. Harmless and effective—Clynol Berries provide you with a *safe* method of slimming.

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Never Needs Cleaning

workers jolting out of town and blowing on musical instruments, in cheerful defiance of the bad roads. Those who wish to go no farther go to the Park of Culture and Rest, which has the great advantage of a large children's section where you can get rid of your young family for the day. There they rest on scientifically designed benches (which I found abominably uncomfortable) or imbibe culture in the form of theatres, cinemas (the Moscow Park has several of each), the circus, or, more enterprisingly, a mild and completely fool-proof form of parachute jumping. If they do none of these things they can still walk about and eat ice-cream, or lean on the parapet of the central fountain and contemplate the buxom statue in the middle of it, symbolic of the New Russian Woman.

The new Russian woman is, in physical fact, a buxom creature, as I suspect she always has been. We saw her every day engaged in some form of formidable physical activity, breaking stones on the roadside, driving lorries and steamrollers, working in road-mending gangs, sweeping crossings, driving trams, directing Moscow traffic in the uniform, complete with revolver, of a "militia woman." It looks less surprising than it sounds because the women themselves, with their stocky, powerful peasant bodies, appear so thoroughly well equal to it. Road work, at least, is no new trade to the peasant women of eastern Europe. You find them as well in Latvia, Lithuania and Poland, to name only three other countries.

WHAT life will eventually hold for the Russian woman it is still almost impossible to say. At present she enjoys greater political and economic freedom than the women of any other country in the world. Until very recently she was freer in other, more personal respects, but this freedom is now being curtailed by the part which she must necessarily play in Russia's new plan of speeding up the birth-rate. While we were in Moscow the Bill was passed making abortion (for so many years the vaunted right of Russian women) once more illegal, and the screw is gradually being tightened on divorce by the simple process of making it more expensive. While these steps backward towards pre-revolutionary conditions must undoubtedly contribute towards the stabilisation of family life in Russia, they leave the position of the Russian woman less sharply defined. At the moment she seems to me to be suspended somewhat uncomfortably between the uncompromising freedom which Lenin envisaged for her, and the obligation to breed as rapidly as possible which is impressed in such heroic terms on the women of other military-minded countries.

Military-minded Russia certainly is at this moment, and an innocent foreigner going over her roads at random might well be forgiven for supposing the country to be in a state of martial law. Not only bridges and railway stations, but even factories have their full complement of armed guards posted in wooden watch-towers at each corner, and we passed no fewer than eleven barbed-wired concentration camps (political prisoners on forced labour) between Moscow and Leningrad. Consciousness of the European war danger is so strong that workers' outings have gas-mask practice at the end of their country picnics, and children play in toy gas masks in the streets of Leningrad.

Crossing the Russian-Esthonian frontier finally at Kingisepp, where the lock did not require picking and the two charming frontier officials took very little more than two hours to examine every hole and cranny of car and baggage, the last glimpse we had of Russia was of an armed guard watching us idly from his observation tower. A few hundred yards on the other side of the same frontier, manned by an Esthonian soldier facing the U.S.S.R. with gun and field-glasses, was the only other military watch-tower we saw anywhere outside Russia.

END

The Romance Behind Television

(*Continued from page* 13)

invention effective, *was forced to sell his apparatus to pay his attic rent.*

But help and support came. And there came also that dramatic moment that was, perhaps, the most exciting of all the inventor has encountered. You must remember, as Baird himself points out, that, to date, only flat, two-dimensional images had been transmitted; outlines and silhouettes. And now, working overtime in his Frith Street laboratory, he was straining to achieve transmission in light and shade—a three-dimensional picture.

It was a Friday in October of 1925 and Baird, working with a dummy figure as his image, saw the dead outlines that had appeared on his screen go alive, take form, detail and solidity in picture. Dashing downstairs, he collected the first person he met to come and "be televised," and, all unwitting, the office boy, William Taynton, made wireless history as he sat wincing in the glare of the lights and so became the first human ever to have his image transmitted by wireless. But that was all very well; Baird had accomplished this, but the outside world had to be convinced: the world of science, business and—officialdom. And in January of 1926—just ten years back—Baird started on that trek that so nearly became a *via dolorosa*, of—showing the world!

There was a demonstration of this strange thing, "Baird's Television," to some 40 notables of the Royal Institution—the Press, here and abroad, began to report these phenomena, and the *New York Times* remarked: "No one but this Scottish minister's son has ever transmitted and received a recognizable image with its gradations of light and shade. . . ."

BAIRD, sitting in his garden to-day, is most monosyllabic when it comes to any discussion of the business side of the struggle. But it is possible for me to compare the "famous Mr. Baird" of to-day with the inventor of some years back—careworn and overstrung. And, again with the John Logie Baird of the intervening period, when he was working continuously in his laboratories in Long Acre, a grim, tired man of few words.

And yet I would hazard a guess (which will not be far wrong) that Baird still finds he must spend some three-quarters of his available thinking time worrying through business problems; time that can ill be spared.

But, the Baird of to-day is a different man—with the sturdy support of Diana, his daughter, and the magnificent Malcolm, his heir. And for the story of the business development, which is not my concern in this article, we must await the account of that champion of British television, Sydney Moseley—a spirited account of a ding-dong battle.

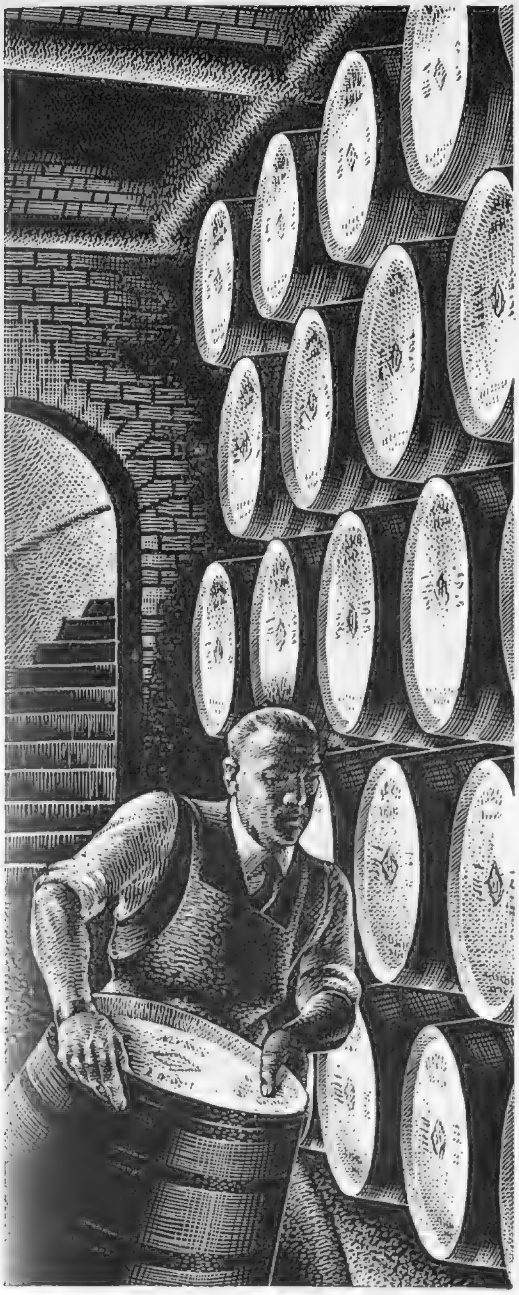
MEANWHILE it is December of 1926. Mr. Baird "parks" some selected scientists in a room in pitch darkness and proceeds, in another room, to show their amazed colleagues the familiar faces on the screen—"*by wireless.*"

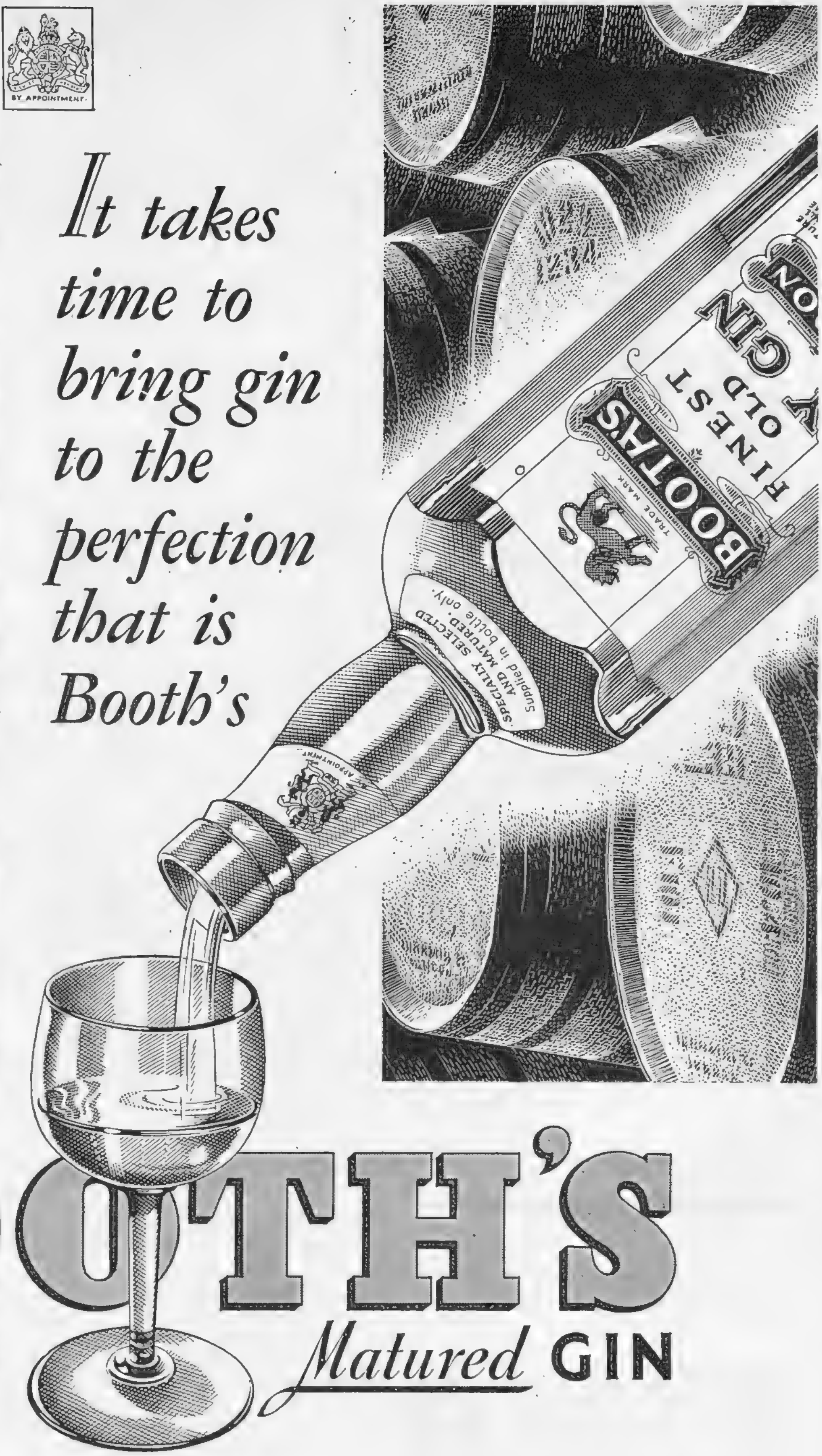
This is new; this is something even more tremendous in its implications than is television; for this is noctovision, *sight in darkness and through fog.* By this, Baird offered safety to pilots and navigators and an asset to enemy airmen by night. . . .

This discovery meant adventures on the edge of the spectrum; during his first experiments with television Baird had found among his many difficulties that of reduction of the lighting needed to illuminate his subjects. With full blazing glare they suffered actual discomfort; without it the transmission was less effective.

Then it occurred to him to use the *invisible rays* instead of the

(*Continued on page* 120)

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SIX for 6D. 12 for 1/-
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE
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visible (and heating) rays of light. In fact, instead of using the visible spectrum, from its "ultra-violet" to its lower frequency "red" end, *he explored the infra-red* rays. And the result was noctovision.

This was demonstrated at the British Association meeting of 1927 and the police had to be called in to control the enthusiastic crowds who wanted to see the new "noctovision"—there is a charming picture of Sir Oliver Lodge being "noctovised" at this very meeting.

The next year, 1928, saw the first television transmission across the Atlantic. Later there was the amusing incident of Chief Wireless Operator Brown, of the *Berengaria*, seeing his fiancée standing in the Long Acre studio—from mid-Atlantic. And, at this stage in the story of British television, although it is here the human and not the technical chronicle, it is necessary to differentiate between a broadcast of the actual images of living people doing things, and the transmission, by wireless, of single photographs of things done. The latter, "telephotography," is installed in every big newspaper office.

Meanwhile—at this time in 1928—British television was hacking its way through a maze of obstacles—technical, obviously; and less obviously, financial. That story is still, in a sense, *sub judice* and must await an authentic history of the amazing comings and goings of those years.

However that may have been, one thing was certain and Baird knew it . . . foreign competition was not (and is not) content to wait while the new discovery was brought slowly to the commercial boil! Baird, working overtime all the time, was acutely conscious that his competitors were racing alongside, some of them with tremendous backing from interested people in their own countries. Nipkow, the inventor of the first "scanning disc," will always be remembered; but there were, and are, other names that reverberate across frontiers to Baird and his British colleagues. Jenkins, Alexanderson and Moore, among many others, in the United States; France experimenting and Germany going ahead and both with connections with the Baird system. In Britain, the "E.M.I." people at Hayes, the G.E.C. experts and the Cossor experts and other radio concerns working all out to perfect their theory and practice of transmitting and receiving.

In 1929, after lengthy negotiations, an experimental service was started through "2LO" and *television without sound* was transmitted. The programmes read strangely to us after even this interval of some seven years. It was split into two-minute sections; these included "televising" and later the broadcasting of sound, and the subjects of the first programme of all included the President of the Board of Trade; Sydney Howard; the President of the Television Society, Sir Ambrose Fleming—and the intrepid Moseley as announcer!

During the next three years progress was doggedly maintained. In 1932 an audience at the Metropole Cinema saw, *and heard,* Tom Walls lead in the Derby winner; this was an experiment in what is called three-zone transmission—another advance; and it was also transmitted by National on 261 metres. In the August of that year, just over four years ago, Baird transmitters and amplifiers were installed in Studio BB of Broadcasting House.

THE rate of obsolescence of technique in such rapid and sustained advance is appalling: working like men possessed (and Sir Harry Greer's description at the beginning of this article is a good one!), the inventor and his staff made this new science come alive and brought it within the scope of commercial possibility. The man who had fiercely compelled fate to give him his prize in that little room at Hastings now dominated London from his new quarters at the Crystal Palace; from the south tower and his experimental and research laboratories there, Baird has sent out a televised programme for the last two years.

At long last the Postmaster-General appointed a committee to investigate the situation and the net result of all the comings and goings is the present arrangement; Baird is working overtime at the Crystal Palace and the famous Marconi-E.M.I. merger experts doing the same thing in their laboratories . . . while the B.B.C. is to give each a 50–50 chance in their new service from the Alexandra Palace. The "achievement" of the old 30-line pictures is left behind and the transmission of 25 pictures *a second* on the 405 interlaced scanning system. There is the almost unbelievable performance of a series of machines which take, develop, fix and transmit by television a film, *all within a 10-second interval.* It is wonderful to contemplate. But there it is housed within the Alexandra Palace and—like John Logie Baird's ninety-shilling automobile of years back—it's strange, but IT WORKS!

The enthusiasm of the "backers" and supporters of these technicians in their earlier days must have been infectious; we—the outside public, almost blasé at our world "on the switch"—can have no idea of the fierce fire that stirred men to work day and night to *make* television come true, nor of the enthusiasm—and the need for it—that drove the business backers on through difficulties to sustain the commissariat of British television.

THERE is one flash-back to the strange film of these earlier struggles: it is the intrepid Moseley who wanted to maintain, for Britain, the control of the British system. To do that he had to obtain control of about one million shares in the Baird concern, and he remembers now, with a shiver, sitting in his 24th floor room of a New York hotel, watching the hands of the clock move relentlessly round to the zero hour of his time limit. He got his shares . . . just in time, and from mid-Atlantic radioed the Chairman of the B.B.C.: "HAVE OBTAINED CONTROL BRITISH TELEVISION STOP OFFER YOU JOINT CONTROL IN ORDER TO PROTECT THIS IMPORTANT BRANCH OF RADIO FOR GREAT BRITAIN."

They felt as strongly about it as all that, in those days, when John Logie Baird was battling grimly ahead through technical problems that make the lay mind reel.

But, British television has come through, and we look like leading the world in television transmissions as we do in sound broadcasting. The "Ally Pally" is expecting a happy event in the autumn; twins! For the two men whose names mean sound and sight to the moderns have their names linked with the two systems to be used alternately—Marconi, who gave us sound-transmission, and Baird, who gave us distant sight and sight in the dark. *Who are the other persons that will be remembered in this tremendously important start of television transmission under official control?*

Quickly, some brief close-ups of the experts of the B.B.C. who are doing the job handsomely—as if to make up for those earlier days when the word *televisionaries* was coined at the expense of the enthusiasts who saw a future ahead for it!

First, Gerald Cock, the Director of Television. He has had among many other experiences—that of mining in Mexico and the probably more arduous job of Outside Broadcast Director of the B.B.C. He has gathered some 200 experts around him. What are these folk like? For the service that they evolve from their exciting raw material and all its possibilities, is bound to be coloured by the human material at the disposition of Mr. Cock.

Stage Manager Harry Pringle, for instance. Born Australian, he intended to be engineer until paternal tradition (a father, onetime principal bass at Covent Garden) overtook him and, aged 18, he went on the stage. He is 32 now and has had an amazing amount of experience, including non-stop variety. He likes tennis, gardening and swimming. . . .

Then there is Dallas Bower, producer—a Londoner and in radio engineering since the early days and intimately associated with films. He was personal assistant to Zinner in "Escape Me Never" and has just finished "As You Like It." Background? Married, with three children.

Stage Manager Peter Bax, also an engineer with wide (and very necessary here!) experience of stage lighting. His personal tastes include painting.

Producer Stephen Thomas with musical background and a strong dash of Nigel Playfair's school; technical experience in lighting and exhibition work and won Grand Prix for Britain for "lighting" at Brussels Exhibition. Major Barbrook with his Rugby-Sandhurst background and wide film experiences in South America, France and Africa.

Musical Director for Television? Hyam Greenbaum, who started playing violin at three years and has gone on ever since—including early Savoy Hill days.

Then, the two hostess-announcers: Elizabeth Cowell has a public school background and a lot of travel to her credit. She has a deep interest in ballet, dress design and needlework. She swims, plays tennis and squash, and speaks French and German.

Jasmine Bligh was always keen on amateur theatricals, has played on real stage and done film work. She speaks French and, like her colleague, is fond of sport. Both did their first announcing on the strength of a large dose of sal volatile, it is alleged; but both are now accustomed to microphone and entirely steady-minded.

The stage, in fact, is almost—and by the time this is printed will be quite—set. Marconi-E.M.I. on their 405-line interlaced scanning and Baird Television on their 240-line system will take turn and turn about at leading the world in an official Television Transmission Service. Technical adventures will be many and so will the adventures in the adjustment of the human machine that must build up a service for the eyes of the nation. Thirteen years back a "failure"—a man broken in fortunes and health—stood before his almost comic apparatus in Queen's Arcade, Hastings. To-day his laboratory in the Crystal Palace dominates London; his machines in the Alexandra Palace share the honour of the adventure of British, *still British!*—television.

END

Paris Fashions

(*Continued from page* 35)

FURS

Astrakhan is faithful to black coats, so is Persian lamb and broadtail. This often makes sleeve band rims, ties, motifs, the entire sleeves. There is also plenty of nutria, ocelot, krimmer, phoque, natural seal, Hudson seal.

ODDS AND ENDS

Buttons, made of flat and raised crowns (Coronation again), shiny porcelain like glazed tiles, cherubs. . . . large hooks and eyes covered with cloth or velvet as dress front fastening . . . . fond of music? diamante buckles shaped like musical instruments . . . . pockets like a loose glove stitched either side of coat . . . . umbrella pockets, leather fan pocket . . . . a belt with a clock face buckle . . . . embroidered bust seams . . . . ruffs attached to collars or strung on bright ribbons . . . . thick tassel-ended cords of bright wool looped round neck . . . . bright Tunisian belts.

END

Character Delineations from your Handwriting.

See announcement on page 138.

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The Rough Log

(*Continued from page 46*)

pickin's, Bull," The sibilants hissed between his teeth. "Easy pickin's."

THE *Koala's* ancient timbers creaked and groaned to the starlit Eastern night. Astern of her, wallowing soddenly beneath that bizarre spread of home-made tarpaulin canvas, the derelict *Bostwick* came dragging after her at the end of the taut hawser. Bull Horton and his mate, Blacky Norgel, stood at the *Koala's* taffrail, eyeing their valuable salvage while low on the eastern board a crimson tinge gleamed on the dark sea, presaging the rising moon. Suddenly Norgel clutched the other's arm.

"He's goin' aft," he muttered hoarsely.

Horton stared over the taffrail at the looming shape of the *Bostwick's* bows. The dark silhouette in the shadow of the capstan that had been Harry Roger, vigilant with his rifle across his knees, stirred. In the feeble light of the stars they saw it wander drunkenly toward the break of the forecastle head. The master of the *Koala* grunted in deep satisfaction.

"Couldn't be better, Blacky. Just like I planned. He's half dead with exhaustion. Quick now, before he comes back. You got the boat dragging astern by her painter like I told you? Heave her alongside. Quick now. This is gonna be easy. Easy as fryin' fish."

They crawled swiftly to the starboard rail and hauled in on the painter of the longboat. Norgel fumbled the hilt of the *djembia* buckled horizontally at his waist, and the long blade of the native knife glowed as he shot a final look over his shoulder at the drowsing black helmsman. Then quickly he clambered over the rail and let himself down hand over hand. In the bows of the longboat he waited for Bull Horton to join him.

"Steady now," he whispered. "Wi' that tow draggin' her, the *Koala* ain't doin' a bare four knots. Stand ready to grapple the *Bostwick* when I pay out line."

Horton moved aft. From the sternsheets he gestured silently. Slowly Norgel uncoiled the long painter they had prepared and the small boat, drifting astern of the *Koala*, scraped the side of the *Bostwick*, lurching in her bow wash. Bull caught the hanging gear at once and made fast.

For a moment they waited, listening. There was no sound but the loud wash of the sea, the muffled, distant pulse of the *Koala's* straining engines: and inside the derelict hull against which they bumped, a dull slopping sound of water washing about as the *Bostwick* rolled sluggishly in darkness. The next moment both men clambered hand over hand up the ropes, reached the bulwarks, and fell flat on the deck.

The moon, rising quickly now, cast a ghastly radiance over the cluttered wreckage. In its light they saw the shape of Roger, swaying toward the ship's midship house where the fresh-water pump stood. The two men crawled stealthily after him, dodging in the darkest shadows until they were directly behind their prey, some ten feet distant. Norgel straightened up. The *djembia* came out of his belt. His bare arm drew back swiftly. And as he straightened up the steel blade whirred through the air like a flash of light.

The ship lurched. That sudden lunge of the deck alone saved the man at the water pump. Roger, stooping for the handle, was thrown to one knee: and the long knife, instead of finding his back between the shoulder blades, buried itself in the wood of the house, its haft quivering in the moonlight like a reed in a breeze.

Bull Horton cursed aloud. Roger spun about just as the *Koala's* master came upright, his own knife upraised to finish the business Norgel had muffed. Instinctively, Harry Roger hurled himself bodily forward. His shoulders struck Bull Horton just above the knees. Horton's hand and arm had been poised for throwing. The swiftness of the attack left him time for nothing more than a wild downward sweep of the knife blade that grazed Roger's shoulder. But the impact sent him staggering backward. Roger scrambled instantly to his feet, whirling toward Norgel and striking out with both fists. Blacky's head snapped backward. Before the two attackers found their balance again, Roger darted sideways toward the engine-room door.

"After him!" Horton shrieked from his knees. "He ain't got his rifle now. After, him!"

Knife in hand he led the way, certain there could be no escape for that fellow now. Far below them on the gratings, Roger lurched downward on the iron ladders, a flying black shape in the light of the rising moon that straggled through the wide open skylight. The place had an air of utter desolation, pyramids of dead steel rising eerily in the cavern of the deserted ship's interior. On the floor plates the water was waist high, washing back and forth with a loud and ominous sound. The after bulkhead was criss-crossed with a webwork of wooden buttresses and joists. Toward this fantastic scene Roger waded desperately, his arms waving above the water's surface. In one fist he clutched a heavy iron sledge he had picked up. Bull Horton and Blacky Norgel sprang after him. At the shaft alley door, when he reached it, Roger turned, waist deep in the oily sludge, facing his pursuers just as they reached the last grating.

"Stand where you are!" he bellowed at them; and his voice resounded hollowly in the shadow-filled engine room.

"Trapped! Trapped like a rat!" Bull Horton roared triumphantly. "Now we got him, Blacky. Ten per cent. of the salvage, he offers us! The nerve o' him, Blacky! At him!"

He plunged into the water, brandishing his knife. Roger raised the maul, both hands about the handle. The muscles of his face were set in hard, raised welts. Bitterness and desperation blazed in his hollow eyes. "Stand where you are, I tell you!" he warned again. "The tail shaft of this hooker is snapped. The stern gland's wide open. There's nothing but this shaft-alley door and my wooden braces against that bulwark to hold the ship afloat! One step nearer, Horton, and I pound open the screw bolts! How long do you think you'll last with that torrent of water roaring in here? That bulkhead'll grind you to kingdom come in a wink!"

Bull Horton stopped short in his tracks, knife poised in mid-air. Behind him Blacky Norgel snarled: "Fling the knife! He's bluffing. Fling it!"

"Throw that knife away, Horton—or I bust open the alley door!"

Both Roger's arms came over his shoulder, brandishing his maul for the first blow at the swing bolt of the steel door that alone stood between them, the sea, and instant death.

"Stop it, you crazy fool!" Bull Horton shrieked. "If we go, so do you. And first, at that!"

"That'll suit me fine! . . . Fling that knife away. Sideways toward the fire-room door. Quick!"

For another instant the master of the *Koala* hesitated. But in that moment when his eyes met the bitter, determined stare in Harry Roger's haggard face, he sensed that that sole living survivor on the derelict *Bostwick* meant what he said literally. Why, he could not know, nor what had happened to bring that look to a man's eyes. But Captain Horton, in his days on the Danakil coast, had seen many men tottering on the brink of despair. This was such a man—and he knew they were dangerous. They meant what they said. . . . Slowly the knife in his upraised arm lowered. To the accompaniment of Norgel's oath behind him, he flung the *djembia* far from him. It landed in the oily water washing the floor plates with a loud slap and sank like a stone.

"Now turn round, both of you," Roger said without stirring from his post. The pair obeyed in angry silence. Roger waded swiftly forward, heavy maul in hand. "Now move along," he grated, "and get back aboard the

(*Continued on page* 124)

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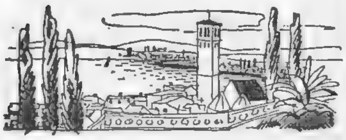

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Koala the same way you came. Keep your hands above your shoulders. The first one of you lowers an arm, so help me! I'll bash his skull in."

He marched them aloft and to the bulwark. There he stood watching until Bull Horton and Blacky Norgel dropped back to their boat and hauled themselves alongside their ship. Then he clambered back on the forecastle head, reclaimed his rifle, and shouted across the intervening space of water.

"I'll be under the bulwark here so you can't take a pot at me in the moonlight! I'm a good shot with a rifle, though. The first fellow tries to cast off that hawser gets it between the eyes!"

Bull Horton shook his fist over the taffrail in impotent rage. Blacky Norgel snarled something incoherently under his breath. The *Koala* strained through the heaving sea with the mysterious wreck of the *Bostwick* still in tow.

THE gray light before dawn crept over the lifeless waters of the Gulf of Aden and the blistered desert coast of Arabia. The *Koala,* belching smoke from her funnel lip, still fought her way eastward with her tow. At the end of the taut hawser the *Bostwick* came sluggishly through the sea, her bows barely lifting to meet the oily, unrippled swells, her jury rig of sail still fluttering in the breathless air, her tattered gear trailing over her rusted sides.

In the distance the sun-scorched walls of Aden with the tanks in the background rose above the flat sea in sharp relief in the unearthly light, a pile of ash and cinders in the dead grate of Arabia. From the harbour mouth a black speck could be seen standing out to sea. Bull Horton and Blacky Norgel, spying it from the poop of the *Koala,* looked meaningfully at each other, then turned and shot a swift look toward the bows of their tow. On the forward deck the Dankali blacks still slept in heaps under the bulwarks; and from the open hatches the stench of perspiring humans gave strong evidence of the *Koala's* cargo of "pilgrims."

"Well?" Norgel uttered the single word in a savage whisper.

"He ain't moved in two hours. Cast off the hawser, Blacky."

"Cast it off yourself!"

"You fool! You know what happens if we show our nose inside. . . ."

He broke off abruptly, turned on his heel and walked warily toward the after bitts. No sign of life came from the *Bostwick.* Taking heart, Blacky Norgel joined him. For a moment they hesitated; then swiftly both men pounced for the hawser, expecting each moment to hear the cracking report of Roger's rifle. Feverishly they axed the line and leaped back. The rope shot round the bitts and slid snakily over the ship's counter and into the sea. Relieved of the strain of her tow, the *Koala* seemed to leap forward. Horton leaped for the telegraph, at the same time bringing the Somali helmsman out of his snooze by a sharp order. The wheel went hard over; the ship heeled to the sudden change of course.

Not until then did the tattered figure of Harry Roger appear in the bows of the wallowing *Bostwick.* His rifle rested on the deck, butt down. Haggard-eyed and dishevelled, he stood alone, a grim, upright figure swaying in the eyes of the derelict and silhouetted strongly against that first strange light of day.

"Thanks for the tow, Captain Horton!" he hailed in his hollow, bitter voice. "Sorry you won't stay to collect your pay! They've sighted us from the harbour. That's a tug coming out for me, looking for the first job of the morning."

The *Koala,* rolling heavily in the beam swell, churned the water with her screw as she fled to the northward. From the taffrail Blacky Norgel, both fists upraised, hurled imprecations across a widening stretch of water, but his words came only in tattered strips.

". . . damned to you!" was all that Roger heard.

"You left a good ten-inch hawser behind, Blacky!" he shouted. "Where shall I send your pay for the tow?"

"You show up in Ras Ali—you'll get a knife in your belly, you Suez cargo rat!"

Roger smiled grimly, for the first time. Shielding his eyes wearily he watched the tug bear swiftly down on him. Soon there was nothing left of the *Koala* but a black smudge on the paling sky and streaks of oil to mark her passage. The sun-helmeted head of the towboat captain appeared at the pilot-house window, eyes wide in wonder as he took in every detail of the *Bostwick*. In the blunt bows the turbanned Arab sailors rose from the rope fender, pointing and gesticulating excitedly at what they saw.

"By God, man!" the amazed voice of the tugboat fellow hailed, "what've you been into? Shall I put a line aboard?"

"Aye; and quick! Get me to a dry dock!"

Suddenly the towboat skipper spotted the vessel's name. His mouth opened and shut, but no sound came from his throat. He jangled the bells, deserted the wheel, and drew his head sharply from view. A moment later he came darting out on the narrow deck, his hands working in excitement.

"I say there!" he shouted, as the tug bobbed up and down alongside the derelict. "*Bostwick! Bostwick!*" He repeated the name as though it were utterly beyond belief. "By God, man! you've been reported foundered on the Somali coast! Captain Golmani and the rest of your crew came into Aden a few days ago in a small boat. The master and chief are being sent home consular passengers in a tank ship lying in the roadstead right now. By Jove, you——"

"Captain Golmani, you say?" the figure in the bows interrupted in a strangely frigid voice. "Did you say it was Captain Golmani?"

"Lord love us! Don't you know the name of your own master? How'd you get left when——"

"He's not my shipmaster and I didn't get left! I just stood by when they ran. The *Bostwick's* mine! Pick up that hawser and get me in!"

"Salvage! By the——"

"Pick up the hawser!" Roger fairly shrieked. "Get me to a dry dock!"

The towboat captain looked at him open-mouthed. Then, recovering, he barked orders to his gaping Arab crew and dropped back into his little pilot house. The hawser reclaimed, the tugboat heeled over on the line, and a moment later the *Bostwick*, answering sluggishly, crawled slowly toward the roadstead of Aden, crippled, wrecked, with Harry Roger still standing grim-eyed in her bows.

Native dhows appeared, darting across the bottle-green sea. Brown, turbanned heads lifted to the strange ship, the excited jabber of Eastern tongues speculating upon her. Abeam of the white desert city a tanker lay at anchor. From the land a launch, with brightwork and brass glistening, shot out from a blinding white quay. The *Bostwick's* tug plucked sidewise on the hawser. The engine-room bells jangled, and the two craft wallowed in the flat sea. The launch drew closer. From her curtained cabin heads appeared. As she passed under the tug's counter the excited towing skipper hailed again.

"I say there, Mr. Dawson!" he shouted. "I've got the *Bostwick* in tow! The '*Bostwick*' I *said!*"

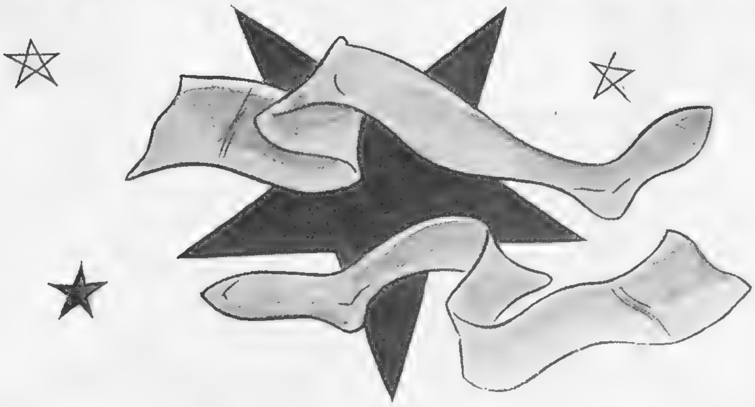
He went on talking, but in the loud wash of water nothing more could be heard. The launch swept in a wide arc and came alongside the derelict. A tall, weather-bronzed man stood in the cockpit, with two others beside him; one fat and flabby, his face a pale ashen hue as he stared up at the battered side of the ship, the other a small wizened man with a cracked and wrinkled face.

"Where the devil did you come from?" the lean, muscular fellow shouted. "I'm Gerald Dawson, from the consulate here. Where in the name of——"

"Come aboard, sir," Roger called firmly. "Bring Captain

(*Continued on page* 126)

stocking forecast



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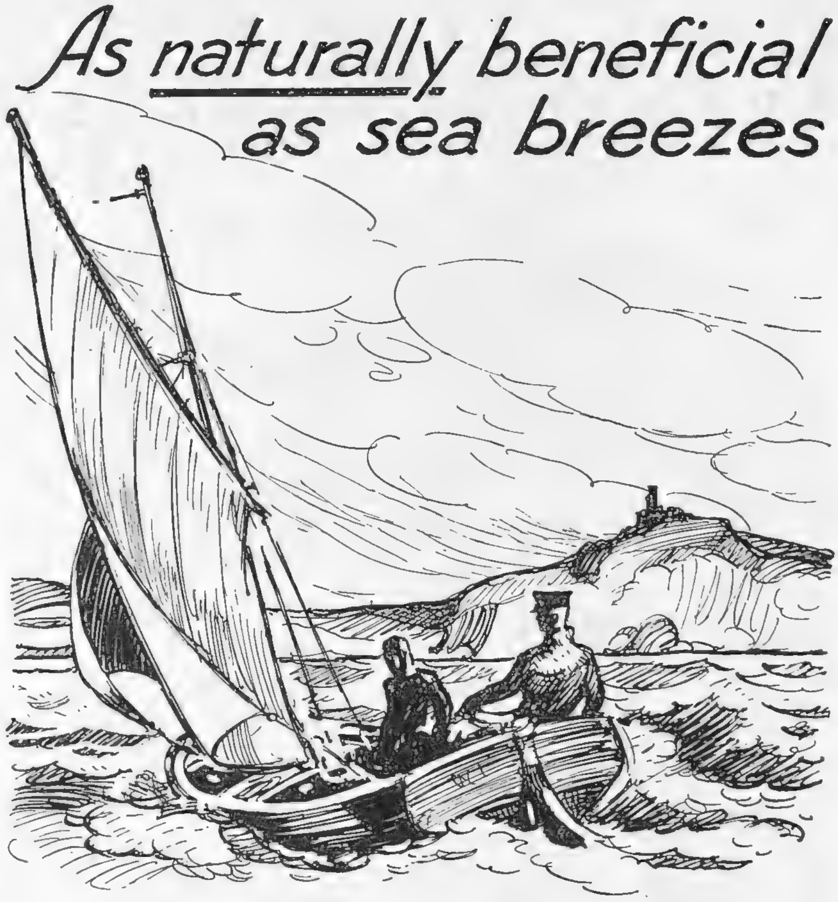
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Burgoyne's
TINTARA
Burgoyne's
TINTARA
Wilcox

Golmani and the Chief of the *Bostwick* with you. By all means! Come aboard," he repeated, stooping to fling the rope ladder over the bulwark.

He waited in silence. Then, the obese frame of Captain Golmani came over the rail first, panting heavily. He shot Roger a baleful look out of heavy-lidded eyes. The Chief came next, with Dawson, his high forehead creased in a deep frown of perplexity, bringing up the rear.

"This is Captain Golmani," he bit off efficiently, "master of this ship, as I suppose you know. And Mr. Clift, her chief engineer. They came into Aden a few days ago in an open boat, reporting their ship foundered. Now what——"

"Yes; I know," Roger cut in. "But you see she hasn't foundered. Come along to the bridge into what's left of the pilot house."

The three followed him, the consular fellow frowning still deeper. In the little pilot house Dawson was the first to speak.

"Who's this man, Captain Golmani?" he wanted to know. "One of your crew? And here's your ship showing up here in this shape after——"

The master of the *Bostwick* opened his mouth. Somehow, nothing but a hoarse gurgle sounded in his throat.

"No," Roger bit off, "I'm not one of the crew. Legally, I'm the present owner of this ship. She's mine. She's mine as a salvage after all hands abandoned her." He turned suddenly on Golmani. "Have you cabled Luftner in London to adjust his loss with the underwriters?" he demanded.

Golmani started backward, his drooping jowls working. Roger swayed, braced himself with both hands on the muzzle of his rifle, and went on in a low, steady voice.

"Mr. Dawson, this ship was abandoned north of the Ras Bir light in a gale that was driving her on a lee shore. She wouldn't have lasted three hours on those rocks. It was an ideal spot. Now . . ."

"Yes, man!" the consular agent interrupted impatiently. "I know all that. Captain Golmani and the Chief have made their report. Her tail shaft snapped. She drove on the rocks and they were forced to abandon her and——"

"Her shaft didn't snap!" Roger straightened up suddenly. "The *Bostwick* was deliberately scuttled!"

"Good Lord, man! Do you know what you're saying?"

"You lying idiot!" Golmani started forward, with Clift at his side.

"Steady there, you two!" Roger's rifle stirred menacingly. "Yes," he went on bitterly, "I know what I'm saying. I stowed away in the *Bostwick* at Port Said before the cargo was transferred from her outside the harbour. There wasn't anything in her when they put her head to the shore in that gale—in spite of the manifests Luftner will present to the underwriters. When the whole rotten pack of them left her north of Ras Bir I closed the shaft alley door, dragged timbers and screw jacks into the engine room, and braced the bulkhead. You can have a look at my job whenever you want to. The water's up to the steam chests by now. I let go both anchors and I rigged these jury sails to hold her head to wind and ride out the blow. Golmani and Clift couldn't wait to see the end of her. The gale drove their small boat out into the gulf and when the weather moderated they weren't in sight. I couldn't lift the anchors, so I slipped them both, cables and all." Roger's voice rose to an angry roar. "Clift, when you and your rotten gang went to work on the tail shaft behind the last set of studs with that acetylene torch, I saw you through the open alley door. Neat job, that! Just before the blow came up you heated the steel red hot and then sluiced it with cold sea water. It crystallised, and that's what you wanted. You knew that after that the first serious strain on it would crack it like a piece of scantling. That—and the water-tight doors wide open—would finish her off right quick!"

He turned. "Mr. Dawson," he finished tightly, "that's the honest truth."

Golmani's face was livid.

"The man's crazy!" he croaked. "Who'd believe such a weird, framed-up yarn? Who is he that——"

"You don't remember?" Roger demanded. "You don't remember Harry Roger, Golmani, who was mate with you when you ploughed the *Altair* on the rocks of Madagascar and shot me down cold when I tried to get at the telegraph to reverse the engines because I wasn't on the inside of your rotten game. Well, look!" He jutted his head forward suddenly, lifting the reddish hair at his temple with a swift gesture. "Look at that scar and refresh your memory. Maybe now you'll remember you swore at the inquiry I was mad drunk on watch on the *Altair's* bridge and caused her loss. You had to shoot me down like a dog, Golmani, didn't you? That's what you testified to at the Board that cracked my certificate and sent me back into the fo'c'sle of every tinpot on the coast! But your owner, Luftner, collected the insurance on another of his rotten hulks and you got your blood-money safe and sound!"

Dawson's lean and sunbrowned face was a study in blank amazement. Golmani staggered backward.

"This man's word is utterly valueless, Mr. Dawson! His story is fantastic: that's plain. By his own admission, he is a man with a certificate revoked for gross inefficiency. He's obviously a crazy liar bent on revenge, without the slightest proof of a story concocted simply in an attempt to ruin my professional reputation and that of my chief engineer, Mr. Clift."

"No proof?" Roger smiled strangely. "You're *standing* on the deck of my proof! Mr. Dawson, you read Captain Golmani's log and the engine-room log detailing the accident?"

Dawson could only nod.

"You forgot to take the rough log with you, Golmani. It was your one mistake. It's here in the pilot house, just as you framed it. I read it. You wrote that you did not abandon the ship until, both anchors refusing to hold, you went aground on the rocks, crashing the *Bostwick's* bows. The forepeak filled and the forward bulkhead stove in. That's right, isn't it, Mr. Dawson? Well, go up and have a look at the *Bostwick's* bows. She never touched the land with her nose! The forepeak's as dry as a bone! This is my proof, Golmani!" he said grimly, thumping the butt of his rifle on the deck. "And I went through hell to bring her here!"

Mr. Clift had heard enough. His eyes flamed. Like a flash he spun on his heel and leaped out on the bridge. Golmani, whirling, went after him.

"Shoot, man!" Dawson shrieked at Roger.

Harry grimaced wryly. "Isn't a shell left in the rifle. Used the last one . . . getting the *Bostwick* here."

The two sprang out on the bridge wing just in time to see Golmani and Clift poised on the rail, hands momentarily steadying themselves on a stay. Golmani looked swiftly over his shoulder. His voice was a hoarse croak.

"You never get me alive to do twenty years for barratry!"

The next instant both men leaped from the bridge of the slowly moving *Bostwick*. Two distinct splashes sounded. From the consular launch, chugging alongside the derelict, frenzied native shouting arose.

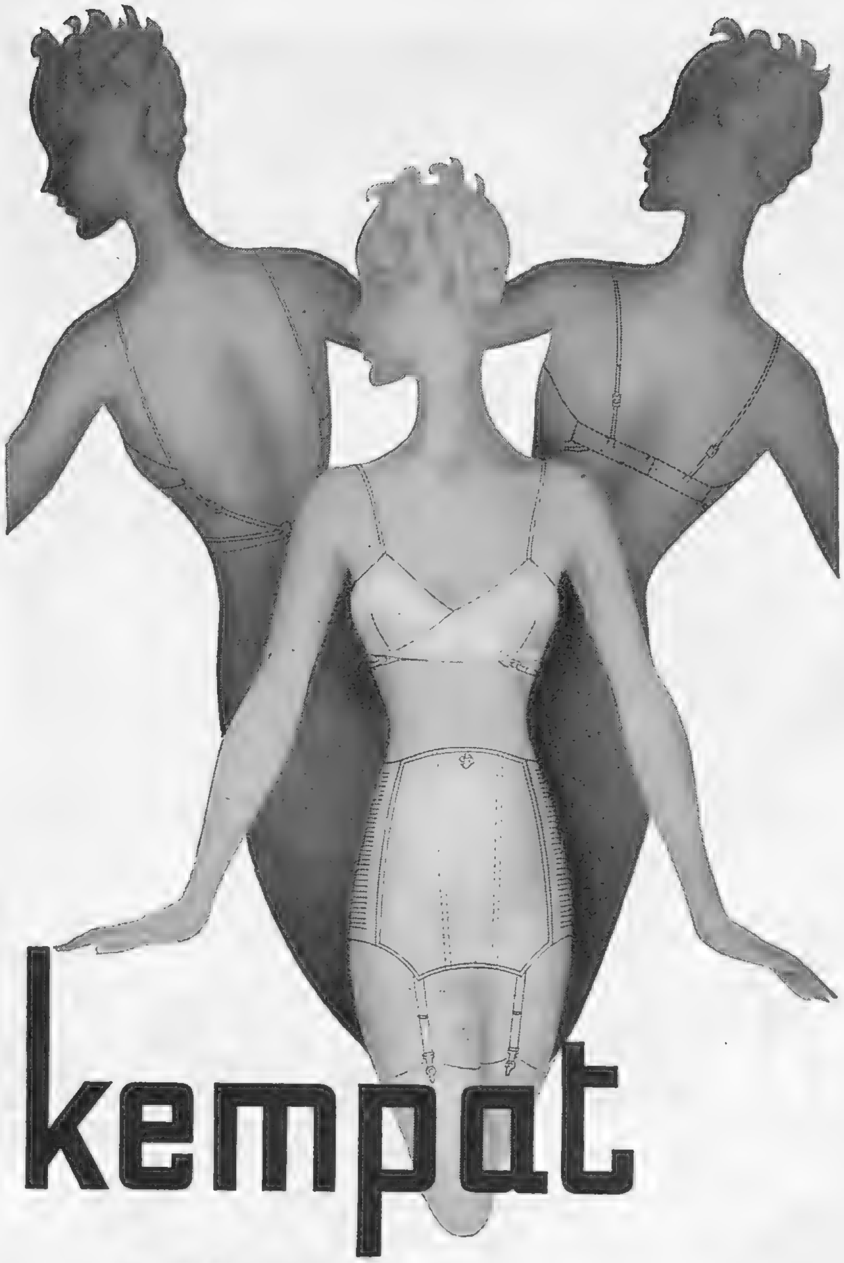
"*Lockham! Lockham!*"

Roger and Dawson, hanging over the rail, were just in time to see the razor-like fins and the white flash of bellies as the sharks shot in. There was a momentary thrashing of water and a gurgled shriek. Then the water quieted. Gerald Dawson came soberly upright.

"Mr. Roger," he said with slow deliberation, "I'll cable the authorities in London to pick up the owner, Homer Luftner, for barratry and fraud. . . . Of course, under the law, the ship is still yours as a salvage."

"That . . . that's not so important to me, sir, as . . .'

(*Continued on page* 128)



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WELL, I SHOUTED OUT ONCE — CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU DIDN'T HEAR— I'M NOT A BLINKING LOUD-SPEAKER.
THREE FARES ON TOP GONE PAST THEIR STAGE. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF? YOU'D BETTER WAKE UP, BROWN, I'M WARNING YOU.
SORRY, INSPECTOR. I HADN'T NOTICED IT. FACT IS I'M NOT FEELING TOO GOOD THESE DAYS. RECKON I'LL SEE THE DOCTOR WHEN I KNOCK OFF.
NOW JUST SIT BACK AND TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER.
I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, DOCTOR. MY TEMPER'S KIND OF ON EDGE, AND I FEEL ROTTEN ALL DAY— GIVING PEOPLE WRONG CHANGE AND THAT. SEEMS LIKE I'M ALWAYS TIRED. 'TISN'T THAT I DON'T SLEEP, EITHER— THE MISSUS HAS A PROPER JOB TO GET ME OUT OF BED.
NOW LISTEN, SAYS THE DOCTOR, WHAT'D HAPPEN IF YOU LEFT YOUR BUS WITH HER ENGINE TICKING OVER ALL NIGHT? WOULDN'T SHE USE UP ALL THE JUICE? YOUR ENGINE MUST KEEP RUNNING WHILE YOU SLEEP. BREATHING, HEART BEATS AND ALL THAT, USES UP ENERGY, AND YOU'VE GOT TO PUT IT BACK. HE SAID I'D TO TAKE HORLICK'S
LATER
HERE YOU ARE, MA. HERE'S YOUR BASKET. TAKE IT EASY.
THANK YOU, CONDUCTOR.
ON THE SPORTS GROUND - SIX MONTHS LATER
HALLO, BILL — I HEAR YOU'RE HAVING A SHOT AT THE HALF-MILE?
SPORT
9
YOU CAN PUT YOUR SHIRT ON ME, INSPECTOR! I'VE NEVER FELT FITTER IN MY NATURAL!

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Dawson steadied him with an arm about his shoulder. The awful strain over, a physical reaction amounting almost to nausea surged over young Harry Roger. The consular agent looked at him curiously from under the rim of his sun helmet. He understood.

"I rather think," he murmured, "that after . . . after this, it won't be too difficult to get your certificate restored. What was it?"

"Master unlimited."

The corners of the consular agent's lips tipped upward. "You don't mean to tell me you *sailed* this derelict across the Gulf under this sort of rig, do you?"

"No," Roger grinned oddly. "I didn't. I owe a ship called the *Koala* ten per cent of salvage money for a tow they gave me—unwillingly. Know where I can get hold of a Captain Horton?"

"Horton? Bull Horton?" Dawson whistled softly. "Damnedest blackbirder on the Somali coasts!" He helped Roger down the ladder into the smart little launch. "No worry about him showing up here even for *that* bit of money!"

But far north of the Strait called the Gates of Hell the blackbirder *Koala* met the dawn with Bull Horton and Blacky Norgel glaring at each other.

"A cool thirty-thousand quid shot to blazes!" Norgel snarled in disgust.

Bull Horton said nothing, only reaching again for the jug of native whiskey. And on deck, the black Danakils, staring aft, gaped in amazement. For the *Bostwick* was no longer astern. They wondered about it, but not for long, dismissing it with an expressive shrug of ebony shoulders. It was none of their affair. The sun was about to rise; the timeless call to prayer was at hand. Butter-smeared black polls bowed down to the grimy decks.

"*La Illaha illa Allah!*"

END

Collect Something

(*Continued from page* 65)

perfectly bound books, and think with some pleasure that this winter I will complete my catalogue of them and evolve some method of mounting my match-covers.

Any ordinary collection of to-day may be a revelation to future generations of the life and interests of our time.

In the room of a noted busy and successful woman, I saw a collection of small Jacobean dolls, perfectly dressed.

These, she explained, were the forerunners of the "fashion plates" and pattern books of to-day. Travellers took them around to demonstrate the attractions of certain materials and styles. The doll's-house in which she housed them is also a genuine Period piece, and the cross section of feminine life of that time is complete.

In Plymouth Museum the collection of Village Pole-heads, the decorative staff-tops of the Friendly Societies' processions, is housed.

A study of these lifts the lid from the early days of the first stirrings of trade unions in the villages. They speak to us over two hundred years of the times of our forebears. It must have given their collectors keen delight to discover and to translate their history.

In a London house, I photographed some of the loveliest silver I have ever seen, South American silver, utensils and weapons and riding equipment of every type. It was collected by a man who appreciated both its value and its beauty. It had not been considered valuable (indeed, much had been melted down before collectors took any notice of it) because in the country from which it came, "silver was as common as tin." It remains now evidence of perfect workmanship.

There are many things we see and use that are "as common as tin" but embody fine workmanship. There are, certainly, among them, some things that are worth collecting.

Lucky Star

(*Continued from page* 17)

"Faults on both sides, and all that. I—" Catching the colonel's eye, he gave up. One last, lingering look he gave to the way his aunt was hanging on this parboiled windbag, then with a sigh left the field to the colonel. "I should," he told himself as he wandered down the stairs, "have known."

From the retired diplomat at the reception desk he enquired the price of the room he had booked. The man told him. Outside on the broad pavements by the lake Cedric worked it out in reference to cash in hand. In francs (Swiss) he found he had enough to last two days at the hotel. The thought of his bank balance in Paris made him laugh. There was about as much chance of stretching his overdraft there as there was of getting his job back from Uncle Goscomb. "Oh, well," sighed Cedric, "let 'em heave me out on my ear after two days. It's their funeral not mine. . . ."

It was as he groped for a cigarette that he discovered something in his hand. "This," he decided, examining it closely, "would be the parcel that old disease planked down on the corner of the table. I must have hooked on to it in the stress of the moment." Tact, it was clear, made it inadvisable to return it at the moment. It seemed to him there was only one thing to do. He made a course direct for the address he had extracted from Margot. Why not, he argued, make it one day at the hotel and a show or something with Margot? It seemed the only way.

Up the cobbled roadway, beyond the Place Centrale, he found the house—a Swiss inspiration, two thirds roof and one third balconies, with a fifty-mile view over the lake towards the Col de Jaman. The castle of Chillon, as he heaved at the bell, was a speck in the blue distance. A spot in a million, he thought.

On the balcony perched up dizzily over the lake he found her, and at the sight of her he knew that nothing else mattered.

"Why, Rickie!" she exclaimed.

He took her outstretched hands. "On the left, the Chateau de Chillon," he indicated. "More to the South, that long wavy blue streak, the Alps, absolutely as painted on the postcards. Can you beat it?" Somehow he felt he had known this girl all his life. The colonel could chase himself. Who cared?

She drew a deep breath. "It's simply too wonderful! I feel in a vague sort of way—"

"Romantic?"

"Well—friendly towards everything. Just fine."

He clung on to her hands as a countermeasure to her mild attempt at withdrawal. "Friendly towards me? Sort of romantic glow, as on a ship voyage?"

She laughed—a silver ripple that made Cedric sway on his legs. "You were clever to guess I'd be feeling lonely in this place. I think you're rather a dear . . . ."

"You—you mean it?"

She nodded dumbly. The grey speck that was Chillon, perhaps: maybe the lake or the streak of the distant Oberland: but she meant it.

"Then," decided Cedric, counting nothing and taking a big chance, "I've been waiting years for this!"

Five seconds later he found that he had kissed her, and that she was still in his arms.

"Oh!" Skilfully she retired to arm's length. "How—how could you!"

"How could I? Like this." He brought it off once more.

Firmly now she disentangled herself, shaking her head. "I told you, you're too impetuous. In full view of the Swiss for fifty miles! Why, this is a public place within the meaning of the Act!"

"The Swiss don't care," he protested. "And what Act, anyway? Margot!—I may have only known you three weeks, but—"

Once more she shook her head. "You have to be sensible, Rickie. Shall I tell you something?"

"Something?" (*Continued on page* 130)

Overheard at 'Bridge' . . .

"I always have the same trouble this time of the year—dry skin and faded tan. It never seems to bother you. What do you do?"

"Ah, that, my dear, is the Facial Cream Pack—Innoxa's. It really is wonderful. Unlike any other pack I've ever tried. It's a light foamy cream, smells delicious, feels glorious and doesn't dry or harden on your face."

"This is interesting. These packs are usually so dreadfully stiff and uncomfortable they hardly seem worth the trouble."

"Yes, I know. And they take such a time, too. But you actually only have to leave this on ten minutes! And you can use it any time—morning, noon or night. Don't have to lie down either. Great help when you're going out in the evening and you're tired and have to change in a hurry."

"It sounds grand! But what does it look like..?"

"Oh, very nice. Just leaves a thin matt film on your face. At the end of ten minutes you wipe it away with their Astringent Lotion, though you'd probably want the Skin Tonic as your skin's much drier than mine. And then I use their Skin Balm every night. It protects your skin and keeps it very soft and white."

"I'm definitely intrigued."

"Oh yes, you'll enjoy the Pack. I always feel so awfully pleased with myself afterwards. My face looks so clean and fresh and I feel absurdly young and gay and exhilarated."

Facial Cream Pack	*4/6 and 7/6*	*Skin Balm*	*2/- to 6/6*
Astringent Lotion	*3/6 to 21/-*	*Skin Tonic*	*3/6 to 11/6*

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But anyway, my advice to you is that it's better to be five minutes behind time than a dead man for the rest of your life. Never drive fast enough to frighten yourself on a sudden corner. And don't forget that with the high speed efficiency of a modern engine it is quite mad to run risks with cheap and nasty oil when you can get Mobiloil—that we have spent a million pounds to prepare for you.

So keep well to the left. Keep your eyes on the road. See that your tyres have plenty of tread. Don't cut in, and drain your crank case and fill up with Mobiloil at regular intervals.

Happy landings,

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A change came over him. Grimly he waited for it. The next crack was due.

"I've been wanting to meet you ever since that night I saw them throw you out of the *Chat Perdu*."

"W—wanting to meet me? Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"It's enough for me, my sweet!"

She smiled. "Well, don't spoil it all now, there's a dear, double-breasted, he-man. I'm busy on my first job of work, and you've no idea what it means to me."

"A job of work?" Work was the last thing he would have associated with this queenly, superior female.

"Why not? I work for Ardelle, on the Rue St. Honoré, and I'm on the trail of an order that should keep the home fires burning for months."

"You mean that clothes place run by Lady Lavinghame?"

"My aunt. She has the idea that I'm playing at the job. No use for serious business. This order's important because it comes from an old friend of my aunt's, and the first thing you do is to take my mind right off business."

Jobs of work were things that Cedric did not want to think of at the moment. "But you haven't to start to-night? I thought that we might——"

"The appointment is for to-morrow morning."

"Then——"

"Then what?" Over a slim shoulder she smiled at him, and in that moment he decided that, whatever the stars had done to him in the past, they were making up for it handsomely now.

"I thought we might feed somewhere and dance—or perhaps drift out on the lake."

"Rickie," she said, "you're a dear! I'd love it. Give me half an hour, and promise to behave yourself, and I'm your little lady."

Of that night by the lake Cedric had only a vague remembrance. Francs 87 (Swiss) stood between himself and starvation when he sat down to dine on the balcony of the Sports Club. At one point he remembered chiselling the wad down to francs 20—probably while they were dancing at the *Palais Nouveau*, just before the trip out on the Lake by motor-boat. One fact stands out clear and unassailable, however. At the night club up among the pines towards the heights of Chatel St. Denis, faced with a bill for francs 37 for a plate of sandwiches and a two franc bottle of Neuchatel wine (alleged), Cedric found himself in the position of offering 2 francs, 75 centimes in settlement. The old impediment, but he took the matter firmly in hand. With this girl, tact was required.

In the manager's room a Swiss with a spade beard, green teeth, and a tonnage of some fifteen stone surveyed him as the dirt he was. "Aha!" this citizen breathed, and timed to the minute Cedric offered up his watch.

With the watch to his ear the man made a sign to the door men, and, as one moving according to routine, Cedric detached his studs and cuff links. "One watch, solid gold," he hastened. "Cuff links, ditto, and studs probably the same. *Comme* security, *oui?* Sorry," he added nervously, "and all that. To-morrow I will *apporte* the *argent*."

The manager began to roll up his sleeves.

Through the door Cedric caught sight of the girl waiting the return of her escort. It brought perspiration to his brow. "One moment!" he begged. Once at the *Chat Perdu* was enough. From his pocket he drew the colonel's wedding gift to Aunt Amelia. "Take these, too. Emeralds. Worth a fortune. Look at the seals."

That parcel was sealed with all the dignity of the Swiss State. It seemed to impress the manager. He parked it with the pile. "*Je regrette*," he said, "the monsieur has been inconvenienced." He rolled his sleeves down. "*A bientôt!*"

"You bet!" agreed Cedric. Safe outside, and with his coat buttoned over his shirt-front, he said to Margot: "It's only a matter of two kilos back—downhill at that. What about strolling back? I hate taxis——"

On the balcony, with the grey streaks of dawn spreading over the delta of the Rhone round Villeneuve, Cedric sensed an imminent fit of impetuousness.

" Oh, Margot . . ."

" Try counting up to twenty," she told him at length. " It comes easiest in the long run. Good-night, Rickie, and thank you for a wonderful time ! "

Next morning Cedric made a hearty breakfast. With 2 francs 75, that meal had to last. The question was, how could a fellow get a job that would bring in enough cash to redeem one watch (gold) and a bunch of emeralds sealed by the State before luncheon ? It seemed tough. And the incident he walked into in the foyer of his hotel scarcely gave him confidence. The door of the sanctum housing the management burst open as he passed and two empty suitcases kicked out on to the carpet, followed by hall porters dragging an inoffensive citizen by the scruff of the neck. Swiftly the citizen was transferred to some half-dozen *agents de police* standing at the ready, and, watched by an awestruck crowd of hotel residents, the procession marched out of the building.

" Trying to dodge his bill, the greaser," a voice confided in Cedric's ear.

Cedric gulped. " But—the police ? "

" It's the law over here," the voice explained. " Stick you in the pen until you find the funds."

By the lake Cedric spent a thoughtful morning. One bright spot, he had to admit, was Margot. With a girl like that getting fond of you, you had to expect a certain amount of cracks on the side. He met Margot unexpectedly as she came out of the hotel.

" Margot ! " he cried as he raised his hat, and for a moment she looked at him as if she did not see him. " Anything—anything wrong ? "

For a moment she hesitated, then : " I hate you ! " she said. " I hate you ! I don't want ever to speak to you again." With her chin in the air, she passed on.

Cedric replaced his hat. This morning they were coming a bit quick off the bat. Thirty yards down the street he caught her up. " Look here——" he began.

" Oh, go away ! "

" But Margot, I——"

" I've told you I hate you ! Leave me alone ! "

At the door of the house with the balconies she turned on him. " I don't know what you're following me about like this for. With your bags out of the window I should think you've done enough damage as it is ! Whatever you seem to touch goes wrong ! Oh, I loathe the sight of you. Just to please me—GO AWAY ! "

She was biting her lip and that to Cedric meant that this business wanted looking into !

" Bags out of the window ? " he insisted.

" Oh, can't you understand ? Miss Windrushe, my aunt's friend who gave us the wedding order, is your aunt, and there was that terrible man in the train with her in the room—and now there isn't going to be a wedding . . . and if there w-was I s-shouldn't get the or-or-order. . . ." Crushing a handkerchief to her lips she slammed the door.

For a while Cedric allowed it to soak in. He surveyed the roof overhanging his head. Short of that falling on him he did not see what else could be coming along. " You've spoilt Aunt Amelia's romance," he summed up. " You've put the old colonel right back where he was twenty years ago. You've lost this girl. You've lost your job, and you've got no cash. And there's this business of the *agents de police*—apart from those emeralds you've pinched and pawned." It looked like a day to Cedric.

Till the fashionable hour of five-o'clock-tea it took Cedric to work this business out, then setting himself back 80 centimes with a *bock* taken *sur le zinc* he dropped in on Aunt Amelia Windrushe.

" I cannot find it in my heart to blame you, Cedric," she told him sadly. " It was Arthur's immoderate language which parted us before. Over (*Continued on page* 132)

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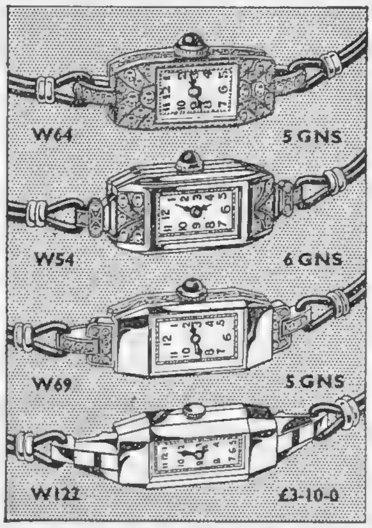

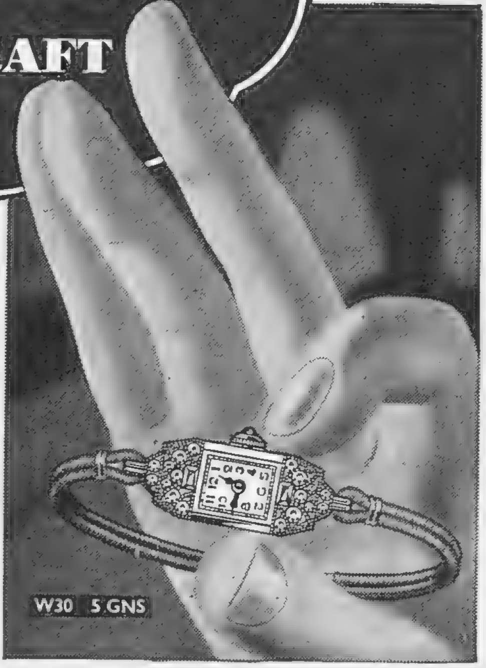

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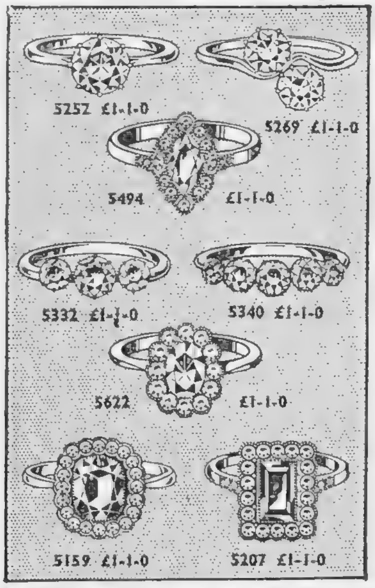

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the merest nip that my poor little doggie gave him—twenty years ago, now. You acted unwisely. But Arthur has no excuse for forgetting himself in my presence. He is still the same. And so is his language."

"But, aunt! A soldier——"

"I could never marry a man who cannot control himself." She shook her head. It was clear that dear Arthur himself had tried the soldier line, too. "And to make it worse he was just as obscene over dear Alice's little *protégée* when she called."

"*Protégée?*" It sounded like soup to Cedric.

"Miss Fordred, who is apparently a friend of yours. A dear girl."

Cedric began to warm to this discriminating woman. "But, aunt, if the colonel apologises for his language—a strong man——"

With an air of finality Aunt Amelia Windrushe rose. "That can never be. I was foolish to imagine happiness at my age. Good-bye, Cedric. You must go back to your work and leave me to my memories."

One franc fifty Cedric spent that night on a meal of bread and cheese, and, to stimulate the thought processes, forty centimes on a tram ride *aller et retour* along the shore of the lake. When the tram stopped at midnight at the depot they turned Cedric out on to the lakeside once more. . . .

It was with five centimes left that he faced the big decision. To be given the air for using bad language seemed to Cedric, an amateur of these matters, tough. A chat with the colonel, he thought, might help. He would put in an explanatory word about the emeralds, too, in a merry, joking way. Now he came to think about it, he was surprised there had been no fuss over the loss. Forgotten about them, likely enough, now he couldn't use them.

Taking to the stairs at the hotel—the lifts stopped at midnight—he made his way past Aunt Amelia Windrushe's suite to the colonel's adjoining. The door was ajar, and with a knock, screwing himself up to it, Cedric walked in.

This was to be a night of swift surprises, and the first one to reach Cedric was the fact that this suite seemed empty and the lights refused to switch on. From the hall he progressed to the sitting room. "Hello, there," he called. "This is Windrushe here. Lights wrong, or something?" He groped his way in.

Just when it was he thought of the emeralds and all the stories of Continental crooks he was not sure, but the open doors, the dead lights, and the eerie quiet suggested that someone might have heard of the jewels and, ignorant of their removal, taken a chance. On tip-toe he crept into the bedroom and in the darkness felt the bed. It had not been slept in, and yet a trace of tobacco smoke lingered in the air. Suspicion grew to a tense certainty. Like a Red Indian on the trail he snaked back to the sitting room, and as he did so he thrilled to the unmistakable sound of a cautious footstep. The sound of heavy breathing heralded a prowling shape. Cedric, a man of action, wasted no time.

Two drives he got home into bone and sinew, then something scooping through the air took him scientifically under the ear. He found himself on the carpet mixed in the wreckage of a chair. A heavy form was bending over him. Without a second thought he seized it round the neck and mixed it in with the chair wreckage, too. From this move on, elbows, knees, knuckles, and other blunt instruments seemed to arrive regularly all over him to do their little bit. But Cedric held on, and judging by the grunts it was obvious he was putting in good work, too.

It was somewhere near Round 4 that Cedric found himself free of the human battering ram. Through the darkness he made out his assailant, a limp heap on the floor, but he had hardly time to realise it before he saw the man's confederate at the door. With a whoop he dived for him, and taking him by the knees, laid him low. Cedric's fingers were on his throat when a strangled flow of words arrested the bit of work he had in mind.

"Lights?" he echoed. "Did you say lights!"

"*Oui, m'sieur,*" gasped the voice. "The fuse—orlrite now—*en ordre*, in order. . . ."

Heaving himself to his feet Cedric walked to the switch. A touch and the room was flooded.

"B'gad! Why, dammit!" croaked a familiar voice from the chair wreckage, and with a groan Cedric realised that they were still coming in. . . .

Like a man in a dream he watched the colonel lever himself unsteadily to his feet. One of the old soldier's eyes was already the size of an egg, and the rest of his face looked like the end of an argument with a steam roller. The hotel night porter was still massaging his neck.

Clearing his throat Cedric faced it. Tough as things had come for him in the general way of life, he had to admit that there had been nothing as yet to touch this.

"It was the emeralds——" he began, when a look in the old soldier's remaining eye stopped him.

"*The emeralds*, b'gad!" he bellowed. "M'lad, I'm proud of you." Staggering up to Cedric he seized his hand and shook it warmly.

Cedric was dazed. Lumps were springing up like mushrooms on his cheek-bones and a couple of teeth were loose. He felt them gingerly.

"Four of 'em, the damned scoundrels!" the colonel was roaring. "I saw 'em as soon as I got back from complaining about the lights popping out! But b'gad, young fellah! we settled 'em. I've been in some adjectival tough corners in my day, but the way we cleaned up on that gang of asterisked crooks——"

"Arthur!" A figure wrapped in a kimono appeared in the door.

Aunt Amelia Windrushe attracted by the profanity.

"Amelia!"

"Oh!" cried Cedric's aunt. "You're—you're injured. Wounded!"

"It's like this, aunt," Cedric hastened. "A gang of crooks got in after your emeralds. The colonel and I caught them in the act. And so, of course——" he laughed lightly, "we had to settle them."

"Four of 'em, my dear," shrugged the soldier. "Fought like cornered tigers, the damned scoundrels." He fingered his closing eye.

"You should have seen the colonel tearing into them!" offered Cedric, keeping in tune. "Tigers weren't in it!"

The colonel smiled tolerantly. "I tell yeh, Amelia, this lad is made of the right stuff! Tooth and nail. Pity the blank blackguards made an asterisked escape. Another adjectival minute and——"

"Oh, Arthur! *Please!!*"

The protest, it seemed to Cedric, had an empty sound of formality about it.

Across the wreckage, looking at his aunt, he noticed a strange thing. Aunt Amelia Windrushe's eyes were shining. Oaths, it was obvious, reached her wrapped in a halo of heroism. At last, it seemed, the argument touching on strong men and strong language was getting home.

"And you defended my emeralds like—like this!" she breathed.

"Who wouldn't?" snorted the colonel, "for you!"

Before Cedric's startled eyes he tugged at his hip pocket and produced a velvet case. Dangling a sparkling pendant from a blood-stained hand he draped it with an old-world gesture round Aunt Amelia's neck.

"Amelia!" breathed the soldier.

"Arthur!" sighed Aunt Amelia Windrushe.

Here was romance once more: Cedric turned from the nauseating sight of it, bewildered still with the swiftness of it all. "Are there," he enquired of the interested yet shop-soiled night porter, "no little jobs about the place?"

Through the crowd on the landing he followed Romance into Aunt Amelia Windrushe's suite and closed the door. Bandages, lint, iodine seemed (*Continued on page* 134)

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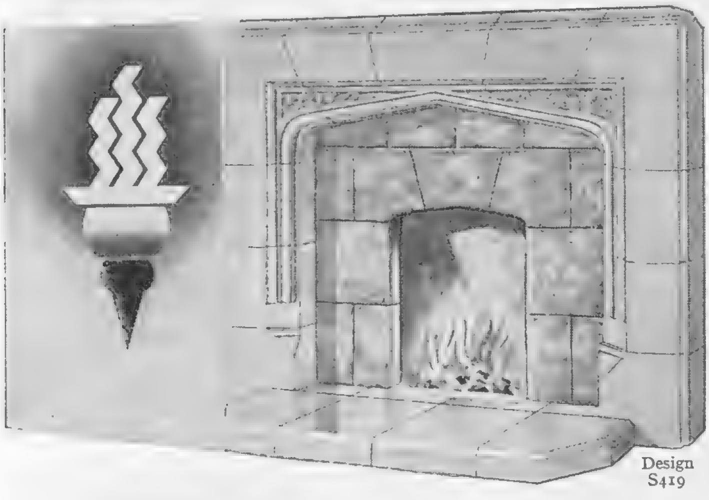

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to be on the way, and in the tradition of Florence Nightingale all was undoubtedly of good cheer. But this emerald business was bothering Cedric.

"By the way, sir," he approached at length, "talking about a packet, what? I picked up a little thing from the table yesterday afternoon when—"

"Did yeh, b' George!" The colonel slapped his knee, and immediately regretted it. "So that's where the stuff got to! I've been huntin' all over the shop for it."

"Stuff?" echoed Cedric.

"Stuff?" repeated Florence Nightingale, pausing, bandage in hand.

"That patent medicine for my gout, m'dear. Thought I'd lost it after all the fuss I had getting it through those blasted Customs. Treble duty, and plastering the box up with seals. So you picked it up, yeh young rascal, eh?"

"Ha! ha! Yes!" admitted Cedric. "But, as a matter of fact, I lost it—with my watch and all the cash I had on me at the time . . . ."

"Pockets picked, b'gad?"

"Taken from me." Cedric shook his head, and regretted that, too. "Left me in the cart, if you see what I mean. What with the expense of this trip, and——"

Aunt Amelia Windrushe laid a grateful, Christian hand on his shoulder. "My poor boy! You must leave all that to me."

Edging up on the other side the colonel pressed his hand. "Don't yeh worry, m'lad" he urged. "All this is our affair."

"In the morning," added Aunt Amelia, "there is the settlement to conclude."

"And this business of all the flim-flams for the wedding with your little friend. A deuced attractive gel, b'gad! For," added the colonel, with tact, "a chit of that age."

Drawing the left foot back Cedric kicked himself sharply in the calf. There was no dream stuff here. "Aunt Amelia," he said, "Sir," he said, "excuse me for I am too full for words." Touching the stairs only at the bends, he dived out of the hotel. Something was on his mind.

Under that balcony on the lakeshore side he crooned tenderly into the night. After three minutes a size-twelve shoe took him in the chest. Moving round, he tried the East, and at length through the velvet darkness of the night he heard French windows open. In the shadows he made out a slim figure, etched in silhouette against the sky, wrapped closely in a shawl.

"Rickie?" whispered a voice. "Is that you?"

By means of a water butt, a heave, and a scramble Cedric made a personal appearance. "Who were you expecting?" he asked. "One . . . two . . . three. . . ."

"Oh, Rickie," this girl sighed. "I've been lying awake thinking what a beast I was to you. . . ."

Cedric heard it distantly. "Forget it," he urged. "Four . . . five . . . six. . . ."

"I don't care a rap about the wedding order." A fragrant shape at his side, she made him miscount.

"Seven . . . Eight . . . Nine. . . . But I do. And it's all right. Ten . . . ."

"All right? How?"

"Fourteen. . . . Seventeen . . . And you can make it a couple of orders."

"I don't want to go back to Paris, Rickie. I want to stop here, always."

"Sixteen," cried Cedric. "Seventeen. And I've counted those once. So you shall. I said make it a couple of orders."

"A couple of orders?"

"Eighteen," he explained. "Nineteen. I'll go into the matter with you in the morning. Have a heart, Margot. At the moment—"

"Oh!" Instinct, perhaps, made her sway weakly towards him.

"At the moment," announced Cedric, "*Twenty!* Just this . . ." Instinct, perhaps, again. But she seemed to understand.

END

Flyers *of the* Flare Path

(*Continued from page 21*)

But suppose one side of the flare-path is suddenly blocked by an accident or obstruction. The control officer at once sends one of his ground staff to douse the cross-flare that side by inverting a bucket over it. The T is thus changed to an L. Pilots overhead know they may land only in the L, not the other side.

Suppose, when the pilots return from raid or reconnaissance, a ground mist obscures the flare-path and signaller's lamp. Green or red rockets are sent up to guide the machines down. Suppose his identification light fails. He has an ordinary signal lamp to fall back on; or he may fire a green signal cartridge.

Suppose he has to make a forced landing because of engine failure or some other fault, and cannot wait for the "O.K." from the ground. He makes a distress signal—a series of short flashes on his identification light, fires a red cartridge, or gives a red on a signalling lamp. If there is no time even to make this distress signal, he switches on his wing-tip flares.

The ground staff instantly give the red to any other craft about to take off or land, do their utmost to keep the flare-path clear. On sighting a distress signal a pilot who has been given permission to land will automatically cancel it, continuing to circle round instead until again he gets the "all clear."

STANDING here by the flare in the keen night air, with machines gliding past us in fairly quick succession, we see how carefully the whole thing has been plotted, how it runs like clockwork. Both pilot and control officer, however, must keep cool heads and an alert lookout, otherwise there will be a mix-up; one or two machines may have to be written off, and possibly one or two of their pilots and crews with them. . . .

All the pilot has to land by, remember, is that T flare-path. When he spots the T at a certain angle, and with a certain foreshortening, he knows he is in the right position for descending. He judges the nearness of the ground mainly by the bottom flare where we are standing, and must swoop well on the target or he may find himself outside the boundary lights and down the side of a steep gully. Alternatively, he may imperil the ground staff by the flare; there have been occasions when the groundlings had to run for it, dodging wheels and whirling propeller, shouting lusty hells and damns. A bunch of aircraftmen huddle by the taxi-ing-post—not because they have to, but because they like to—watching the fun. Airmen are like grooms and stable-boys; they like to be near the 'osses when they are out exercising. . . .

It's a grand night for flying, so the officer in charge relaxes for a little and beguiles the waits with reminiscence—a wary eye cocked, all the same, to the drifting lights in the sky. Child's play to him. He saw something of the real thing—far away, long ago. A strafe on the Western Front. A shell with his number on it. A nasty jolt. A crash behind the German lines. Only bruised, luckily; his observer, minus an arm and part of the side of his head. Prison camp. An attempt to escape by tunnelling. Recapture. Transfer to one of the worst camps in Germany, reserved for escapers. It is seven years before he goes up again.

"Did you think much about that crash when you came to fly again?"

"Good lord, no! Machines had changed. It was like starting afresh. One was too busy...."

Modest; philosophic; a man of charm. But he'd had his spot of bother all right, back in that legendary 1914-1918 show. Every chance was given him to leave the Force; he preferred to stay on.

"Once a pilot, always a pilot. You'd be lost without it. I've (*Continued on page 136*)

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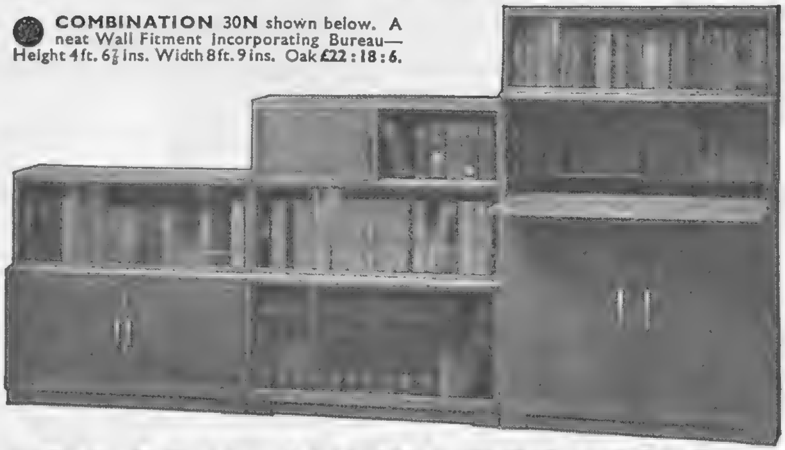

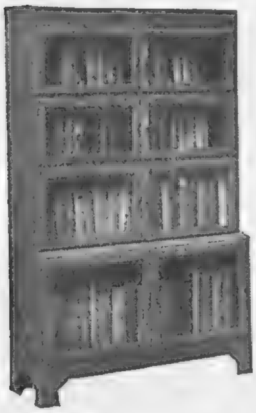

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known fellows get fed up and hand in their papers. Within a month it's 'What a fool I've been! Wish I could get back with the old Flight. . . . !"

As we talk a headlight shoots out of the sky, trains on the flare-path. A big monoplane follows the beam down, makes a graceful landing. It is an Avro Anson, cabin five-seater; quite a tricky bit of work in its way, with all manner of up-to-date instruments, gadgets, levers. Inside it looks half a laboratory, half an office. Behind the pilot is a nice little desk for the navigator; behind that, another nice little desk for the wireless man. One can almost picture a snappy office-girl strolling through the door with afternoon tea and biscuits. . . .

Thanks to that headlight, the pilot might have dispensed with the flare-path, landing by it alone. Eventually all aircraft will be fitted with one, so that they can make their own flare-path—or rather, 'glare-path—in emergency. It is so placed that you do not look *down* it—the glare would blind you—but alongside it, searching for any bit of reasonably flat earth that shows at the end.

"Flight-Lieutenant So-and-so will take you up in it," said the officer in charge magnanimously. I looked at the multiplicity of gear and dials, then at the smiling Flight-Lieutenant, and marvelled. He looked little more than a cheery 'Varsity boy, this rider of the night skies. Indeed, I admired him.

Away across the Plain through nine miles of darkness big Heyford bombers were busy over another flare-path on Boscombe Down.

A Heyford bomber crossing the coast

A little earlier we had dropped in there on a cross-country stroll just to say "How-d'you-do?" My pilot and host in the Avro two-seater was Group Captain Harry G. Smart, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., commanding Upavon. "We're over Stonehenge now," he told me through the tube at one point. All I cared about at the moment was that we were not over Stonehaven. It seemed a long way up, and a long way from home, as it was. To him, I can well understand, it was just a flying flea's hop on one leg; he had flown in Iraq, in Australia, and 8,000 miles across the American continent. But to me, benighted groundling——

Those Boscombe bombers leg it sometimes on night flights—up to Scotland and back in six or seven hours with a full crew. I thought I might try a flight myself; then I thought I might not.

"Bit monotonous, isn't it—up all that time in the dark?"

"Oh, there's plenty to keep you busy. You may strike fifty different sorts of weather in this climate."

One sort of weather, I resolved, would suit me quite well—the best money or prayers could buy.

It is remarkable how, in so short a time—for R.A.F. units haven't long been celebrating twenty-first birthdays—cross-country night flying has become a mere matter of routine. For that we have to thank science as well as R.A.F. prowess and resource. Instrument designers and the research experts at Farnborough have evolved ingenious indicators which now make blind flying practicable. These are too technical to describe in detail; a mere mention must suffice. A Turn Indicator registers bank, turn, degree of turn, on a graduated scale. A Pitch Indicator shows fore and aft pitch of the machine. An Air speed Indicator discloses at once if the nose is the least degree down or up by increase or decrease in revolutions. An Altimeter measures height.

These, in themselves, are indispensable aids to accurate flying; they will be supplemented, in the near future, by other instruments for general use. An Artificial Horizon, on the gyroscopic principle, will show pictorially every varying evolution of the aircraft. A Directional Gyro, such as is used on the United States air mail routes, will give the pilot his position. A Rate of Climb Indicator will serve as a highly sensitive altimeter. An Automatic Pilot, now used on Empire passenger routes and by long-distance bombers, will relieve the pilot of continuous strain and permit him to concentrate on other things besides the "stick."

Main "arterial roads" of the air will be plotted by dot-dash beams sent out by radio beacons, as already on certain American long-distance routes. Suppose, for instance, a pilot is flying from London to Glasgow via Manchester. He gets a constant hum on his receiver while he remains on the true course. If he begins to drift east the radio beam gives him the letter A; if west, another beam gives him, say, N. So he can at once correct himself. A sudden cone of silence will tell him he is right over the Manchester airport. Beyond, the radio-beam signals are reversed—N if he strays east, A west. Thus, he knows at once he has passed Manchester. A similar beam principle may be used—as planned for the new Gatwick airport—to guide him safely down to an aerodrome at night or in bad weather.

Pilots now learn to rely solely on instruments, for night or bad weather flying, by training under a hood which completely encloses them. When the full range of instruments is fitted to every aircraft—they are expensive, some costing as much as £1,000 apiece—night flying will be as easy and safe as day flying in almost any weather.

Even with map, compass, Drift Indicator, and the few other instruments now in general use, plus reasonable (*Continued on page* 138)

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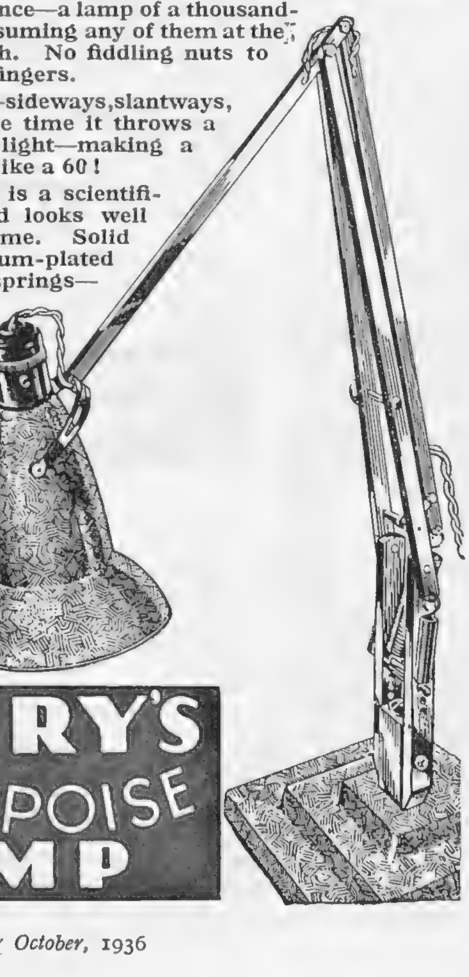

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visibility, night flying is regarded as easy, for there is less detail in the landscape to distract—just city lights, railways, sometimes rivers and woods. The primary difficulties are low cloud and fog, ground mist, heavy rain.

But the ultimate factor must always be the human one. At Upavon, Boscombe, Kenley and similar R.A.F. training centres, one is impressed by the amount of sheer, stark intelligence demanded of R.A.F. personnel, apart from the purely technical skill required to master instruments and gadgets which become more numerous and complicated as time goes on. Under war conditions this general intelligence would play a vital part in enabling pilot and crew to adapt themselves quickly to changed circumstances. Under enemy attack they might find themselves suddenly deprived of all the normal aids to night flying.

Service tradition helps the R.A.F. man to give of his best, though he has had less than a quarter of a century in which to build it up.

At Upavon, which has been the nursery of the Force—and its predecessor, the Corps—since 1912, and specialises on the instruction of those who will go out and instruct in turn, you see something of that tradition.

The billiard-room of the mess is surrounded with portrait groups covering the intervening years. Here are Lord Trenchard as a major in 1913; Sir John Salmond as a captain; smiling Jim Mollison on a 1927 course; Stainforth, Schneider Trophy and World's Speed Record pilot; Kinkhead, killed in an attempt on the world's speed record; Lundborg, the Swedish pilot who rescued Nobile after his airship broke up in the ice; others who have won distinction after instruction at the school.

On a wall hangs a propeller from one of the pioneering Wright biplanes, which was proud to do 400 revs. a minute. In an honoured corner are the Lewis and Vickers guns used by Major McCudden, the war V.C. A valley flanking the aerodrome is still named Trenchard's Leap—a reminder of the days when he took off in machines which just contrived to hop the gap, bumping the opposite hill.

In R.A.F. men you meet, too, that wider tradition of culture. Though their duty is to prepare for war, they are—paradoxically, as a body—the least militant and aggressive of men. Verse was coming over the wireless when we strolled into the mess near midnight for a refresher. "Ah! Milton's *Lycidas*," commented my Flight-Lieutenant escort—and proceeded to quote from it at length. A young colleague luxuriating in a deep chair contributed another characteristic element of R.A.F. psychology: humour, good fellowship. He told me a story of a novice when "night" flying wasn't always as nocturnal as it is now. He fluffed his landing and was challenged on the exhibition. "Dammit, I couldn't see," he protested. "*The sun was in my eyes!*"

And there, perhaps—in the cheerful wag, the quoter of *Lycidas*, the officer with the war memories, the O.C. with his brusque efficiency and zest—you see typified the men who go up to the night skies in ships of the air to safeguard Britain and her Dominions. An admirable and enviable body of men.

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In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Bull Market

(*Continued from page 27*)

But it is business that moves the market; the market does not wag the tail of business. The more productivity and profits rise, the higher goes the market. And the higher the market soars, the more unsophisticates it allures. Sophisticates don't gamble in roaring bull markets. They move in quietly, and early.

I know a Dutch banker who has taken fortunes already out of both the London and Wall Street markets. His process was quite simple. First he said to himself: "The capitalistic world must recover, or our civilisation is finished." He then said: "The sagest and most experienced capitalistic country is still England. I will watch events there."

He watched. He saw the political factions make a truce and combine to form a National Ministry. He saw the Budget balanced, the debt converted, protection adopted, gold abandoned, strikes cease. "They are handling their problem well," said the watcher. "They will make money again. They always have before. They will not fall down now."

Meantime he had been studying the most promising fields of enterprise in this island, and selecting a list of shares. In mid 1933 he moved half his fortune into British equities. He bought Rolls-Royce at 45s., Courtaulds at 28s., General Electric at 40s., Vickers at 7s. 6d. There were a dozen more. By the spring of '35 the market had provided him with his immense profit. Courtaulds had touched 60s., Rolls-Royce £7, General Electric 58s., Vickers 14s.

In the interim he had been keeping a sharp eye on the American situation. He saw recovery proceeding, but not translated into terms of rising values in the stock market, since the Americans were still too scared to buy. "They will regain their nerve," said the patient watcher. "They always have." And he transferred the profit he had taken out of London to Wall Street. He bought Anaconda Coppers at $9, U.S. Steel at $36, General Motors at $33, New York Central at $24. And others. In the accelerated bull market that did not stop rising until April, 1936, he saw the copper reach $38, the steel $70, the motor share $70, the rail $41. But he was out by January, content with capital more than doubled by the market in nine months.

Such opportunities do not come often in a lifetime, the trade cycle seeming to take between 10 and 12 years to work around. But they come often enough to double or halve the colossal fortunes of such men as Morgan, Rockefeller, Mellon, Zaharoff, Rothschild.

These men do not buy their stock interest in business in prosperous time—in bull markets. They buy when others are selling—even, if they can, when everybody has sold, and nobody is in the market buying, which is the deepest point in the trough of a bear market. The unfortunate John D. at one time made vast profits by being virtually forced to buy stuff at a knock-out price in a panic, merely to protect a pet investment. He had bought an immense tract of iron-ore land. But he had not intended to go into the business of transportation. However, business slumped, the market panicked, the banks closed down on loans and credits, as they are apt to do at such times, and the oil magnate found that if he wanted to get his iron mines out of cold storage he would have to take over and finish a railway that was being built up to them, and operate his own lake steamers and terminal points.

He summoned a young man who he thought could handle the job, and in next to no time he had a new and thriving business, which paid huge dividends on the capital involved because it had been established at an abnormally low cost at a time when anyone who would buy anything at a throw-away price was regarded either as a mug or a humanitarian.

He saw how men can lose their businesses through being caught short of ready cash in a panic; and, three decades later, he warned (*Continued on page 140*)

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METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM Dept. J2/2, ST. ALBANS

Henry Ford to keep strong in cash. Perhaps he liked Henry; or perhaps he had an interest in keeping Henry in business in the biggest possible way, for Henry bought huge quantities of his iron ore and coal. Henry, however, busy making millions out of war orders, did not pay adequate heed.

AFTER the war business boomed. For a brief two years the market soared. Then the party was over. In England, Clarence Hatry's Commercial Bank of London failed, and he lost all the money, some £750,000, he had made operating in wartime London and in the first post-war boom, besides having £1,500,000 of debts (which lost fortune he set out to recoup, and which debts he hoped to settle, by profits won in the bull market which he saw start in the summer of 1925). Jimmy White, too, flying high in Dunlop and cotton-mill shares, in cotton and rubber futures, fell down to earth with a crash from which he never really recovered, and which explained his desperate oil share gamble early in the next bull market; he badly needed a million or two to stave off patient creditors, including the Inland Revenue Department, who had a claim for over a million dating back to his 1919–20 millionaire days, when, amid the plaudits of the crowd, he was the most spectacular of all the *toreros* in the bull ring.

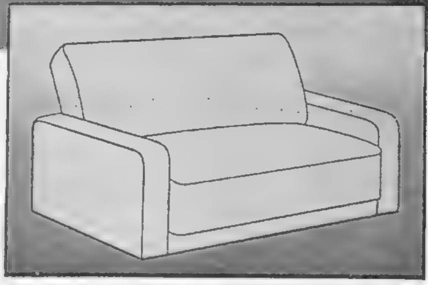
This was the slump, then, that caught Ford in the midst of a factory change over. He had a wonderful business—it has paid £157,000,000 in profits during its 33 years of life. He had no stock market position to worry about, for he was not in the market. Further, he and his son owned their business. He did not have to wake up mornings and see that Ford shares had taken a new dive overnight: for there were no Ford shares in the market.

But he had notes out for twelve millions, and he had only four millions in cash. If he could not pay off those notes on the appointed date, the banks would put a treasurer in; and the treasurer would say what Henry must do in order to get the money to pay. So Henry got busy. He found he had one foreman to every five men. He made it one to twenty, and put the rest to work on the bench. He ripped out redundant telephones, threw out a costly team of lawyers, saved money by buying a branch railway line and speeding up transit one-third. He collected from his agents at home and abroad, turned his stock into cash, sold Government bonds. And a month before he was due to pay he found himself with six millions in cash more than he owed. But it was a close shave. Now he keeps strong in cash. At the last accounting he had forty million pounds in cash; and he controls the banks it is in. It's safer.

Andrew Carnegie kept himself and his business out of the stock market all through. He founded his wealth in bear markets. When his competitors were shutting down their steel plants and holding their heads, he was risking all his cash and credit in expansion and re-equipment in order to take the fullest advantage of the tide when it turned. He never doubted that it would turn, although at one time he over-estimated the duration of a slump, and had to give his personal note to secure a bank loan to tide him over.

The shares of his enterprise, the biggest of the steel units, did not figure in the market gyrations of that rip-roaring time, when the industrial and financial giants were piling up their enormous fortunes, most of them being in the stock market up to their necks. His partners protested. He gave them each a share in the business; but they argued that it could not be turned into cash unless Carnegie or one of the other partners bought it; for the thing had no market. The argument was still on when Carnegie sold to Morgan for a hundred million pounds.

Morgan used the unit as the hub of his Steel Trust. Carnegie thought the merged concern was too big, and would go broke. Morgan himself became doubtful. He thought it best to hire Charles Keene, the Jimmy White of his time, up to all the market tricks, to (*Continued on page* 142)



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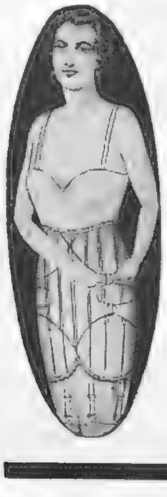

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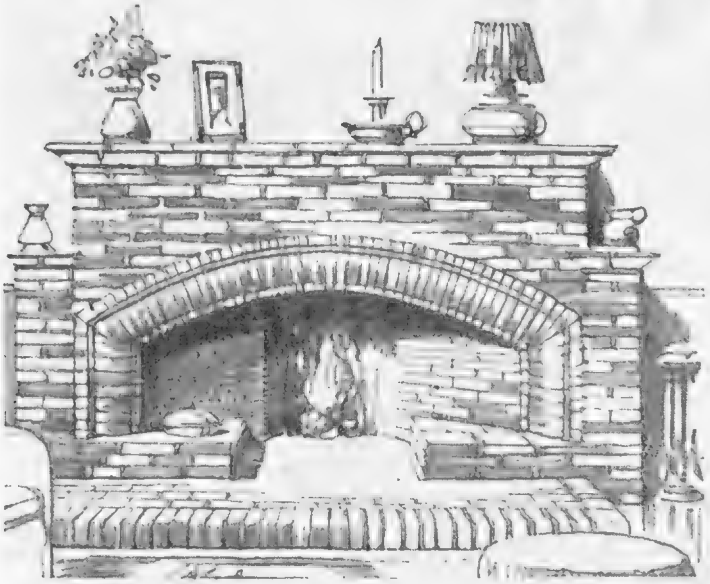

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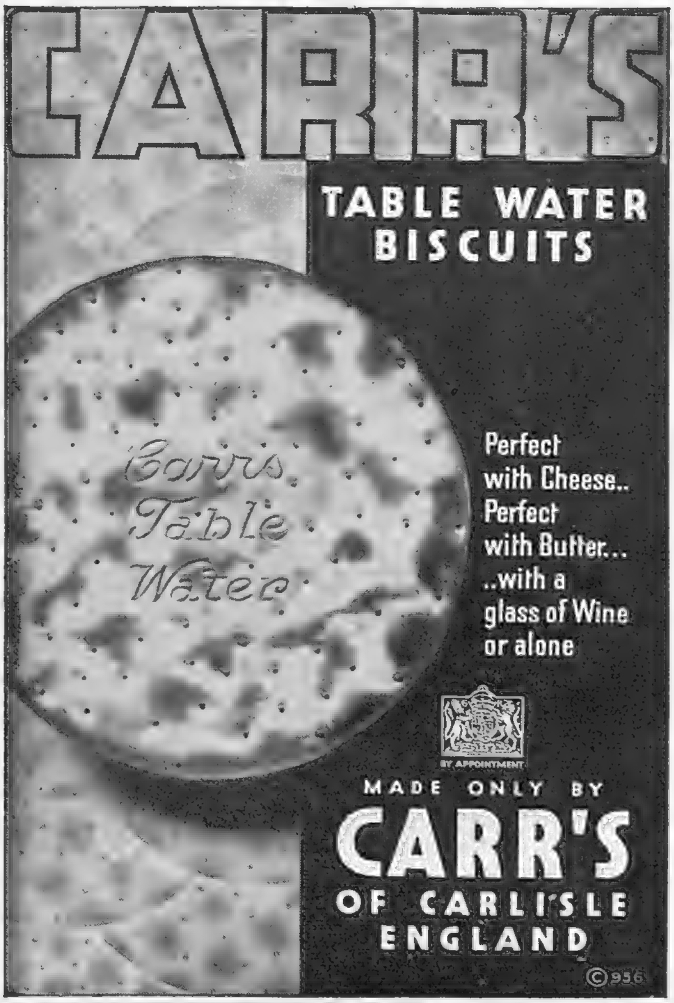

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go to work to make a good market in the shares, otherwise the issue might have flopped. The banker thought it improbable that the United States would ever use more than 20,000,000 tons of steel in a year. In 1929, it used 68,000,000 tons.

Incidentally, the £20 common shares of the U.S. Steel Corporation give a good bird's-eye view of what happens to the shares of big business, geared to big production, when it is roaring uphill, hitting on all cylinders; and what happens to them when the machine runs over the peak and down the long slope of a big depression, with half the plugs oiled up, the throttle, nearly closed, and backfiring in a most alarming manner.

The price of those shares rose steadily in the 1925–29 bull market from £28 to £54. Then they turned down, touching £28 in 1930, £11 in 1931, and £6 in 1932. That is a price range over a decade of £54–£6. The price as I write is £13.

There are 8,703,252 of these £20 common shares, getting their varying dividend (if there is enough money to pay one: there has not been since 1930) after 3,602,810 of 7 per cent. cumulative preferred shares of £20 each have had their whack. So we find the equity of the business capitalised at £175,000,000. The preference capital amounts to another £72,000,000, making a grand total of £247,000,000, face value, as the capitalisation of the world's biggest industrial organisation.

In the big bull market the equity stock was selling at £54 and the preference stock at £30. In the big slump, the prices were respectively £6 and £17. Thus, measured by the market, the Steel Trust, capitalised at £247,000,000, was worth £570,000,000 in a bull market and £113,500,000 in a bear market. Why, in these circumstances, the common stock is given a £20 label is something which high finance may be able to find a commonsense reason for, but the ordinary citizen will find hard to explain to himself or anybody else.

However, it is in the British tradition. Most American enterprises frankly say their equity shares are worth what they fetch in the market—they have no par value. But British business likes to label its ordinary shares with a par price—5s., or £1, or even 6s. 8d.—although the market always puts them higher or lower. The pound sterling used to have a fixed value: a par. Now, like the American common stock of no par value, our pound is worth what it will fetch in gold or dollars or francs in the money markets. There may be a germ of commonsense buried somewhere in our market system, but the plain citizen who pauses long enough to try to think it all out will probably end up by hitting himself heavily on the skull with a coke hammer; after which he will probably feel better.

We have observed that astute millionaires, strong in cash, make money buying when everybody else is too frightened to buy, or has neither cash nor credit to buy. But what they gain on the swings of life they are apt to lose on the roundabouts of death. The late Solly Joel, king of gold and diamonds, was thought to be worth £20,000,000. He left a million. If he had died to-day, in the midst of a gold boom, his fortune might approximate £30,000,000. The late Lord Inchcape made a will which indicated that he thought he would leave at least five millions. He left two; and it is believed that at one time he had ten. The late Lord Melchett's millions evaporated. The head of the £80,000,000 Imperial Chemicals Industries left half a million.

THE fact is, these men died at a time unfortunate for their fortunes, represented by stocks and shares whose value is measured by supply and demand in a market where these pieces of paper change hands for cash. In the trough of the slump an American economist estimated that the Rockefeller fortune, which had been built up to £200,000,000 by wise investment from the £40,000,000 John D. took out of the oil business when he (*Continued on page* 144)

**IT'S NEW···IT'S ORIGINAL···
IT'S AMAZING HOW YOU
EVER MANAGED WITHOUT IT!**

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COMPLETE REFILLS 2/9

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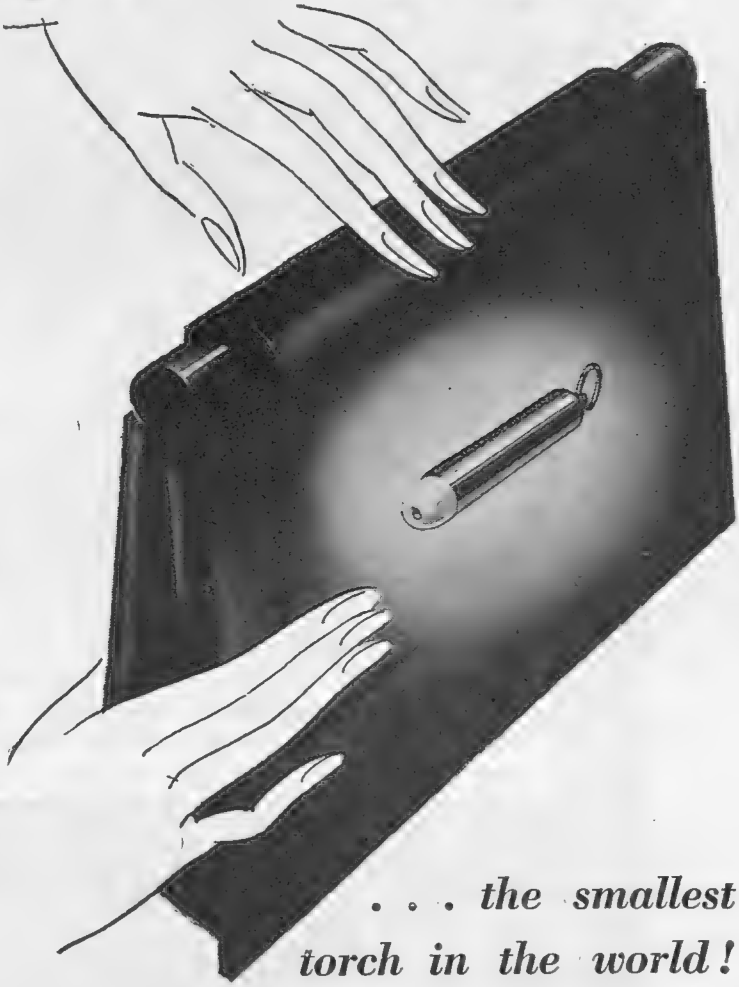

. . . the smallest torch in the world!

HERE'S A really useful idea—a neat little torch, not much larger than a lipstick. Yet it gives plenty of light for finding kerbs and keyholes and saving your best evening shoes from getting soaked in puddles. Nicely finished too, in a choice of glossy, coloured enamels. Carry an 'Opalite' in your handbag this winter—and see! Obtainable everywhere.

EVER READY
Regd. Trade Mark.

OPALITE—1/6

THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

retired in 1896, had contracted to £30,000,000. But that figure already needs drastic revision. Stock values have trebled and quadrupled from the 1932 low point. There are probably some Chrysler shares in the Rockefeller portfolio. They were £1 when the economist estimated. A year ago they were £6. Now they are £23.

These men's fortunes necessarily swing up and down with the market—unless they take such precautions as were taken by the first Sir John Ellerman. That shrewd accountant left an estate of £26,000,000, but of that sum £7,650,000 was in British Government stocks, and £9,546,000, no less, was in hard cash. True, the gold value of the pound had depreciated one-third. But what does that matter when taxes and estate duty are payable in pounds, not gold ?

Here it may be noted that even millionaires cannot be sure of preserving a fortune by putting it into Government bonds. If you bought 2¾ per cent. Consols in 1897, when the price was £113, and held on to them till 1929, and then sold (or died), your original fortune would have been just halved. If, however, you survived until to-day, you would have a loss per £100 of stock of only £27. One day people who buy War Loan at 105–6 may find it back at £85–87, and their fortunes shrunk correspondingly.

The market will do these unkind things. It takes ; but it also gives.

Consider the Woolworth business. The American owners took a price for it in 1931 which was necessarily somewhat less than the £35,000,000 for which the chain of fixed-price stores was sold to the British public. The financial interests who handled the deal had to have their cut. Between 1931–33 the shares fluctuated violently between 35s. and 98s. Now these 5s. ordinary shares are valued at 140s. apiece in the market, while the 6 per cent. preference shares of £1 cost you 32s. apiece. There are 5,000,000 of the first and 3,750,000 of the latter. If the original owners had waited, or had taken their price in stock, they would have been vastly enriched. The market values the business to-day, only five years later, at £116,000,000.

Which only goes to show that when it is a question of shares in enterprise, and the future profits of that enterprise, the best judges, the shrewdest men, can only guess. As for the brokers, the market men, they have to guess so often, and about so many different things (there are about 8,000 different shares quoted in the London market) that most of them know better than to take chances. This explains why a millionaire stockbroker is practically unknown. Examine the announcements of big estates left, and you find tobacco manufacturers, shipowners, brewers, newspaper owners, motor-car and patent-medicine makers, bankers; but never, never a stockbroker.

I KNOW one broker who is also an economist. In 1928 he applied his mind to the statistics and portents, and concluded that the boom had about worked itself out. Stocks and shares were due to fall as the tide of business activity the world over receded. He thereupon " went a bear "—he sold short, expecting to make a fortune presently by buying in stock much cheaper than the price at which he had contracted to deliver. He was right as an economist—the tide was receding. But he was wrong as a practical market man, otherwise a student of mass psychology and the functioning of the instruments and organisms of our capitalistic society. He had not allowed for the time lag.

According to all the dictates of reason and economic fact and phenomena, the market should fall, making a good profit for him with every successive decline. But the market continued obstinately to rise, confronting him with losses at each account. He knew he was right. The market has to go into reverse at some time. But he could not hold out indefinitely. He had to cut his loss and get out before he lost his shirt. The great decline (*Continued on page* 146)

NEW ZEALAND
SUNSHINE
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your Family
Health and Vigour
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Homes . . . parents and children . . . are all the brighter and more cheerful when New Zealand Butter is a regular item of daily diet, for here is a butter that brings you all the health and vigour of warm sunshine and fresh green pasture lands at a time when it is most needed. Everything that is best in butter you are sure to get in

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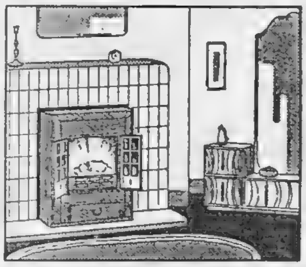
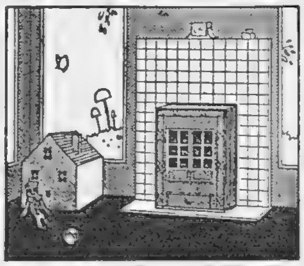
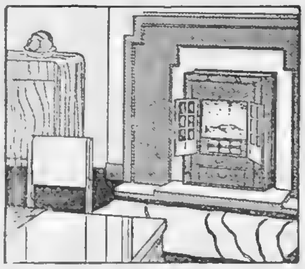


A COZY STOVE in the BEDROOM banishes the discomforts of damp bedclothes . . . you undress in a delightfully warm room.



Children must be kept warm, and they must play—even in the winter, A COZY STOVE in the NURSERY is so safe . . . so cheering.



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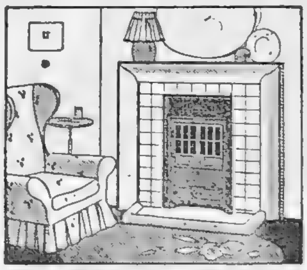

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COZY
STOVES

for NEWS read the NEWS CHRONICLE

in share values did not begin really until October 24, 1929, more than a month after the Hatry collapse.

You smile? But the late J. P. Morgan once called the Wall Street journalist, Barron, into his office, and showed him in figures and with reasons exactly why and how the cotton-growing South, then flat broke, must recover, and make big money again. Barron subsequently recorded that Morgan's prediction came true in every particular except one: he was three years too early in his dates. If he had been foolish enough to back his calculations with his money up to the eyebrows and beyond, he would have been caught, and sunk as completely as the luckless Mr. Bishirgian, who, you recall, made a slight error in connection with pepper.

If anyone could discover the key to the riddle of the trade cycle, he might have the clue to the rhythm of the market. The German economist, Dr. Ernest Wagemann—who probably has astronomer friends—has already spotted a link between the duration of the trade cycle and the duration of the sun spot cycle. The link is not so odd when one reflects that there have always been fat years and lean years, and that these depend upon the earth's productivity, which in turn is conditioned by the weather; and the sun is the ultimate weather maker and productivity controller.

WE may have a machine civilisation. But it is still based on agriculture. Cheap and abundant food supplies alone make the monstrous modern city possible. Agriculture is the world's biggest business. It is the mainstay of industry. When agriculture is prosperous—not just in one national area under probably artificial conditions, but the world over—business is good. When the purchasing power of the men of the fields declines everywhere, business is due for a decline.

A glut of the products of the fields is the herald of a trade slump. Growth and cheapness of transport can be a factor in producing a glut. Another factor is extension of agriculture owing to high prices encouraging cultivation. A third is the development of mechanical farming, and of artificial manures, increasing the productive power of man over the soil. But the dominant factor is the weather, and the weather means the sun. There were bumper crops right through the 1925–29 boom years.

And all the time the price structure was necessarily weakening, it being our quaint system to value things on a scarcity basis. The more there is the less you'll get for it. When farm produce prices had to be held up by elaborate Governmental measures in the great production centres, the market was due to break. And break it did.

Now, agriculture is reviving everywhere on a tide of higher prices. The Government began the process by bribing men to leave land uncultivated and plough crops under. The farmers continued the process by cutting production because they could not afford labour, or could not see profit in a crop. But the weather has gone one better now. Dust storms, drought, and insect pests have decisively ended the crop gluts.

Wheat, not so long ago at the lowest in four centuries, is rising fast. Prices of bread have risen here, and the farmers who get a subsidy under the Wheat Act, have had it cut from 21s. 10d. per quarter in 1933–34, to 17s. for 1934–35, and now 15s. 1d. for 1935–36. A difference of 7s. a quarter in three years. Translate that into terms of prices farmers are getting for the world's biggest crop the world over, and you get a glimpse of the forces which are moving the recovery wheels.

Rising prices for agricultural products have pulled the chief nations out of every major depression to date. It looks as if the historic process is happening again. If it goes as far as it has gone before, the *toreros* will probably not be disappointed. There will be a bull market. And how!

END

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Model E.11, Illustrated above, is a very fine Alpaca jumper. Stripes are in a "rainbow" combination and effected in green, blue, rust and nigger, brown, black and white. The tie is in a self-colour to tone with the buttons. Sizes to meet all demands.

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A new Studington model, perfectly balanced in novelty diagonal Boucle, with Indian Lamb collar. To special measure 10 gns.

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OCTOBER, 1936

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The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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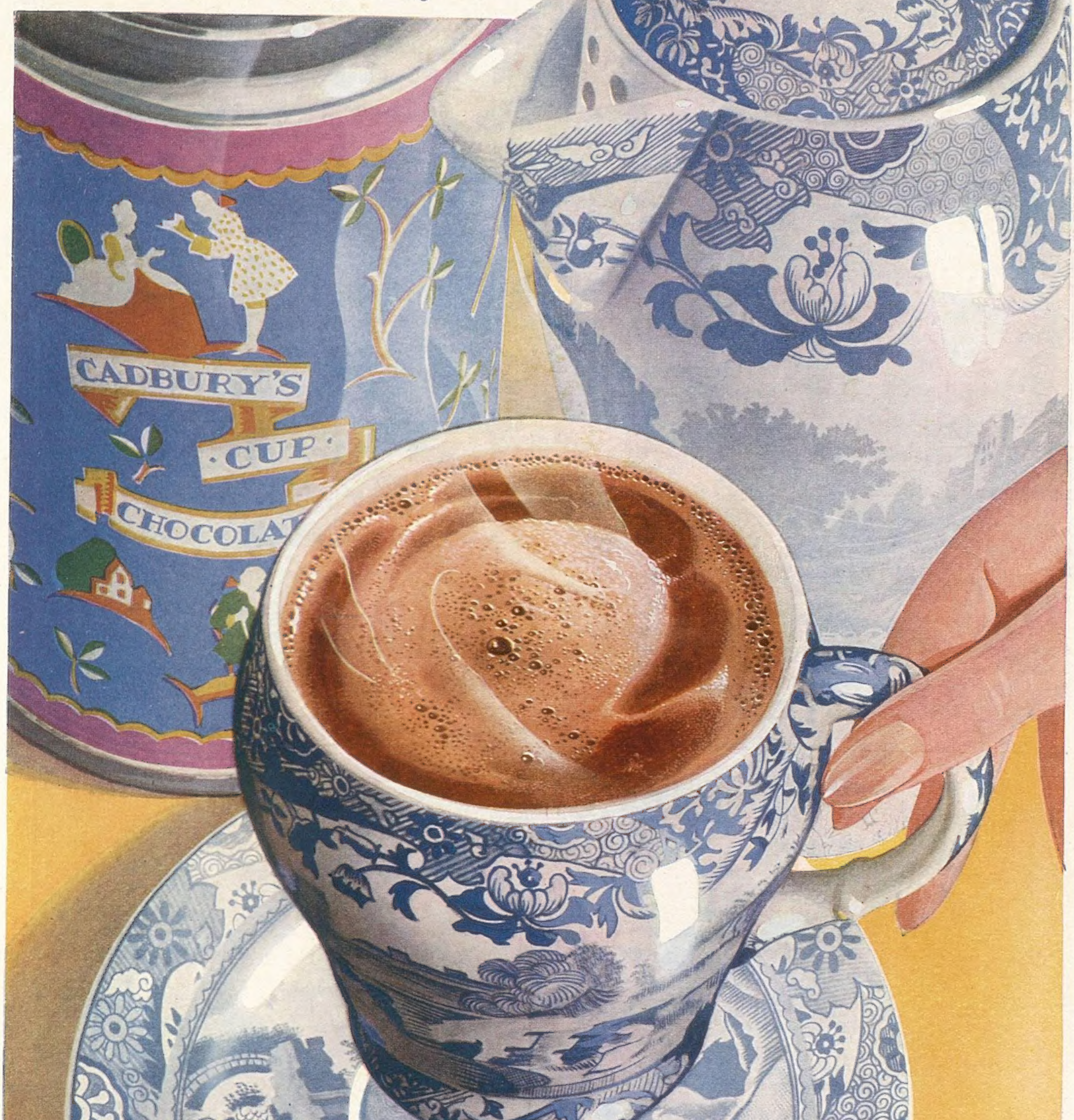
Open the gay tin of Cadburys 'Cup' Chocolate. Taste a few of the soft flakes as they are—delicious! Now brew yourself a pot of chocolate such as a *cordon bleu* might be proud of—rich and bland, with the true chocolate aroma.

In ½-lb. and 1-lb. tins. 9d. and 1/5



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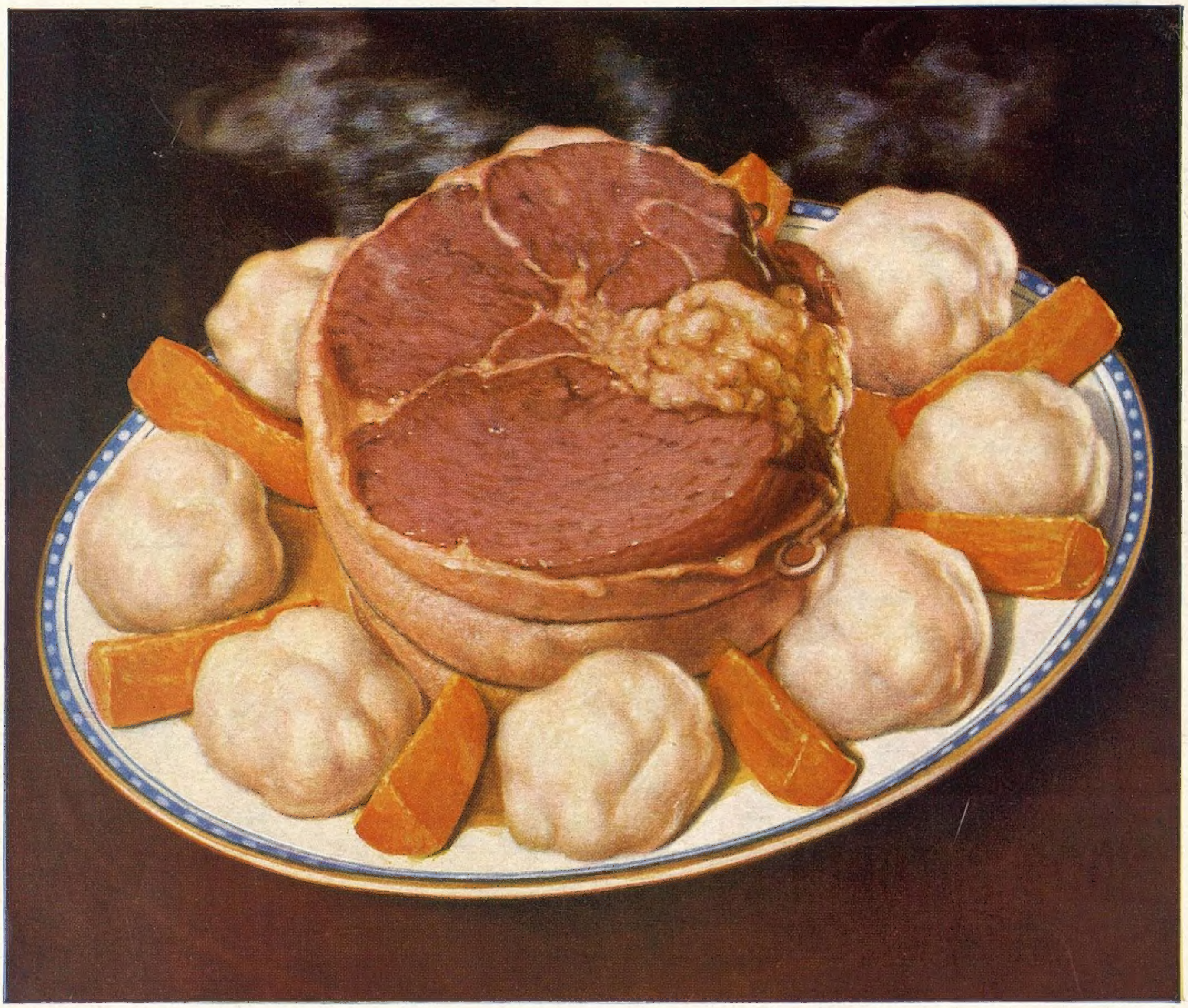

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Make the dough with sufficient moisture, divide into small balls, and roll well in flour. Put the dumplings into the soup, stew, etc., when it is at simmering point, about 15 minutes before it has finished cooking. But take care it does not go off the boil when the dumplings are put in.

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Hugon's

ATORA

THE GOOD BEEF SUET